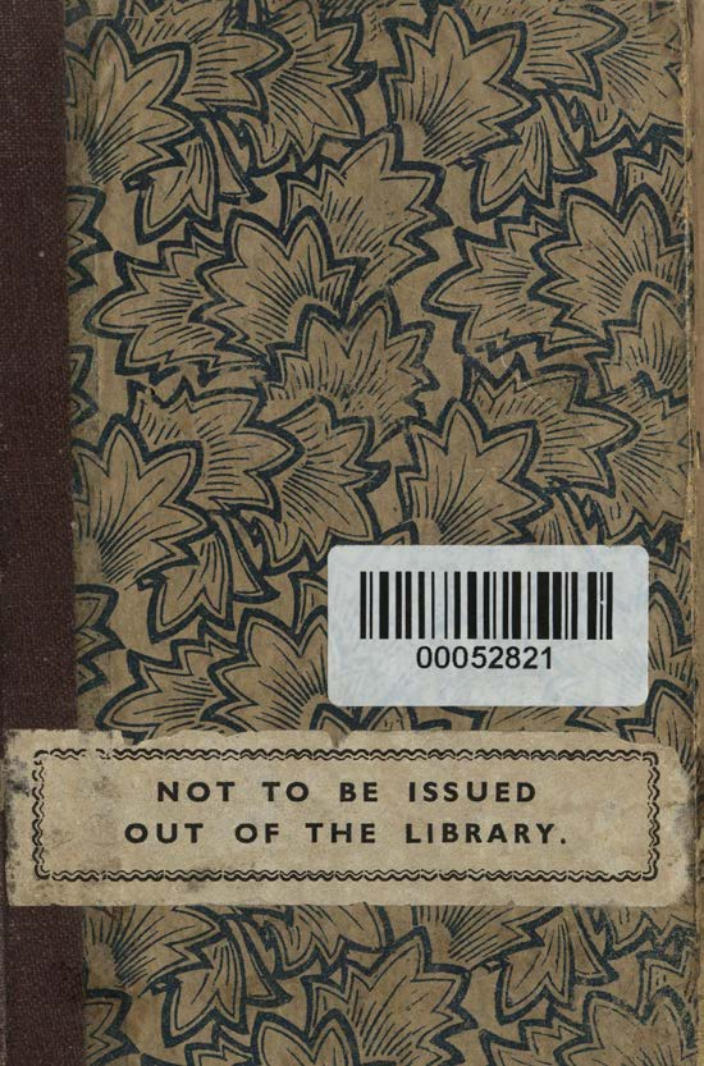
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Early English Dramatists

FIVE ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(Fourth Series)

FIVE ANONYMOUS PLAYS

(Fourth Series)

COMPRISING

Appius and Virginia—The Marriage of Wit and Science—Grim the Collier of Croydon—Common Conditions—The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom—Note-Book and Word-List

EDITED BY

JOHN S. FARMER

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APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

A new Tragical Comedy of Appius and Virginia. Wherein is lively expressed a rare example of the virtue of Chastity by Virginia's Constancy in wishing rather to be slain at her own Father's hands, than to be deflowered of the wicked Judge Appius. By R. B.

The Players' Names:

VIRGINIUS	CONSCIENCE
MATER	JUSTICE
VIRGINIA	CLAUDIUS
HAPHAZARD	RUMOUR
MANSIPULUS	COMFORT
MANSIPULA	REWARD
SUBSERVUS	DOCTRINA
APPIUS	MEMORY

Imprinted at London by William How for Richard Ihones.
1575.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA

THE PROLOGUE.

Qui cupis æthereas et summas scandere sedes,
  Vim simul ac fraudem discute, care, tibi.
Fraus hic nulla juvat, non fortia facta juvabunt:
  Sola Dei tua te trahet tersa fides.
Qui placet in terris, intactæ paludis instar,
  Vivere Virginiam nitore, virgo, sequi:
Quos tulit et luctus, discas [et] gaudia magna,
  Vitæ dum Parcæ scindere fila parent.
Huc ades, O virgo pariter moritura, sepulchro;
  Sic ait, et facies pallida morte mutat.

Who doth desire the trump of fame to sound
  unto the skies,
Or else who seeks the holy place where mighty
  Jove he lies, [puissant strength,
He must not by deceitful mind, nor yet by
But by the faith and sacred life he must it win
  at length.
And what she be that virgin's life on earth
  would gladly lead,
The floods that Virginia did fall I wish her [for
  to] read: [at death:
Her dolor and her doleful loss, and yet her joys
Come, virgins pure, to grave with me, quoth
  she with latest breath. [to hear,
You lordlings all, that present be this tragedy

Note well what zeal and love herein doth well
appear.
And, ladies, you that linked are in wedlock
bands for ever, [perish never.
Do imitate the life you see, whose fame will
But virgins you, O ladies fair! for honour of
your name [fame.
Do lead the life apparent here, to win immortal
Let not the blinded god of Love, as poets term
him so, [of woe,
Nor Venus with her venery, nor lechers, cause
Your virgins' name to spot or file: dear dames,
observe the life
That fair Virginia did observe, who rather
wish[ed] the knife [chastity:
Of father's hand, her life to end, than spot her
As she did wail, wail you her wont, you maids
of courtesy. [annoy,
If any by example here would shun that great
Our author would rejoice in heart, and we
would leap for joy.
Would gods that our endeavours may as well
to please your ears,
As is our author's meaning here, then were
we void of fears. [first attempt,
But patiently we wish you bear with this our
Which surely will to do our best, then yield us
no contempt: [to receive,
And as you please in patient wise our first for
Ere long a better shall you win, if God do
grant us leave.

Enter Virginius.

[*Virginius.*] Before the time that fortune's
lot did show each fate his doom,
Or bird or beast, or fish or fowl, or earth had
taken room,

The gods they did decree to frame—the thing is ended now—
The heavens and the planets eke, and moist from air to bow.
Then framed they the man of mould and clay, and gave him time to reign,
As seemed best their sacred minds, to run and turn again. [side
They framed also, after this, out of his tender
A piece of much formosity with him for to abide. [awhile,
From infancy to lusty youth, and so to reign
And well to live, till Œtas he unwares do him beguile.
Therewith to see these gifts of them on grounded cave to view,
And daintily to deck them up, which after they may rue.
Therefore I thank the gods above that yield to me such fate [loving mate.
To link to me so just a spouse, and eke so
By her I have a virgin pure, an imp of heavenly race;
Both sober, meek, and modest too, and virtuous in like case.
To temple will I wend therefore to yield the gods their praise,
For that they have thus luckily annexed to my days.
But stay! behold the peerless sparks, whereof my tongue did talk,
Approach in presence of my sight: to church I deem they walk.
But stay I will, and shroud me secretly awhile
To see what wit or counsel grave proceedeth from their style.

Here entereth Mater and Virginia.

[*Mater.*] The pert and pricking prime of youth ought chastisement to have,
But thou, dear daughter, needest not; thyself doth show thee grave.
To see how Phœbus with his beams hath youth so much infected,
It doth me woe to see them crave the thing should be detected. [be desired,
I draw to grave and nought can leave of thee to
As much as duty to thy dear, as reason hath required: [father thine,
My sovereign lord and friendly pheer Virginius,
To nurse as doth become a child, when bones are buried mine.

Virginia. Refell your mind of mourning plaints; dear mother, rest your mind!
For though that duty dainty were, dame nature will me bind
So much to do; and further force of gods that rule the skies,
The globe, and eke the element; they would me else despise.

Mater. Then if the gods have granted thee such grace to love thy sire,
When time shall choose thee out a make, be constant, I require:
Love, live, and like him well, before you grant him grace or faith,
So shall your love continue long, experience thus he saith.

Virginia. I grant, dear dame, I do agree
When time shall so provide;
But tender youth and infancy
Doth rather wish me bide.
What, should I lose Diana's gift

And eke the spring to shun,
By which Actæon fatally
His final race did run?
Should I as abject be esteemed
Throughout Parnassus hill,
Or should my virgin's name be filed,
It were too great a skill.
But yet it is unspotted; lo,
Right well I do conceive
When wedlock doth require the same,
With parents' love and leave,
Yet obstinate I will not be;
But willing will me yield
When you command, and not before;
Then duty shall me shield.

Virginius. Ah gods, that rule and reign in heavens, in seas, in floods, in lands,
Two couple such, I surely deem, you never made with hands.
Ah gods, why do ye not compel each dame the like to show, [know?
And every imp of her again her duty thus to
I cannot stay my tongue from talk, I needs must call my dear.
O spouse, well-met! and daughter too; what news? how do you cheer?

Mater. O dear Virginius, joy to me! O peerless spouse and mate!
In health, I praise the gods, I am, and joyful for thy state.

Virginius. Virginia, my daughter dear,
How standeth all with thee?

Virginia. Like happy state, as mother told, like joyful sight to me.

Virginius. By the gods, wife! I joy me that have such a treasure,

Such gem and such jewel, surmounting all measure,
Such a happy spouse, such a fortunate dame,
That no blot or stain can impair her fame,
Against such an imp and graff of my tree,
As clear doth surmount all others that be.

Mater. Nay, rather, dear spouse, how much is my case
To be now advanced by such happy grace,
Doth daily distil: my husband so loving,
Granting and giving to all thing behoving,
Joying in me and in the fruit of my womb:
Who would not requite it, the gods yield their doom.
And if it be I, the gods do destroy me,
Rather than sin so sore should annoy me.

Virginius. O wife, refell thy wishing for woe,
Myself thy fault right well do know:
And rather I wish myself to be slain sustain.
Than thou or thy daughter ought woe should

Virginia. O father, my comfort! O mother, my joy!
O dear and O sovereign! do cease to employ
Such dolorous talking where dangers are none: moan?
Where joys are attendant what needeth this
You matron, you spouse, you nurse and you wife,
You comfort, you only the sum of his life;
You husband, you heart, you joy, and you pleasure, treasure;
You king and you kaiser too, her only
You father, you mother, my life doth sustain,
I babe, and I bliss, your health am again.
Forbear then your dolor, let mirth be frequented,
Let sorrow depart, and not be attempted.

Virginius. O wife, O spouse, I am content!
Mater. O husband!
Virginia. O father, we do consent.
Sing here.

All sing this.
The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children in one to agree;
Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.
Virginius [sings]. When nature nursed first of all, young Alexander learned,
Of whom the poets mention make, in judgment so discerned,
O, what did want, that love procured, his vital end well near?
This is the hope: where parents love, their children do not fear,
All sing this.
The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children, &c.
Mater [sings]. What time King Nisus would not let his daughter to be taught
Of any one correcting hand to virtue to be brought, [tresses clear,
She, void of duty, cut his locks and golden
Whereby his realm was overrun, and she was paid her hire.
All sing this.
The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children, &c.
Virginia [sings]. When Dœdalus from Crete
With Icarus his joy, [did fly
He, nought regarding father's words,
Did seek his own annoy.

He mounted up into the skies,
Whereat the gods did frown,
And Phœbus sore his wings did fry,
And headlong flings him down.
All sing this.
The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children, &c.
Virginius [sings again]. Then sith that partiality doth partly discord move,
And hatred oftentimes doth creep where overmuch we love; [will sound.
And if we love no whit at all, the faming trump
Come, wife! come, spouse! come, daughter dear! let measure bear the ground.
All sing this.
The trustiest treasure in earth, as we see,
Is man, wife, and children in one to agree;
Then friendly and kindly let measure be mixed
With reason in season, where friendship is fixed.
[*Exeunt.*

Here entereth Haphazard the Vice.

[*Haphazard.*] Very well, sir! very well, sir! it shall be done
As fast as ever I can prepare:
Who dips with the devil, he had need have a long spoon,
Or else full small will be his fare.
Yet a proper gentleman I am, of truth:
Yea, that may ye see by my long side-gown:
Yea, but what am I? a scholar, or a schoolmaster, or else some youth:
A lawyer, a student, or else a country clown?
A broom-man, a basket-maker, or a baker of pies,
A flesh or a fishmonger, or a sower of lies?

A louse or a louser, a leek or a lark,
A dreamer, a drumble, a fire or a spark?
A caitiff, a cut-throat, a creeper in corners,
A hairbrain, a hangman, or a grafter of horners?
By the gods, I know not how best to devise,
My name or my property well to disguise.
A merchant, a may-pole, a man or a mackerel,
A crab or a crevis, a crane or a cockerel?
Most of all these my nature doth enjoy;
Sometime I advance them, sometime I destroy.
A maid or a mussel-boat, a wife or a wild duck?
As bold as blind bayard, as wise as a woodcock.
As fine as fi'pence, as proud as a peacock,
As stout as a stockfish, as meek as a meacock.
As big as a beggar, as fat as a fool,
As true as a tinker, as rich as an owl: [trace,
With hey-trick, ho-troll, trey-trip and trey-
Troll-hazard in a vengeance, I beshrew his knave's face!
For tro and troll-hazard keep such a range,
That poor Haphazard was never so strange.
But yet, Haphazard, be of good cheer,
Go play and repast thee, man, be merry to-yere!
Though victual be dainty and hard for to get,
Yet perhaps a number will die of the sweat:
Though it be in hazard, yet happily I may,
Though money be lacking, yet one day go gay.

Enter Mansipulus.

[*Mansipulus.*] When, Maud—with a pestilence! what, mak'st thou no haste?
Of barberry incense belike thou wouldest taste!
By the gods, I have stayed a full great while—
My lord he is near at hand by this at the church-stile—

And all for Maud Mumble-turd, that mange-
pudding Madge.
By the gods, if she hie not, I'll give her my
badge!

[*Enter Mansipula.*

Mansipula. What, drake-nosed drivel, begin
you to flout? [man lout!
I'll fry you in a faggot-stick, by Cock, good-
You boaster, you bragger, you brawling knave,
I'll pay thee thy forty-pence, thou brawling
slave!
My lady's great business belike is at end
When you, goodman dawcock, lust for to
wend. [ing pie,
You cod's-head, you crack-rope, you chatter-
Have with ye, have at ye, your manhood to
try!

[*Mansipula attacks Mansipulus, Haphazard intervening.*

Haphazard. What! hold your hands,
masters! What! fie for shame, fie!
What culling, what lulling, what stir have we
here?
What tugging, what lugging, what pugging
by the ear? [strife!
What—part and be friends, and end all this
Mansipulus. Nay, rather I wish her the end
of my knife. [receive,
Mansipula. Draw it, give me it, I will it
So that for to place it I might have good leave:
By the gods! but for losing my land, life and
living, [thriving.
It should be so placed he should have ill-
Mansipulus. By the gods! how ungraciously
the vixen she chatteth.
Mansipula. And he even as knavishly my
answer he patteth.

Haphazard. Here is nought else but railing
of words out of reason,
Now tugging, now tattling, now muzzling in
season.
For shame! be contented, and leave off this
brawling.
Mansipulus. Content! for I shall repent it
for this my tongue-wrawling.
Mansipula. Thou knave! but for thee, ere
this time of day,
My lady's fair pew had been strawed full gay
With primroses, cowslips, and violets sweet,
With mints and with marigolds, and marjoram
meet, [thee:
Which now lieth uncleanly, and all 'long of
That a shame recompense thee for hind'ring of
me!
Mansipulus. Ah, pretty prank-parnel! the
cushion and book [here, look!
Whereon he should read and kneel are present;
My lord, when he seeth me, he will cast such
an eye
As pinch will my heart near ready to die;
And thuswise, and thuswise, his hand will be
walking; [packing!
With, Thou precious knave! away! get thee
Here let him [pretend to] fight.
Haphazard. Nay then, by the mass, it's
time to be knacking:
No words at all, but to me he is pointing.
Nay, have at you again! you shall have your
anointing.
Mansipula. Body of me! hold, if ye can!
What, will you kill such a proper man?
Haphazard. Nay, sure I have done, when
women do speak.
Why would the knave my patience so break?

Mansipulus. Well, I must be gone, there is no remedy. [honesty!
For fear, my tail makes buttons, by mine
Haphazard. For reverence on your face, your nose and your chin.
By the gods! have ye heard such an unmannerly villain? [rudeness.
Mansipula. I never heard one so rank of
Mansipulus. In faith, it is but for lack of lewdness. [talking.
But here I burn day-light, while thus I am
Away, come, Mansipula, let us be walking!
Mansipula. Contented, Mansipulus; have with thee with speed.
Haphazard. Nay, stay yet, my friends, I am not agreed.
Mansipula. We dare not tarry, by God, we swear.
Haphazard. Nay, tarry, take comfort with you for to bear:
It is but in hazard and if you be miss'd,
And so it may happen you feel not his fist.
Perhaps he is stay'd by talk with some friend:
It is but in hazard: then sing, ere you wend.
Let hope be your helper, your care to defend.
Mansipulus. By hap or by hazard, we sing or we cry.
Then sing, let us say so, let sorrow go by.
Mansipula. We can be but beaten, that is the worst.

Enter Subservus.

[*Subservus.*] What ho, Mansipulus! thou knave, art thou curs'd?
My lord standeth talking, and I gape for thee.
Come, away with a wannion! run, haste and hie! [I pray thee:
Mansipulus. Nay, hearken, Subservus, stay,

Let us have a song, and then have with thee.

Subservus. Content, if thou hie thee.

Sing here all.

Hope so, and hap so, in hazard of threat'ning,
The worst that can hap, lo, in end is but beating.

Mansipulus [sings]. What, if my lording do chance for to miss me, [me:
The worst that can happen is, cudgel will kiss
In such kind of sweetness, I swear by God's mother,
It will please me better, it were on some other.
[All.] With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that doth come.
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.
Mansipula [sings]. If case that my lady do threaten my case,
No cause to contrary, but bear her a space,
Until she draw home, lo, where so she will use me, [me.
As doctors doth doubt it, how I should excuse
[All.] With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that doth come.
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.
Subservus [sings]. What if your company cause me have woe,
I mind not companions so soon to forego.
Let hope hold the helmet, till brunt it be past,
For blows are but buffets, and words but a blast.

[All.] With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that doth come.
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.
Haphazard [sings]. Then let us be merry, it is but by hap,
A hazardly chance may harbour a clap:
Bestir ye, be merry, be glad and be joying,
For blows are but buffets and small time annoying.
[All.] With thwick thwack, with thump thump,
With bobbing and bum,
Our side-saddle shoulders shall shield that doth come.
Hope so, and hap so, in hazard, &c.
The end of the song.
All speaketh this.

Haphazard, farewell! the gods do thank thee.
Exeunt.

Haphazard. Farewell, my friends, farewell, go prank ye! [thee
By the gods, Haphazard, these men have tried
Who said thou wast no man; sure they belied thee.
By Jove, master merchant, by sea or by land,
Would get but small argent, if I did not stand
His very good master, I may say to you,
When he hazards in hope what hap will ensue.
In court I am no man—by Cock, sir, ye lie!
A ploughman perhaps, or ere that he die,
May hap be a gentleman, a courtier or captain;
And hap may so hazard he may go begging:
Perhaps that a gentleman, heir to great land,

Which selleth his living for money in hand,
In hazard it is the buying of more:
Perhaps he may ride, when spent is his store.
Hap may so hazard, the moon may so change,
That men may be masters, and wives will not range:
But in hazard it is, in many a grange,
Lest wives wear the cod-piece, and maidens coy strange. [tree,
As peacocks sit perking by chance in the plum-
So maids would be masters by the guise of this country.
Haphazard each state full well that he marks,
If hap the sky fall, we hap may have larks.
Well, fare ye well now, for better or worse:
Put hands to your pockets, have mind to your purse! *Exit.*

Enter Judge Appius.

[*Appius.*] The furrowed face of fortune's force my pinching pain doth move:
I, settled ruler of my realm, enforced am to love.
Judge Appius I, the princeliest judge that reigneth under sun,
And have been so esteemed long, but now my force is none:
I rule no more, but ruled am; I do not judge but am judged;
By beauty of Virginia my wisdom all is trudged.
O peerless dame! O passing piece! O face of such a feature! [by nature.
That never erst with beauty such matched was
O fond Apelles, prattling fool! why boasteth thou so much
The famous't piece thou mad'st in Greece, whose lineaments were such?

Or why didst thou, deceived man, for beauty of thy work,
In such a sort with fond desire, where no kind life did lurk, [Pygmalion?
With raging fits, thou fool, run mad, O fond
Yet sure, if that thou saw'st my dear, the like thou could'st make none:
Then what may I? O gods above, bend down to hear my cry! [Lycia by.
As once ye did to Salmacis, in pond hard
O, that Virginia were in case as sometime Salmacis,
And in Hermaphroditus stead myself might seek my bliss!
Ah gods! would I unfold her arms complecting of my neck?
Or would I hurt her nimble hand, or yield her such a check?
Would I gainsay her tender skin to bathe where I do wash, [naked flesh?
Or else refuse her soft, sweet lips to touch my
Nay! O, the gods do know my mind; I rather would require
To sue, to serve, to crouch, to kneel, to crave for my desire.
But out, ye gods! ye bend your brows, and frown to see me fare; [my care.
Ye do not force my fickle fate, ye do not weigh
Unrighteous and unequal gods, unjust and eke unsure,
Woe worth the time ye made me live to see this hapless hour! [fair?
Did Iphis hang himself for love of lady not so
Or else did Jove the cloudy mists bend down from lightsome air? [daughter meek,
Or as the poets mention make of Inach's

For love did he, too, make a cow, whom Inach long did seek?
Is love so great to cause the quick to enter into hell,
As stout Orpheus did attempt, as histories do tell?
Then what is it that love can not? why, love did pierce the skies! [blinded eyes!
Why, Pheb and famous Mercury with love had
But I, a judge, of grounded years, shall reap to me such name,
As shall resound dishonour great with trump of careless fame. [were unwedded!
O, that my years were youthful yet, or that I

Here entereth Haphazard.

[*Haphazard.*] Why, cease, sir knight? for why? perhaps of you she shall be bedded:
For follow my counsel, so may you me please,
That of careful resurging your heart shall have ease. [ire

Appius. O thundering gods! that threaten
And plague for each offence,
Yourselves, I deem, would counsel crave
In this so fit pretence:
And eke your nimble stretched arms
With great rewards would fly,
To purchase fair Virginia,
So dear a wight to me.
And, friend, I swear by Jupiter,
And eke by Juno's seat,
And eke by all the mysteries
Whereon thou canst entreat,
Thou shalt possess and have,
I will thee grant and give
The greatest part of all my realm,
For aye thee to relieve.

Haphazard. Well then, this is my counsel,
thus standeth the case;
Perhaps such a fetch as may please your grace:
There is no more ways, but hap or hap not,
Either hap or else hapless, to knit up the knot:
And if you will hazard to venture what falls,
Perhaps that Haphazard will end all your
thralls. [persuade me,
Appius. I mean so, I will so, if thou do
To hap or to hazard what thing shall envade
me?
I king, and I kaiser, I rule and overwhelm;
I do what it please me within this my realm.
Wherefore in thy judgment see that thou do
enter:
Hap life or hap death, I surely will venture.
Haphazard. Then thus, and in this sort
standeth the matter: [flatter?
What need many words, unless I should
Full many there be will hazard their life,
Happ'ly to ease your grace of all your strife.
Of this kind of conspiracy now let us common:
Some man Virginius before you must summon,
And say that Virginia is none of his daughter,
But that Virginius by night away caught her;
Then charge you the father his daughter to
bring; [thing:
Then do you detain her, till proved be the
Which well you may win her, she present in
house.
It is but haphazard, a man or a mouse. [I will;
Appius. I find it, I mind it, I swear that
Though shame or defame do happen, no skill.

Here let him make as though he went out, and let Conscience and Justice come out [after him], and let Conscience hold in his hand a lamp burn-

ing, and let Justice have a sword, and hold it before Appius' breast.

But out, I am wounded: how am I divided!
Two states of my life from me are now glided;
For Conscience he pricketh me condemned,
And Justice saith, Judgment would have me condemned:
Conscience saith, cruelty sure will detest me;
And Justice saith, death in th' end will molest me:
And both in one sudden methinks they do cry,
That fire eternal my soul shall destroy.

Haphazard. Why, these are but thoughts, man: why, fie for shame, fie!
For Conscience was careless, and sailing by seas
Was drowned in a basket and had a disease;
Sore moved for pity, when he would grant none,
For being hard-hearted was turned to a stone:
And sailing by Sandwich he sank for his sin.
Then care not for Conscience the worth of a pin.
And Judgment judge[d] Justice to have a reward
For judging still justly, but all now is marred;
For gifts they are given where judgment is none. [gone.
Thus Judgment and Justice a wrong way hath
Then care not for Conscience the worth of a fable;
Justice is no man, nor nought to do able.

Appius. And sayest thou so, my cured friend? then hap as hap shall hit:
Let Conscience grope and Judgment crave, I will not shrink one whit.
I will persever in my thought: I will deflower her youth;

I will not sure reverted be, my heart shall have
no ruth.
Come on, proceed, and wait on me! I will—hap
woe or wealth,
Hap blunt, hap sharp, hap life, hap death—
th[r]ough Haphazard be of health.
Haphazard. At hand (quoth pick-purse)! here
ready am I.
See well to the cut-purse: be ruled by me.
[*Exeunt.*
[*Enter Conscience.*
Conscience. O clear unspotted gifts of [Jove,
How haps thou art refused?
O Conscience clear, what cruel mind
Thy truth hath thus misused?
I spotted am by wilful will,
By lawless love and lust,
By dreadful danger of the life,
By faith that is unjust.
Justice. Ah gift of Jove! ah fortune's face!
Ah state of steady life!
I Justice am, and prince of peers,
The end of laws and strife:
A guider of the common weal,
A guerdon to the poor;
And yet hath filthy lust suppress'd
My virtues in one hour.
Well, well! this is the most to trust,
In end we shall aspire
To see the end of these our foes
With sword and eke with fire.
Conscience. O help, ye gods, we members
require!
Exeunt.
Enter Haphazard.
[*Haphazard.*] When gain is no gain, sir,
And gauds nought set by,

Nor puddings nor pie-meat
Poor knaves will come nigh,
Then hap and Haphazard
Shall have a new coat.
And so it may happen
To cut covetousness' throat.
Yea, then shall Judge Appius
Virginia obtain;
And geese shall crack mussels
Perhaps in the rain.
Larks shall be leverets,
And skip to and fro;
And churls shall be cods'-heads,
Perhaps and also.
But peace, for man's body!
Haphazard, be mum!
Fie, prattling noddy!
Judge Appius is come.

Here entereth Judge Appius and Claudius.

[*Appius.*] The furies fell of Limbo lake
My princely days do short;
All drown'd in deadly ways I live,
That once did joy in sport.
I live and languish in my life,
As doth the wounded deer;
I thirst, I crave, I call and cry,
And yet am nought the near.
And yet I have that me so match
Within the realm of mine:
But (Tantalus amidst my care)
I hunger—starve, and pine.
As Sisyphus, I roll the stone
In vain to top of hill,
That ever more uncertainly
Revolving slideth still.
As if to her it were to me,
What labours would I fly,

What raging seas would I not plough
To her commodity?
But out alas! I doubt it sore,
Lest drowsy Morpheus
His slumb'ry kingdoms granted hath
With dews and beauteous.
O gods above that rule the skies:
Ye babes that brag in bliss:
Ye goddesses, ye Graces, you,
What burning brunt is this?
Bend down your ire, destroy me quick!
Or else to grant me grace,
No more but that my burning breast
Virginia may embrace.
If case your ears be dead and deaf,
The fiend and spirits below,
You careless carls of Limbo lake,
Your forced mights do show.
Thou caitiff king of darksome dens,
Thou Pluto, plagued knave,
Send forth thy sacred vengeance straight,
Consume them to the grave,
That will not aid my case—
Claudius. Content, and if it like your grace,
I will attempt the deed:
I summon will Virginius
Before your seat with speed.
Haphazard. Do so, my lord: be you not afraid,
And so you may happen to hazard the maid:
It is but in hazard and may come by hap:
Win her or lose her, try you the trap.
Appius. By the gods, I consent to thee, Claudius, now;
Prepare thee in haste Virginius unto.
Charge him, command him, upon his allegiance,

With all kind of speed to yield his obeisance
Before my seat in my consistory,
Subpœnâ of land, life and treasury.
Here let Claudius [commence to] go out with Haphazard.
[*Claudius.*] No let, no stay, nor ought perturbance
Shall cause me to omit the furtherance
Of this my weighty charge. *Exit.*
Appius. Well, now I range at large my will for to express;
For look! how Tarquin Lucrece fair by force did once oppress,
Even so will I Virginia use.
Here let Conscience speak within.
Judge Appius, prince, O stay, refuse;
Be ruled by thy friend!
What bloody death with open shame
Did Tarquin gain in end?
Appius. Whence does this pinching sound descend?
Conscience. From contrite Conscience, pricked on
By member of thy life,
Inforced for to cry and call,
And all to end our strife.
Appius. Who art thou then? declare; be brief!
Conscience. Not flesh nor filthy lust I am,
But secret Conscience I,
Compell'd to cry with trembling soul,
At point near-hand to die.
Appius. Why, no disease hath me approached, no grief doth make me grudge,
But want of fair Virginia, whose beauty is my judge:
By her I live, by her I die, for her I joy or woe,

For her my soul doth sink or swim, for her I swear I go.

Conscience. Ah gods, what wits doth reign! and yet to you unknown,
I die the death, and soul doth sink this filthy flesh hath sown.

Appius. I force it not; I will attempt: I stay for Claudius here;
Yet will I go to meet with him to know what news and cheer.

Here entereth Haphazard.

[*Haphazard.*] Haste for a hangman in hazard of hemp!
Run! for a ruddock there is no such imp.
Claudius is knocking with hammer and stone
At Virginius' gate, as hard as he can lay on.
By the gods, my masters, Haphazard is hardy,
For he will run rashly, be they never so many:
Yea, he will sing sow's snout, and snap with the best.
But peace! who comes yonder, that jolly good guest?

Here enter in [Mansipulus, Mansipula, and Subservus] with a song.

When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry,
And fearing with temerity its jeopardy of liberty,
We wish him to take to cheer his heart Hap-
Bold blind bayard! [*hazard,*
A fig for his uncourtesy
That seeks to shun good company.

Mansipulus. What if case that cruelty should bustle me and jostle me,
And Holywand should tickle me for keeping of good company,

I'll follow, by my honesty, hap Haphazard,
bold blind bayard!
A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun
good company.
All sing this.
When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c.

Mansipula. Never was that mistress so furious nor curious, [nor dolorous,
Nor yet her blows so boisterous, nor roisterous,
But sure I would, venturous, hap Haphazard,
bold blind bayard!
A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun
good company.
All sing this.
When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c.

Haphazard. Then wend ye on and follow me, Mansipula, Mansipula,
Let croping cares be cast away, come follow me, come follow me!
Subservus is a jolly lout, brace Haphazard,
bold blind bayard!
A fig for his uncourtesy that seeks to shun
good company.
All sing this.
When men will seem misdoubtfully
Without an why to call and cry, &c.

The end of the song.
Here Haphazard speaketh.

[*Haphazard.*] Ay, by the gods, my masters, I told you plain,

Who companies with me will desire me again.
But how did ye speed, I pray ye show me?
Was all well agreed? did nobody blow ye?
Mansipulus. Mass, sir! hap did so happen that my lord and master
Stayed in beholding and viewing the pasture;
Which when I perceived, what excuse did I make?
I came in the crossway on the nearside the Forlake,
Hard by Hodge's half acre, at Gaffer Miller's stile, [mile.
The next way round about, by the space of a
And at Simkin's side-ridge my lord stood talking, [been walking?
And angerly to me quoth he, Where hast thou
Without any staggering, I had ready my lie:
Out at Bridge-meadow and at Benol's-lease (quoth I). [praised!
Your fatlings are feeding well, sir, the gods be
A goodly loume of beef on them is already raised.
Then outsteps Francis Fabulator, that was never my friend: [Meadow end?
How pass'd you Carter's hay-rick at Long
There might one (quoth he) within this few days [essays,
With a cast-net had given four knaves great
Under the hedge with a pair of new cards, both rip and fledge.
Is it true? quoth my lord: will this gear never be left? [and theft.
This causes swearing and staring, prowling
Well (quoth my lord) take heed, lest I find it,
And so pass'd his way, and did no more mind it.

Haphazard. By the gods, that was sport; yea, and sport alone!

Mansipula. Yea; but I was in a worse case, by Saint John!

My lady in church was set full devout,
And hearing my coming she turned about;
But as soon as I heard her snappishly sound,
In this sort I crouched me down to the ground,
And mannerly made, as though I were sad.
As soon as the pew then strawed I had,
She gave me a wink and frowardly frown,
Whereby I do judge she would cudgel my gown.
Then I did devise a pretty fine prank,
A mean whereby to pick me a thank
Of Margery Mildon, the maid of the milk-house,
And Stainer the stutter, the guid[e] of the store-house.
Then was my lady's anger well gone,
And will be so still and the truth be not known.

Haphazard. By 'r Lady barefoot! this bakes trimly.

Subservus. Nay, but I escaped more finely;
For I under this hedge one while did stay.
Then in this bush, then in that way:
Then slip I behind them among all the rest,
And seemed to commune, too, of things with the best:
But so it did happen, that all things were well,
But hazard it is, lest time will truth tell.

Haphazard. Tut, tut! that was but by hap, and if it be so,
Well, sith it was in hazard, then let it go.

Subservus. Content, by my honesty: then farewell all woe!

Mansipulus. Come out, dog! ye speak happily, of truth, if it be so.

All Speak. Now, Master Haphazard, fare you well for a season!

Haphazard. Let my counsel at no time with you lie geason.

All Speaketh. No, by the gods! be sure not so.

Haphazard. Well, sith here is no company, have with ye to Jericho. [*Exit.*

Enter Virginius.

[*Virginius.*] What! so the gods they have decreed to work and do by me?
I marvel why Judge Appius he such greetings lets me see:
I served have his seat and state, I have maintained his weal, [such zeal;
I have suppress'd the rebels stout, I bear to him
And now he sends to me such charge upon my life and lands
Without demur or further pause, or ere ought things be scann'd, [do repair,
That I in haste with posting speed to court I
To answer that alleged is before his judgment-chair.
Some histories they do express, when such mishaps do fall,
They should have taken many a one; I have not one but all.
My jewels sometime precious do fade and bear no hue,
My senses they do shun their course, my lights do burn as blue;
My willing wits are waxed slow, that once were swift in speed;
My heart it throbs in wondrous sort, my nose doth often bleed:

My dreadful dreams do draw my woe, and
hateful hazard hale.
These tokens be of evil hap, this is the old
wives' tale.
But yet, O thou Virginius! whose hoary hairs
are old,
Did'st treason never yet commit, of this thou
may'st be bold.
In Mars his games, in martial feats thou wast
his only aid,
The huge Charybdis' hazards thou for him
hast oft assail'd:
Was Scylla's force by thee oft shunn'd, or yet
Adrice land, [ever stand
Pasiphae's child, the Minotaur, did cause thee
To pleasure him, to serve thy liege, to keep all
things upright?
Thou God above, then what is it that yieldeth
me this spite?
Sith nothing needs misdoubted be, where
grounded cause is none, [and moan.
I enter will Judge Appius' gate, rejecting care
But stay, Virginius! lo, thy prince doth enter
into place—
O sovereign lord and rightful judge, the gods
do save thy grace!

Here entereth Judge Appius and Claudius.

[*Appius.*] With tender heart, Virginius, thou
welcome art to me. [thee;
I sorry am to utter out the things I hear of
For Claudius, a subject here, a man of mickle
fame, [shame.
Appealeth thee before my court in deed of open
And though indeed I love thee so as thy deserts
desire, [doth require.
Yet not so but I must judgment give, as justice

Virginius. My lord, and reason good it is:
your servant doth request
No partial hand to aid his cause, no partial
mind or breast. [your crown,
If ought I have offended you, your court or eke
From lofty top of turret high precipitate me
down. [committed,
If treason none by me be done, or any fault
Let my accusers bear the blame, and let me be
remitted.

Appius. Good reason, too, Virginius. Come,
Claudius, show thy mind:
Let justice hear, if judgment may Virginius
guilty find.

Claudius. Thou sovereign lord and rightful
judge, thus standeth now the case.
In tender youth, not long agone, near sixteen
years of space, [young
Virginius a thrall of mine, a child and infant
From me did take by subtle means, and keeps
by arm full strong: [be extended,
And here before your grace I crave, that justice
That I may have my thrall again, and faults
may be amended.

Virginius. Ah gods, that guide the globe
above, what forged tales I hear!
O Judge Appius, bend your ears, while this my
crime I clear.
She is my child, and of my wife her tender
corpse did spring:
Let all the country where I dwell bear witness
of the thing.

Appius and Claudius go forth, but Appius speaketh this.

[*Appius.*] Nay, by the gods! not so, my
friend, I do not so decree:

I charge thee here in pain of death thou bring
the maid to me. [shall abide,
In chamber close, in prison sound, she secret
And no kind of wight shall talk with her, until
the truth be tried.
This do I charge, this I command: in pain of
death let see,
Without any let, that she be brought as
prisoner unto me. [*Exit.*
Here let Virginius go about the scaffold.
Ah fickle fall, unhappy doom! O most un-
certain rate! [in state.
That ever chance so churlishly, that never stay'd
What judge is this? what cruel wretch? what
faith doth Claudius find?
The gods do recompense with shame his false
and faithless mind!
Well, home I must, no remedy; where shall
my soaking tears
Augment my woes, decrease my joys, while
death do rid my fears.
Here entereth Rumour.
[*Rumour.*] Come, Ventus, come! blow forth
thy blast!
Prince Eol, listen well!
The filthiest fact that ever was
I, Rumour, now shall tell.
You gods, bend down to hear my cry,
Revengement duly show,
Thy Rumour craves, bid Claudius lay,
And bring Judge Appius low.
That wicked man, that fleshly judge,
Hath hired Claudius
To claim a child, the only heir
Of old Virginius:
A virgin pure, a queen in life,

Whose state may be deplored;
For why? the queen of chaste life
Is like to be deflow'red
By false Judge Appius, cruel wretch,
Who straitly hath commanded
That she to keeping his be brought.
Prince Pluto this demanded:
To skies I fly, to blaze abroad
The trump of deep defame.
Revenge, you gods, this Rumour craves,
This blood and bloody shame.
Have through the air! give place, you airs!
Thus is my duty done.
The gods confound such lecherers!
Lo, Rumour, thus I run.

Virginius. O man, O mould, O muck, O clay! O hell, O hellish hound!
O false Judge Appius, rabbling wretch! is thus thy treason found?
Woe worth the man that gave the seed whereby ye first did spring!
Woe worth the womb that bare the babe to mean this bloody thing!
Woe worth the paps that gave thee suck! woe worth the fosters eke! [liking seek!
Woe worth all such as ever did thy health or
O, that the graved years of mine were covered in the clay!

Here entereth Virginia.

[*Virginia.*] Let patience, dear father mine, your rigour something stay:
Why do you wail in such a sort? why do you weep and moan?

Virginius. O daughter dear and only heir, my life is near begone,
And all for love of thee.

Virginia. Ah, gods, how may this be?
Dear father, do withdraw your dread, and let
me know the cause:
Myself will aid with life or death without
demur or pause.
Then tender your child that craveth this bound.
Virginius. O, hearken, dear daughter, at-
tend thou my sound.
Judge Appius, prick'd forth with filthy desire,
Thy person as leman doth greatly require;
And no kind of entreaty, no fear, nor no shame,
Will he hear alleged, defending the same.
And straight without staying, in pain of my
death,
I must bring thee thither, wherefore stop my
breath!
O sisters! I search, I seek, and I crave
No more at your hands but death for to have,
Rather than see my daughter deflower'd,
Or else in ill sort so wildly devour'd. [favour!
Virginia. O father, O friendship, O fatherly
Whose dulcet words so sweetly do savour,
On knees I beseech thee to grant my request,
In all things according as liketh thee best.
Thou knowest, O my father, if I be once
spotted, [blotted:
My name and my kindred then forth will be
And if thou, my father, should die for my
cause,
The world would accompt me guilty in cause.
Then rather, dear father, if it be thy pleasure,
Grant me the death; then keep I my treasure,
My lamp, my light, my life undefiled, [guiled.
And so may Judge Appius of flesh be be-
This upon my knees with humble behest,
Grant me, O father, my instant request.

Virginius. Then rise up, my daughter: my answer do note
From mouth of thy father, whose eyes do now float.
O daughter, O dear, O darling, O dame,
Dispatch me, I pray thee, regard not my name:
But yet as thou sayest, sith remedy none,
But leman thou must be, if I were gone,
And better it is to die with good fame,
Than longer to live to reap us but shame:
But if thou do die no doubt is at all,
But presently after myself follow shall.
Then end without shame, so let us persever,
With trump of good fame, so die shall we never.

Virginia here kneeleth.

Virginia. Then, tender arms, complect the neck: do dry thy father's tears,
You nimble hands, for woe whereof my loving heart it wears.
O father mine, refrain no whit your sharped knife to take
From guiltless sheath my shame to end, and body dead to make. [virgin's life;
Let not the shameless bloody judge defile my
Do take my head, and send it him upon your bloody knife:
Bid him imbrue his bloody hands in guiltless blood of me: [you see.
I virgin die, he lecher lives; he was my end,
No more delays—lo, kiss me first, then stretch your strongest arm:
Do rid my woe, increase my joy, do ease your child of harm!

Virginius. O weary wits of woe or wealth,
O feeble aged man,

How can thy arm give such a blow? thy death
I wish thee then!
But sith that shame with endless trump will
sound, if case thy joy
By means of false Judge Appius be, myself will
thee destroy.
Forgive me, babe, this bloody deed, and meekly
take thy end! *Here let him proffer a blow.*
Virginia. The gods forgive thee, father
dear! farewell, thy blow do bend.
Yet stay a while, O father dear, for flesh to
death is frail:
Let first my wimple bind my eyes, and then thy
blow assail. [may enjoy.
Now, father, work thy will on me, that life I
Here tie a handkercher about her eyes;
and then strike off her head.
[*Virginius.*] Now stretch thy hand, Virginius, that loth would flesh destroy.
O cruel hands or bloody knife, O man! what
hast thou done?
Thy daughter dear and only heir her vital end
hath won.
Come, fatal blade, make like despatch: come,
Atropos: come, aid!
Strike home, thou careless arm, with speed;
of death be not afraid!
Here entereth Comfort.
[*Comfort.*] O noble knight, Virginius, do
stay, be not dismay'd:
I, curing Comfort, present am, your dolor
[for] to aid.
Virginius. Sith joy is gone, sith life is dead,
What comfort can there be?
No more! there is but deep despair,
And deadly death to me.

Comfort. No more, sir knight, but take the head, and wend a while with me:
It shall be sent to court, for that Judge Appius may it see. [him have,
In recompense of lecher's lust this present let
And stay your corpse for certain space in coping from the grave: [whole concent.
So shall you see the end of him and all his
This will be comfort to your heart: Virginius, be content.

Virginius. Of truth, even so, for comfort else I know right well is none,
Wherefore I do consent with you: come on, let us be gone. [the gift.
But messenger myself will be, myself will give
Come on, good Comfort, wend we then; there is no other shift. [*Exeunt.*

Here entereth Judge Appius.

[*Appius.*] Well, hap as hap can, hap or no,
In hazard it is, but let that go.
I will, whatso happen, pursue on still:
Why, none there is living can let me my will.
I will have Virginia; I will her deflow'r,
Else rigorous sword her heart shall devour.

Here entereth Haphazard.

[*Haphazard.*] I came from Caleco even the same hour,
And hap was hired to hackney in hempstrid:
In hazard he was of riding on beamstrid.
Then, crow crop on tree-top, hoist up the sail,
Then groaned their necks by the weight of their tail:
Then did carnifex put these three together,
Paid them their passport for clust'ring thither.

Appius. Why, how now, Haphazard, of what dost thou speak?

Methinks in mad sort thy talk thou dost break.
Those three words, chopt all in one,
Is carnifex: that signifieth hangman.
Peace! no such words before me do utter.
Haphazard. Nay, I lie as still as a cat in a gutter.
Go to, Judge Appius; go forward, good prince:
Perhaps ye may have that the which will not blince.
Appius. What is the man that liveth now so near to door of death, [my breath?
As I for lust of lady fair, whose lack will stop
But long I shall not want her sight, I stay her coming here. [doth appear.
O lucky light! lo, present here her father
O, how I joy! yet brag thou not; dame beauty bides behind.
Virginius, where is the maid? how haps thou break my mind?
Here entereth Virginius [*bearing Virginia's head*].
[*Virginius.*] Ah wicked judge! the virgin chaste
Hath sent her beauteous face,
In recompense of lecher gain,
To thee, so void of grace.
She bids thee imbrue thy bloody hands
And filthy lecherous mind
With Venus' damsels, void of shame,
Where such thou haps to find.
But thou as with Diana's imps
Shalt never be acquainted:
They rather wish the naked knife
Than virgin's life attainted.
In end just proof whereof
Behold Virginia's head:

She sought her fame, thou sought her shame:
This arm hath smit her dead.
Appius. O curst and cruel cankered churl!
O carl unnatural!
Which hast the seed of thine own limb thrust
forth to funeral!
Ye gods, bend down your ire, do plague him
for his deed;
You sprites below, you hellish hounds, do give
him gall for mead. [the death.
Myself will see his latter end; I judge him to
Like death that fair Virginia took, the like
shall stop his breath; [so turmoil,
The flashy fiends of Limbo lake his ghost do
That he have need of Charon's help for all his
filthy toil.
Come, Justice, then; come on, Reward; come,
aid me in my need!
Thou, wicked knight, shall slaughter[ed] be
with self-same knife with speed.
Virginius. Sith she a virgin pure and chaste
in heaven leads her life, [her knife.
Content I am to die with her, and die upon
Appius. Come, Justice, then: come on,
Reward, when Judgment now doth call!
Here entereth Justice and Reward, and they both speak this.
[*Justice and Reward.*] We both are ready
here at hand to work thy fatal fall.
Justice [*speaketh*]. O gorgon judge, what
lawless life hast thou most wicked led!
Thy soaking sin hath sunk thy soul, thy virtues
all are fled. [have spotted,
Thou chaste and undefiled life did seek for to
And thy Reward is ready here, by Justice now
allotted.

Reward. Thy just reward is deadly death; wherefore come, wend away:
To death I straight will do thy corpse; then lust shall have his prey.
Virginius, thou woful knight, come near and take thy foe;
In prison [do] thou make him fast: no more let him do so.
Let Claudius for tyranny be hanged on a tree.
Virginius. Ah, right Reward: the gods be bless'd, this day I chance to see!
[*Enter Haphazard.*
Haphazard. Why, how now, my lord Appius, what cheer?
Why, where is my reward for this gear?
Why did I ride, run, and revel,
And for all my jaunting now made a javel?
Why—run, sir knave, call me Claudius!
Then—run with a vengeance, watch Virginius!
Then—ride, sirrah; is Virginia at church?
Then—gallop to see where her father doth lurch!
Then—up, sirrah; now what counsel?
Of dame beauty what news canst thou tell?
Thus in hurly burly, from pillar to post,
Poor Haphazard daily was toss'd;
And now with Virginius he goes sadly walking,
And nothing at all will listen my talking:
But shall I be so used at his hands?
As lief I were near in Limbo bands.
That dronel, that drousy drake-nosed drivel,
He never learned his manners in Seville.
A judge may cause a gentleman—a gentleman? nay, a jack-herring,
As honest as he that carries his hose on his neck for fear of wearing.

A caitiff, a cut-throat, a churl worthy blame—
I will serve him no longer, the devil give him shame!
Yet, by the mouse-foot, I am not content,
I will have a reward, sure, else will I repent.
To Master Reward I straightways will go:
The worst that can hap is but a no.
But sure I know his honesty is such
That he will recompense me with little or much:
And well this proverb cometh in my head—
By 'r lady! half a loaf is better than ne'er a whit of bread.
Therefore hap and be haply, hap that hap may,
I will put it in hazard, I['ll] give it assay.
All hail, Master Reward and righteous Justice!
I beseech you let me be recompensed too, according to my service;
For why? all this long time I have lived in hope. [a rope.
Reward. Then for thy reward, then, here is
Haphazard. Nay, soft, my masters: by Saint Thomas of Trunions,
I am not disposed to buy of your onions.
A rope, (quoth you?) away with that showing!
It would grieve a man having two ploughs going.
Nay, stay, I pray you, and let the cat wink:
It is naught in dry summer for letting my drink.
Justice. Let or let not, there is no remedy: hanging shall be thy reward, verily!
Haphazard. Is there nothing but hanging to my lot doth fall? [you withal.
Then take you my reward; much good do it
I am not so hasty, although I be claiming,

But that I can afford you the most of my gaining.
I will set, let, grant, yield, permit and promise
All the revenues to you of my service.
I am friendly, I am kindly, I proffer you fair:
You shall be my full executor and heir.
Reward. Nay, make you ready first to die, by the rood!
Then we will dispose it as we think good:
Then those that with you to this did consent,
The like reward shall cause them repent.
Justice. Nay, stay a while, Virginius is coming.
Nay, soft, Haphazard, you are not so cunning,
Thus to escape without punishment.
[*Haphazard*] *press*[*es*] *to go forth,* [*but is forced to stay.*]
Reward. No, certes! it is not so expedient.
Here entereth Virginius.
[*Virginius.*] O noble Justice! duty done, behold I come again, [slain.
To show you that Appius he himself hath lewdly
As soon as he in prison was enclosed out of sight, [outright:
He desperate for bloody deed did slay himself
And Claudius doth mercy crave, who did the deed for fear.
Vouchsafe, O judge! to save his life, though country he forbear.
Justice. We grant him grace at thy request, but banish him the land.
And see that death be done outright on him that here doth stand.
Haphazard. Nay, Master Virginius, [*take him by the hand*] I crave not for service the thing worth ought:

Hanging, quoth you? it is the last end of my thought.
Fie for shame, fie! stay, by my father's soul!
Why, this is like to Tom Turner's dole:
Hang one man and save all the rest!
Take part one with another: plain dealing is best.

Reward. This is our dealing; thus deal we with thee. [tree!

Take him hence, Virginius; go, truss him to a

Haphazard. Ye shall? in a rope's name! whither away with me?

Virginius. Come, wend thou in haste thy death for to take;
To the hangman I will lead thee, a quick despatch to make.

Haphazard. Must I needs hang? by the gods! it doth spite me [me.

To think how crabbedly this silk lace will bite
Then come, cousin Cutpurse, come, run, haste and follow me:
Haphazard must hang; come, follow the livery!
[*Exit.*

Justice. Well, wend we now: the final end of fleshly lust we see.

Reward. Content: Reward is ready bent with Justice to agree.

Here entereth Fame. [*Doctrina and Memory bring a tomb.*] *Also Virginius.*

O stay, you noble Justice, stay! Reward, do make no haste.
We ladies three have brought the corse, in earth that must be placed.

[*In original the stage direction in brackets above occurs here, but evi-*

dently all four enter together: see Note-Book.]

We have brought back Virginius the funeral to see.

I grant him that the learned pen shall have the [aid of me,
To write in learned verse the honour of her name.

Fame. And eke it shall resound by trump of me Dame Fame.

Here let Memory write on the tomb.

I Memory will mind her life: her death shall ever reign
Within the mouth and mind of man, from age to age again.

Justice. And Justice, sure, will aid all those that imitate her life.

Reward. And I Reward will punish those that move such dames to strife.

Fame. Then sing we round about the tomb, in honour of her name.

Reward. Content we are with willing mind to sing with sound of fame.

THE EPILOGUE.

As earthly life is granted none for evermore to reign,
But denting death will cause them all to grant this world as vain;
Right worshipful, sith sure it is that mortal life must vade,
Do practise then to win his love, that all in all hath made.

And by this poet's feigning here example do [you take

Of Virginia's life of chastity, of duty to thy make;
Of love to wife, of love to spouse, of love to husband dear,
Of bringing up of tender youth: all these are noted here.
I doubt it not, right worshipful, but well you do conceive
The matter that is ended now, and thus I take my leave:
Beseeching God, as duty is, our gracious Queen to save,
The nobles and the commons eke, with prosperous life, I crave!

FINIS.

[Reduced facsimile of the title-page of "The Marriage of Wit and Science," from the unique copy now in the Bodleian.]

A NEW AND PLEASANT INTERLUDE

ENTITLED THE

MARRIAGE OF WIT AND SCIENCE

[The Players' Names

NATURE	STUDY
WIT	DILIGENCE
WILL	TEDIOUSNESS
REASON	RECREATION
EXPERIENCE	IDLENESS
SCIENCE	IGNORANCE
INSTRUCTION	SHAME]

Imprinted at London in Fleet-street, near unto St. Dunstan's Church, by Thomas Marsh.

[1570]

THE MARRIAGE OF WIT AND SCIENCE

ACT I.

NATURE, WIT, AND WILL.

Grand lady, mother of every mortal thing:
Nurse of the world, conservative of kind:
Cause of increase, of life and soul the spring,
At whose instinct the noble heaven doth wind,
To whose award all creatures are assigned:
I come in place to treat with this my son,
For his avail how he the path may find
Whereby his race in honour he may run.
Come, tender child, unripe and green for age,
In whom the parent sets her chief delight,
Wit is thy name, but far from wisdom sage
Till tract of time shall work and frame aright
This peerless brain, not yet in perfect plight.
But when it shall be wrought, methinks I see,
As in a glass beforehand with my sight,
A certain perfect piece of work in thee.
And now so far as I [can] guess by signs,
Some great attempt is fixed in thy breast:
Speak on, my son, whereto thy heart inclines,
And let me deal to set thy heart at rest.
He salves the sore that knows the patient best:

As I do thee, my son, my chiefest care,
In whom my special praise and joy doth rest;
To me therefore these thoughts of thine declare.
Wit. Nature, my sovereign queen and parent passing dear,
Whose force I am enforced to know and knowledge everywhere,
This care of mine, though it be bred within my breast, [unrest.
Yet it is not so ripe as yet to breed me great
So run I to and fro with hap such as I find—
Now fast, now loose: now hot, now cold: inconstant as that wind.
I feel myself in love, yet not inflamed so,
But causes move me now and then to let such fancies go,
Which causes prevailing sets each thing else in doubt
Much like the nail, that last came in, and drives the former out. [your grace
Wherefore my suit is this: that it would please
To settle this unsettled head in some assured place: [the way,
To lead me through the thick, to guide me all
To point me where I may achieve my most desired prey;
For now again of late I kindle in desire,
And pleasure pricketh forth my youth to feel a greater fire. [in bed,
What though I be too young to show her sport
Yet are there many in this land that at my years do wed,
And though I wed not yet, yet am I old enow
To serve my lady to my power, and to begin to woo.

Nature. What is that lady, son, which thus thy heart doth move?

Wit. A lady, whom it might beseem high Jove himself to love.

Nature. Who taught thee her to love, or hast thou seen her face?

Wit. Nor this nor that, but I heard men talk of her apace.

Nature. What is her name?

Wit. Reason is her sire, Experience her dame,
The lady now is in her flower, and Science is her name.
Lo, where she dwells; lo, where my heart is all possest;
Lo, where my body would abide; lo, where my soul doth rest.
Her have I borne good-will these many years tofore,
But now she lodgeth in my thought a hundred parts the more.
And since I do persuade myself that this is she
Which ought above all earthly wights to be most dear to me,
And since I wot not how to compass my desire,
And since for shame I cannot now nor mind not to retire,
Help on, I you beseech, and bring this thing about
Without your hurt to my great ease, and set all out of doubt.

Nature. Thou askest more than is in me to give,
More than thy cause, more than thy state will bear.
They are two things to able thee to live,
And to live so that none should be thy peer.
The first from me proceedeth everywhere;
But this by toil and practice of the mind,
Is set full far, God wot, and bought full dear

By those that seek the fruit thereof to find.
To match thee then with Science in degree,
To knit that knot that few may reach unto,
I tell thee plain, it lieth not in me.
Why should I challenge that I cannot do?
But thou must take another way to woo,
And beat thy brain, and bend thy curious head,
Both ride and run, and travel to and fro,
If thou intend that famous dame to wed.

Wit. You name yourself the lady of this [world.

Nature. It is true.

Wit. And can there be within this world a thing too hard for you?

Nature. My power it is not absolute in jurisdiction,
For I cognise another lord above,
That hath received unto his disposition
The soul of man, which he of special love
To gifts of grace and learning eke doth move.
A work so far beyond my reach and call,
That into part of praise with him myself to show
Might soon procure my well-deserved fall:
He makes the frame, and [I] receive it so,
No jot therein altered for my head;
And as I it receive, I let it go,
Causing therein such sparkles to be bred,
As he commits to me by whom I must be led:
Who guides me first, and in me guides the rest,
All which in their due course and kind are spread,
Of gifts from me such as may serve them best.
To thee, son Wit, he will'd me to inspire
The love of knowledge and certain seeds divine,
Which ground might be a mean to bring thee higher,

If thereunto thyself thou wilt incline.
The massy gold the cunning hand makes fine;
Good grounds are till'd as well as are the worst;
The rankest flower will ask a springing time;
So is man's wit unperfect at the first.
Wit. If cunning be the key and well of worldly bliss
My-thinketh God might at the first as well endue all with this.
Nature. As cunning is the key of bliss, so it is worthy praise:
The worthiest things are won with pain in tract of time always.
Wit. And yet right worthy things there are, you will confess, I trow,
Which notwithstanding at our birth God doth on us bestow.
Nature. There are; but such as unto you, that have the great to name,
I rather that bestow than win thereby immortal fame.
Wit. Fain would I learn what harm or [detriment ensued,
If any man were at his birth with these good gifts endued.
Nature. There should be nothing left wherein men might excel,
No blame for sin, no praise to them that had designed well:
Virtue should lose her price, and learning [would abound;
And as man would admire the thing that eachwhere might be found,
The great estate that have of me and fortune what they will,
Should have no need to look to those whose heads are fraught with skill.

The meaner sort, that now excels in virtues of the mind,
Should not be once accepted there, where now they succour find.
For great men should be sped of all, and would have need of none;
And he that were not born to land should lack to live upon.
These and five thousand causes more which I forbear to tell, [to dwell
The noble virtue of the mind have caused there
Where none may have access, but such as can get in
Through many double doors: through heat, through cold, through thick and thin.
Wit. Suppose I would address myself to seek her out,
And to refuse no pain that lieth thereabout,
Should I be sure to speed?
Nature. Trust me, and have no doubt;
Thou canst not choose but speed with travel and with time: [to climb.
These two are they that must direct thee how
Wit. With travel and with time? must they needs join in one?
Nature. Nor that nor this can do thee good if they be took alone.
Wit. Time worketh all with ease, and gives the greatest dint: [flint.
In time soft water drops can hollow hardest
Again with labour by itself great matters compass'd be, [see.
Even at a gird, in very little time or none we
Wherefore in my conceit good reason it is,
Either this without that to look, or that without this.

Nature. Set case thou didst attempt to climb Parnassus hill:
Take time five hundred thousand years and longer, if thou will,
Trowest thou to touch the top thereof by standing still?
Again work out thy heart, and spend thyself with toil: [the foil.
Take time with all, or else I dare assure thee of
Wit. Madam, I trust I have your licence and your leave,
With your good-will and so much help as you to me can give; [time,
With further aid also when you shall spy your
To make a proof to give attempt this famous hill to climb; [prayer;
And now I here request your blessing and your.
For sure, before I sleep I will to yonder fort repair.
Nature. I bless thee here with all such gifts as nature can bestow, [hundred mo.
And for thy sake I would they were as many
Take therewithal this child, to wait upon thee still: [Will.
A bird of mine, some kin to thee: his name is
Wit. Welcome to me, my Will! what service canst thou do?
Will. All things forsooth, sir, when me list, and more too.
Wit. But when wilt thou list? when I shall list, I trow?
Will. Trust not to that; peradventure yea, peradventure no.
Wit. When I have need of thee, thou wilt not serve me so?
Will. If ye bid me run, perhaps I will go.

Wit. Cock's soul, this is a boy for the nonce amongst twenty mo! [blow.
Will. I am plain, I tell you, at a word and a
Wit. Then must I prick you, child, if you be drowned in sloth. [you both;
Nature. Agree, you twain, for I must leave
Farewell, my son, farewell! mine own good Will!
Be ruled by Wit, and be obedient still;
Force thee I cannot, but as far as lies in me
I will help thy master to make a good servant of thee.
Farewell! [*Exit.*
Wit. Adieu, lady mother! with thanks for all your pain; [again:
And now let me bethink myself again and eke
To match with Science is the thing that I have took in hand; [understand.
A matter of more weight, I see, than I did
Will must be won to this, or else it will be hard;
Will must go break the matter first, or else my gain is marr'd, [me
Sir boy! are you content to take such part for
As God shall send, and help it forth as much as lies in thee?
Will. Yea, master, by His wounds! or else cut off [t]his head.
Wit. Come then, and let us two devise what trace were best to tread;
Nature is on my side, and Will my boy is fast.
There is no doubt I shall obtain my joys at last.
Ex[e]unt.

ACT II. S[CÆ]NA 1.

Wit and Will.

Wit. What, Will, I say, Will boy, come again, foolish elf! [man yourself.

Will. I cry you mercy, sir, you are a tall

Wit. Such a cockbrain as thou art, I never saw the like to it.

Will. Truth, in respect of you, that are nothing else but Wit!

Wit. Canst thou tell me thy errand, because thou art gone so soon?

Will. Can I remember a long tale of a man in the moon,
With such a circumstance and such flim-flam?
I will tell, at a word, whose servant I am:
Wherefore I come, and what I have to say,
And call for her answer, before I come away.
What, should I make a broad tree of every little shrub, [tub?
And keep her a great while with a tale of a

Wit. Yet thou must commend me to be rich, lusty, pleasant, and wise.

Will. I cannot commend you but I must make twenty lies.
Rich, quoth you? that appeareth by the port that you keep:
Even as rich as a new-shorn sheep!
Of pleasant conceits, ten bushels to the peck;
Lusty like a herring, with a bell about his neck;
Wise as a woodcock; as brag as a bodylouse;
A man of your hands, to match with a mouse!
How say you, are not these proper qualities to praise you with?

Wit. Leave these mad toys of thine, and
come to the pith :
One part of the errand should have been
To give her this picture of mine to be seen,
And to request her the same to accept,
Safely until my coming to be kept,
Which I suspend till thy return, and then,
If it like her ladyship to appoint me where and
when,
I will wait upon her gladly out of hand.
Will. Sir, let me alone : your mind I under-
stand ;
I will handle the matter so that you shall owe
me thanks.
But what if she find fault with these spindle-
shanks,
Or else with these black spots on your nose?
Wit. In faith, sir boy, this talk deserveth
blows. [I suppose?
Will. You will not misuse your best servant,
For, by His nails and by His fingers too !
I will mar your marriage, if you do clitter.
Wit. I pray thee go thy ways, and leave
this clatter.
Will. First shall I be so bold to break to
you a matter.
Wit. Tush ! thou art disposed to spend
words in waste, [haste.
And yet thou knowest this business asketh
Will. But even two words, and then I am
gone.
Wit. If it be worth the hearing, say on !
Will. I would not have you think that I, for
my part, [depart,
From my promise or from your service will
But yet now and then it goeth to my heart

When I think how this marriage may be to
my smart.
Wit. Why so?
Will. I would tell you the cause, if I durst
for shame. [any blame.
Wit. Speak hardily what thou wilt without
Will. I am not disposed as yet to be tame,
And therefore I am loth to be under a dame.
Now you are a bachelor, a man may soon win
you; [you;
Methinks there is some good fellowship in
We may laugh and be merry at board and at
bed,
You are not so testy as those that be wed.
Mild in behaviour and loth to fall out, [about,
You may run, you may ride and rove round
With wealth at your will and all thing at ease,
Free, frank and lusty: easy to please.
But when you be clogged and tied by the toe
So fast that you shall not have power to let go,
You will tell me another lesson soon after,
And cry *peccavi* too, except your luck be the
better. [call!
Then farewell good fellowship! then, Come at a
Then, Wait at an inch, you idle knaves all!
Then sparing and pinching, and nothing of
gift;
No talk with our master, but all for his thrift!
Solemn and sour, and angry as a wasp,
All things must be kept under lock and hasp;
At that which will make me to fare full ill;
All your care shall be to hamper poor Will.
Wit. I warrant thee, for that take thou no
thought; [nought,
Thou shalt be made of, whosoever be set at
As dear to me as mine own dear brother;

Whosoever be one, thou shalt be another.
Will. Yea, but your wife will play the shrew; perdy! it is she that I fear.
Wit. Thy message will cause her some favour to bear [likewise,
For my sake and thy sake, and for her own
If thou use thyself discreetly in this enterprise.
Will. She hath a father, a testy, sour old man: [then.
I doubt lest he and I shall fall out now and
Wit. Give him fair words, forbear him for his age; [sage.
Thou must consider him to be ancient and
Shew thyself officious and serviceable still,
And then shall Reason make very much of Will. [how then?
Will. If your wife be ever complaining,
Wit. My wife will have nothing to do with my men.
Will. If she do, believe her not in any wise.
And when you once perceive her stomach to arise, [see
Then cut her short at the first, and you shall
A marvellous virtue in that medicine to be.
Give her not the bridle for a year or twain,
And you shall see her bridle it without a rein.
Break her betimes, and bring her under by force,
Or else the grey mare will be the better horse.
Wit. If thou have done, begone! and spend no time in vain. [again?
Will. Where shall I find you when I come
Wit. At home.
Will. Good, enough; take your ease! let me alone with this. [*Exit Wit.*
Surely a treasure of all treasures it is

To serve such a master as I hope him to be,
And to have such a servant as he hath of me;
For I am quick, nimble, proper and nice;
He is full good, gentle, sober and wise.
He is full loth to chide or to check,
And I am as willing to serve at a beck;
He orders me well, and speaks me so fair,
That for his sake no travail I must spare.
But now am I come to the gate of this lady,
I will pause a while to frame mine errand finely;
And lo, where she cometh; yet will I not come
nigh her;
But among these fellows will I stand to eye her.

ACT II., SCÆNA 2.

REASON, EXPERIENCE, SCIENCE, AND WILL.

Science. My parents, ye know how many
fall in lapse [haps.
That do ascribe to me the cause of their mis-
How many seek, that come too short of their
desire:
How many do attempt, that daily do retire.
How many rove about the mark on every side:
How many think to hit, when they are much
too wide: [low:
How many run too far, how many light too
How few to good effect their travail do bestow!
And how all these impute their losses unto me—
Should I have joy to think of marriage now,
trow ye?
What doth the world? my love alone, say they,
Is bought so dear that life and goods for it
must pay.

Strong youth must spend itself; and yet, when all is done, [won.
We hear of few or none that have this lady
On me they make outcries, and charge me with the blood [good.
Of those that for my sake adventure life and
This grief doth wound my heart so, that suitors more as yet
I see no cause nor reason why I should admit.

Reason. Ah, daughter, say not so! there is great cause and skill [thus alone.
For which you should mislike to live unmarried
What comfort can you have remaining thus unknown? [be,
How shall the commonwealth by you advanced
If you abide inclosed here, where no man may you see? [pain
It is not for your state, yourself to take the
All strangers that resort to you to entertain:
To suffer free access of all that come and go:
To be at each man's call: to travel to and fro.
What then, since God hath plac'd such treasure in your breast, [be refresh'd,
Wherewith so many thousand think by you to
Needs must you have some one of hid and secret trust, [discuss'd.
By whom these things may be well-order'd and
To him you must disclose the depth of all your thought; [wrought;
By him, as time shall serve, all matters must be
To him above you must content yourself to be at call;
Ye must be his, he must be yours, he must be all in all.

Experience. My lord your father tells you truth, perdy!

And that in time yourself shall find and try.
Science. I could allege more than as yet I have said,
But I must yield, and you must be obeyed.
Fall out as it will: there is no help, I see;
Some one or other in time must marry me.
Will. In time? nay, out of hand, madam, if it please you;
In faith, I know a younker that will ease you,
A lively young gentleman, as fresh as any flower, [hour.
That will not stick to marry you within this
Science. Such haste might haply turn to waste to some; [thou come?
But I pray thee, my pretty boy, whence art
Will. If it please your good ladyship to accept me so,
I have a solemn message to tell, ere I go;
Not anything in secret your honour to stain,
But in the presence and hearing of you twain.
Reason. Speak! [Nature hight,
Will. The lady of this world, which lady
Hath one, a peerless son, in whom she taketh delight;
On him she chargeth me to be attendant still.
Both kin to her: his name is Wit, my name is Will. [flame,
The noble child doth feel the force of Cupid's
And sendeth now for ease, by counsel of his dame. [was young:
His mother taught him first to love while he
Which love with age increaseth sore, and waxeth wondrous strong; [more,
For very fame displays your bounty more and
And at this pinch he burneth so as never heretofore.

Not fantasies force, not vain and idle toys of love,
Not hope of that which commonly doth other suitors move,
But fixed fast good-will that never shall relent;
And virtue's force, that shines in you, bad him give this attempt. [your good;
He hath no need of wealth, he woos not for
His kindred is such he need not to seek to match with noble blood; [may command,
Such store of friends that, where he list, he
And none so hardy to presume his pleasure to withstand.
Yourself it is, your virtue and your grace,
Your noble gifts, your endless praise in every place:
You alone, I say, the mark that he would hit,
The hoped joy, the dearest prey, that can befal to Wit.

Experience. I have not heard a message more trimly done.

Science. Nor I; what age art thou of, my good son?

Will. Between eleven and twelve, madam, more or less.

Reason. He hath been instructed this errand, as I guess.

Science. How old is the gentleman thy master, canst thou tell?

Will. Seventeen or thereabout, I wot not very well.

Science. What stature, of what making, what kind of port bears he?

Will. Such as your ladyship cannot mislike, trust me! [tall:
Well-grown, well-made, a stripling clean and

Well-favoured, somewhat black, and manly therewithal;
And that you may conceive his personage the better,
Lo, here of him the very shape and lively picture!
This hath he sent to you to view and to behold:
I dare avouch no joint therein, no jot, to be controll'd.

Science. In good faith, I thank thy master with my heart;
I perceive that Nature in him hath done her part.

Will. Farther, if it please your honour to know:
My master would be glad to run, ride, or go
At your commandment to any place far or near,
To have but a sight of your ladyship there.
I beseech you appoint him the place and the hour;
You shall see how readily to you he will scour.

Reason. Do so!

Experience. Yea, in any wise, daughter; for, hear you me,
He seemeth a right worthy and trim young man to be.

Science. Commend me then to Wit, and let him understand his hand;
That I accept with all my heart this present at his fill;
And that I would be glad, when he doth see his time,
To hear and see him face to face within this house of mine.
Then may he break his mind, and talk with me
Till then, adieu, both he and thou, mine own sweet little Will!

Exe[u]nt Science, Reason, Experience.

ACT II., SCÆNA 3.

[WILL.]

[*Will.*] Ah flattering quean! how neatly she can talk, [walk!
How minionly she trips, how sadly she can
Well, wanton! yet beware that ye be sound and sure,
Fair words are wont ofttimes fair women to allure.
Now must I get me home, and make report of this
To him, that thinks it long till my return, I wis.
[*Exit.*]

ACT III., SCÆNA 1.

WIT AND WILL.

Wit. Sayst thou me so, boy? will she have me indeed? [to speed.
Will. Be of good cheer, sir! I warrant you
Wit. Did both her parents speak well to her of me? [shall see.
Will. As heart can think; go on, and you
Wit. How took she the picture? how liketh she my person? [ing thereon.
Will. She never had done toting and look-
Wit. And must I come to talk with her my fill?
Will. Whensoever you please, and as oft as you will. [pense
Wit. O my sweet boy! how shall I recom-

Thy faithful heart and painful diligence? [joy!
My hope, my stay, my wealth, the key of all my
Will. I pray you, sir, call me your man, and not your boy. [all.
Wit. Thou shalt be what thou wilt, all in
Will. Promise me faithfully that, if your wife brawl,
Or set her father to check me out of measure,
You will not see me abused to their pleasure.
Wit. Give me thy hand, take here my faith and troth, [goeth.
I will maintain thee, howsoever the world

ACT III., SCÆNA 2.

[THE HOUSE OF SCIENCE. WILL. WIT. ALSO REASON AND SCIENCE BEHIND.]

Wit. What shall we do? Shall we stand lingering here? [near.
Will. If you be a man, press in and go
Wit. What if there be some other suitor there? [to fear;
Will. And if there be, yet need you not
Until I bring his head to you upon a spear
I will not look you in the face, nor in your sight appear.
Reason. Nay, Wit, advise yourself, and pause a while,
Or else this haste of yours will you beguile.
Science. No haste but good; take time and learn to fight;
Learn to assault, learn to defend a right:
Your match is monstrous to behold and full of might,

Whom you must vanquish, not by force, but by sleight.
Wit. Madam, stand to your promise! if I win, I am sped,
Am I not?
Science. Yea, truly!
Will. Good, enough! if we fight not I would we were dead;
No man shall stay us that bears a head.
Experience. Young man! a word or twain, and then adieu: [new;
Your years are few, your practice green and
Mark what I say, and ye shall find it true:
You are the first that shall this rashness rue.
Be ruled here: our counsel do thereafter.
Lay good ground, your work shall be the faster.
This headlong haste may sooner miss than hit;
Take heed both of Wit's will and wilful Wit.
We have within a gentleman, our retainer and our friend,
With servants twain, that do on him attend—
Instruction, Study, Diligence: these three
At your commandment in this attempt shall be.
Hear them instead of us, and as they shall devise,
So hardily cast our cards in this enterprise.
I will send them to you, and leave you for now.
Wit. The more company the merrier; boy, what sayst thou? [enow:
Will. It is a good fault to have more than
I care not, so as we may pull the knaves down;
I would we were at it, I pass not how soon.
Wit. If it shall please you to send those three hither
We will follow your counsel, and go together.

Will. I warrant her a shrew, whosoever be another— [mother.
God make the daughter good, I like not the [*Aside.*

Wit. Yet would not I for no good to have forgone her. [*Aside.*

Will. Marry, sir! indeed she talks and takes on her
Like a dame, nay, like a duchess or a queen,
With such a solemnity as I have not seen.

Reason. She is a queen, I tell thee, in her degree.

Will. Let her be what she list, with a vengeance, for me!
I will keep me out of her reach, if I can. [*Aside.*

Reason. If this marriage go forward, thou must be her man. [then,

Will. Marriage or marriage not, beshrew me
I have but one master, and I will serve no mo,
And if he anger me, I will forsake him too,

Reason. She shall not hurt thee, unless her cause be juster.

Will. By the faith of my body, sir, I intend not to trust her.

Reason. Why?

Will. Take me this woman that talks so roundly,
That be so wise, that reason so soundly:
That look so narrow, that speak so shrill:
Their words are not so cursed, but their deeds are as ill.

Reason. It is but thy fancy, I see no such thing in her.

Will. Perhaps you had never occasion to try her?

Reason. That were great marvel in so many years. [it appears.
Will. She hath won the mastery of you,
Wit. Well, quiet yourself! thou shalt take no wrong;
Methink our three companions tarry very long.

ACT III., SCÆNA 3.

INSTRUCTION. STUDY. DILIGENCE. REASON. WIT. WILL.

Instruction. Sir, we are come to know your pleasure.
Reason. You are come in good time, Instruction, our treasure; [aid.
This gentleman craveth your acquaintance and
What you may do for him, let him not be denay'd. [with me?
Wit. Welcome, good fellows! will ye dwell
Diligence. If all parties be pleased, content are we.
Wit. Welcome, Instruction, with all my heart!
Will. What, three new servants! then, farewell, my part! [*Aside.*
Instruction. I heartily thank you, and look what I can do;
It shall be always ready to pleasure you.
Reason. Consider and talk together with these,
And you shall find in your travail great ease.
Take here of me, before I take my leave,
This glass of crystal clear, which I you give;
Accept it, and reserve it for my sake most sure,

Much good to you in time it may procure.
Behold yourself therein, and view and pry;
Mark what defects it will discover and descry;
And so with judgment ripe and curious eye,
What is amiss endeavour to supply—
Farewell!

Wit. Farewell to you, right honourable sir!
And commend me to my love, my heart's desire;
Let her think on me, when she sees me not and wish me well.

Will. Farewell, master Reason, think upon us, when you see us not;
And in any wise let not Will be forgot.

Wit. Since I must take advice and counsel of you three, [me,
I must intreat you all to dwell in house with
And look what order you shall prescribe as needful,
To keep the same you shall find me as heedful:
Come!

Instruction. [I] come.

Will. [I] go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCÆNA 1.

WIT. WILL. INSTRUCTION. STUDY. DILIGENCE.

Will. Tush, tush, Instruction! your talk is of no force:
You tell us a tale of a roasted horse,
Which, by His wounds! except we set to it,
As fast as we make, these fellows will undo it;

Their talk is nothing but soft and fair, and tarry; [marry.
If you follow their counsel, you shall never
Instruction. To follow our counsel your charge and promise was.
Wit. I would I had never known you, by the mass!
Must I look so long, and spend my life with toil?
Nay, sure, I will either win it, or take the foil.
Study. The surer is your ground, the better you shall bear it.
Will. Ground us no ground; let him win it, and wear it.
Instruction. Good sir, be ruled, and leave this peevish elf. [myself;
Wit. I had even as lief ye bad me hang
Leave him? no, no, I would you all knew
You be but loiterers to him, my Will tells me true. [twain,
I could be content with a week, yea a month or
But three or four years! marry, that were a pain!
So long to keep me, and lie like a hog!
Will. A life, with all my heart, I would not wish a dog.
Wit. Will a week serve?
Study. No.
Wit. A month?
Study. Neither.
Wit. No?
Study. Not so.
Instruction. No, nor so many mo. [thrive,
Wit. Then, farewell all! for, as I hope to
I will prove him, ere I sleep, if I be alive,
And if ye be mine, and good fellows all three,

Go thither out of hand, and take your chance with me.

Instruction. For my part, I know I can do you no good.

Will. You are a proper man of your hands, by the rood! [saketh.

Yet well fare him, that never his master for-

Wit. What say'st thou, Study?

Study. My head acheth. [gence!

Wit. Out upon thee, coward! speak, Dili-

[*Diligence.*] Against Instruction's mind I am loth to go hence; [lack.

Yet I will make one, rather than you should

Wit. Perhaps we may find them at this time in bed. [sped;

Will. So much the rather look you to be

Care for no more but once to come within her,

And when you have done, then let another win her.

Wit. To come within her, child? what meanest thou by that?

Will. One mass for a penny; you know what is what!

Wit. Heard you ever such a counsel of such a Jack sprat? [good

Will. Why, sir, do ye think to do any

If ye stand in a corner like Robin Hood?

Nay, you must stout it, and face it out with the best: [the least;

Set on a good countenance, make the most of

Whosoever skip in, look to your part,

And while you live, beware of a false heart.

Wit. Both blame and shame rash boldness doth breed.

Will. You must adventure both: spare to speak, spare to speed.

What tell you me of shame? it is shame to steal a horse.

Wit. More haste than good speed makes many fare the worse.

Will. But he that takes not such time, while he may,
Shall leap at a whiting, when time is away.

Wit. But he that leaps before he look, good son, [done.
May leap in the mire, and miss when he hath

[*Enter Science, Reason, and Experience.*

Science. Methink I hear the voice of Will, Wit's boy. [joy.

Wit. I see her come, her sorrow and my
My salve and yet my sore, my comfort and my care, [my welfare;
The causer of my wound, and yet the well of
O happy wight, that have the saint of your request,
O hopeless hope, that holdeth me from that which likes me best! [make,
'Twixt hope and fear I stand, to mar or else to
This day to be relieved quite, or else my death-wound to take. [all three.

Reason. Here let us rest awhile, and pause

Experience. Daughter, sit down! belike this same is he. [me.

Will. Be of good cheer, sir; be ruled by
Women are best pleased till they be used homely;
Look her in the face, and tell your tale stoutly.

Wit. O pearl of passing price! sent down from God on high,
The sweetest beauty to entice, that hath been seen with eye: [annoy:
The well of wealth to all, that no man doth

The key of kingdoms and the seal of ever-
lasting joy. [things began,
The treasure and the store, whom all good
The nurse of lady Wisdom's lore, the link of
man and man. [desire?
What words shall me suffice to utter my
What heat of talk shall I devise for to ex-
press my fire?
I burn and yet I freeze, I flame and cool as fast,
In hope to win and for to lose, my pensiveness
doth last; [so?
Why should my dulled spirit appal my courage
O, salve my sore, or slay me quite, by saying
yea or no! [miss;
You are the mark at whom I shoot to hit or
My life it stays on you alone, to you my suit
it is, [find.
Amity not much unmeet with you some grief to
Dame Nature's son, my name is Wit, that
fancieth you by kind,
And here I come this day to wait and to attend,
In hope to have my hoped prey, or else my life
to end. [should embrace

Science. Good cause there is wherefore I
This loving heart which you have borne to me;
And glad I am that we be both in place,
Each one of us each other's looks to see.
Your picture and your person doth agree,
Your prince-like port and eke your noble face,
Wherein so many signs of virtue be,
That I must needs be moved in your case.

Reason. Friend Wit, are you the man in-
deed, which you intend? [end,
Can you be well content, until your life doth
To join and knit most sure with this my
daughter here,

And unto her alone your fixed faith to bear?
Wit. As I am bent to this, so let my suit be sped;
If I do fail, ten thousand plagues and more light on my head!
Experience. There are that promise fair, and mean as well
As any heart can think, or tongue can tell:
Which at the first are hot, and kindle in desire,
But in one month or twain quite quenched is the fire. [doth lead,
Such is the trade of youth whom fancy's force
Whose love is only at the plunge, and cannot long proceed. [me true.
Wit. Credit my words, and ye shall find
Experience. Suppose you keep not touch, who should this bargain rue?
Wit. I will be sworn here solemnly before you both.
Experience. Who breaketh promise will not stick likewise to break his oath.
Wit. I will be bound in all that ever I can make.
Experience. What good were that to us if we th' advantage take?
Wit. Will neither promise serve, nor oath, nor bands?
What other assurance will ye ask at my hands?
Will. My master is a gentleman, I tell you, and his word, [accord.
I would you knew it, shall with his deeds
Reason. We know not whom to trust, the world is so ill.
Will. Indeed, sir, as you say, you may mend, when ye will; [on?
But in good earnest, madam, speak! off or

Shall we speed at your hand, or shall we be gone? [you;
I love not these delays; say so, if we shall have
If not, say no; and let another crave you.

Wit. Soft and fair, sir boy! you talk, you wot not what. [*Aside.*

Will. Can you abide to be driven off with this and that? [your hands?
Can they ask any more than good assurance at [*Aside.*

Experience. All is now too little, son, as the matter stands. [lands,

Will. If all be too little, both goods and
I know not what will please you, except Darby's bands.

[*Science.*] I have an enemy, my friend Wit, a mortal foe to me;
And therewithal the greatest plague that can befal to thee.

Wit. Must I fight with him?

Reason. Can you fight, if need be?

Will. If any such thing fall, count the charge to me;
Trouble not yourself.

Wit. Hold thy peace, elf!

Science. Hear out my tale; I have a mortal foe
That lurketh in the wood hereby, as you come and go. [mine,
This monstrous giant bears a grudge to me and
And will attempt to keep thee back from this desire of thine; [tress,
The bane of youth, the root of ruin and dis-
Devouring those that sue to me, his name is Tediousness.
No sooner he espies the noble Wit begin

To stir and pain itself the love of me to win
But forth he steps, and with strong hands by
might and main
He beats and buffets down the force and liveli-
ness of brain. [villainously:
That done, in deep despair he drowns him
Ten thousand suitors in a year are cast away
thereby.
Now, if your mind be surely fixed so,
That for no toil nor cost my love you will
forego— [heed—
Bethink you well, and of this monster take good
Then may you have with me the greater hope
to speed. [and stout
Herein use good advice, to make you strong
To fend and keep him off a while, until his
rage be out. [vail
Then when you feel yourself well able to pre-
Bid you the battle; and that so courageously
assail— [head;
If you can win the field, present me with his
I ask no more, and I forthwith shall be your
own to bed. [me best,
Wit. Ill might I thrive, and lack that likes
If I be not a scourge to him that breedeth
your unrest. [land
Madam, assure yourself! he lives not in the
With whom I would not in your cause en-
counter hand to hand.
And as for Tediousness, that wretch, our
common foe,
Let me alone; we twain shall cope before I
sleep, I trow. [the back:
Will. Lustily spoken, let me claw thee by
How say you now, sir, here are three against
twain!

Study. Go, that go list, I will at home remain;
I have more need to take a nap in my bed.
Will. Do so; and, hear you! couch a cod's-head! [*Aside.*
Instruction. Well, since it will none otherwise frame, [we came.
Let us twain study, and return from whence
Study. Agreed! *Exit.*
Wit. And let us three bestir ourselves like men;
Unlikely things are brought to pass by courage now and then. [inch
My Will, be always prest, and ready at an
To save thyself, to succour me, to help at every pinch. [can;
Both twain on either side assault him, if ye
And you shall see me in the midst, how I will play the man.
This is the deadly den, as far as I perceive;
Approach we near, and valiantly let us the onset give. [ness hid;
Come forth, thou monster fell, in drowsy dark-
For here is Wit, Dame Nature's son, that doth thee battle bid!

ACT IV., SCÆNA 2.

TEDIOUSNESS. WIT. WILL. DILIGENCE.

Tediousness. What princox have we here that dares me assail? [to prevail?
Alas, poor boy, and weenest thou against me
Full small was he thy friend whoever sent thee hither,

For I must drive thee back with shame, or slay thee altogether.

Wit. Great boast, small roast: I warrant thee, do thy best!

Thy head must serve my turn this day to set my heart at rest.

Will. And I must have a leg of thee if I can catch it.

Fight, strike at Will.

Tediousness. First I must quite this brain of thine, if I can reach it.

Wit. Well shifted, Will; now have at thee, sir knave!

Tediousness. These friscols shall not serve your turn for all your vaunts so brave;

Ho, ho! did I not tell thee thou cam'st to thy pain!

Diligence. Help, help, help, our master is slain!

Will. Help, help help! &c.

Tediousness. Where are these lusty bloods that make their match with me?

Here lies a pattern for them all, to look at and to see. [and might;

To teach them to conspire against my force

To promise, for their woman's love, to vanquish me in fight: [have sped,

Now let them go and crake, how wisely they

Such is the end of those that seek this curious dame to wed.

Ho, ho, ho!

[*Exit Tediousness.*

ACT IV., SCÆNA 3.

WILL. RECREATION. [?IDLENESS]. WIT.

Will. Rub and chafe him: [lie.
For God's love, haste! see, lo, where he doth
– *Recreation.* He is not cold, I warrant him, I.
Sing.

Give a leg, give an arm; arise, arise!
Hold up thy head, lift up thy eyes!
1 *A leg to stand upright,*
2 *An arm to fight amain,*
1 *The head to hold thy brains in plight,*
2 *The eyes to look again.*

[1] *Awake, ye drowned powers!*
Ye sprites, for-dull with toil:
Resign to me this care of yours,
And from dead sleep recoil.
Think not upon your loathsome luck,
But arise, and dance with us a-pluck.
Both sing, Give a leg, as is before.

2 *What, though thou hast not hit*
The top of thy desire,
Time is not so far spent as yet
To cause thee to retire.
Arise, and ease thyself of pain,
And make thee strong to fight again.
Sing both, [Give a leg, &c.]

[1] *Let not thy foes rejoice;*
Let not thy friends lament;
Let not thy lady's rueful voice
In sobs and sighs be spent;
Thy faith is plight, forget it not,
'Twixt her and thee to knit the knot.
Sing [both], Give a leg, &c.

This is no deadly wound:
It may be cured well.
See here what physic we have found
Thy sorrows to expel. [*ground.*
Wit lifting himself up, sitting on the
The way is plain, the mark is fair,
Lodge not thyself in deep despair.

Wit. What noise is this, that ringeth in my ears,
Her noise that grieveth my mishap with tears?
Ah, my mishap, my desperate mishap!
In whom ill-fortune poureth down all mishap at a clap— [my head?
What shall become of me, where shall I hide
O, what a death is it to live for him that would be dead? [be,
But since it chanceth so, whatever wight thou
That findeth me here in heavy plight, go, tell her this from me! [have.
Causeless I perish here, and cause to curse I
The time that erst I lived to love, and now must die her slave. [stood;
The match was over-much for me, she under-
Alas, why hath she this delight to lap in guiltless blood? [despite,
How did I give her cause to show me this
To match me where she wist full well I should be slain in fight? [me,
But go, and tell her plain, although too late for
Accursed be the time and hour, which first I did her see! [thereto,
Accursed be the wight that will'd me first
And cursed be they all at once that had therewith to do! [die,
Now get thee hence in haste, and suffer me to

Whom scornful chance and lawless love have slain most traitorously.

Recreation. O noble Wit! the miracle of God and eke of Nature:

Why cursest thou thyself and every other creature?

What causeth thee thine innocent dear lady to accuse?

Who would lament it more than she to hear this woeful news?

Why wilt thou die, whereas thou may'st be sure of health?

Whereas thou seest a plain pathway to worship and to wealth. [doth slay;

Not every foil doth make a fall, nor every soil

Comfort thyself: be sure thy luck will mend from day to day!

Will. These gentle news of good Will are come to make you sound.

They know which way to salve your sore, and how to cure your wound.

Good sir, be ruled by her then, and pluck your spirit to you:

There is no doubt, but you shall find your loving lady true.

Wit. Ah, Will! art thou alive? that doth my heart some ease; [appease:

The sight of thee, sweet boy, my sorrows doth

How hast thou 'scap'd? what fortune thee befel?

Will. It was no trusting to my hands, my heels did serve me well;

I ran with open mouth to cry for help amain,

And, as good fortune would, I hit upon these twain.

Wit. I thank both thee and them; what will ye have me do?

Recreation. To rise and dance a little space with us two.

Wit. What then?

Recreation. That done, repair again to Study and Instruction; [set upon.
Take better hold by their advice, your foe to

Wit. Can any recompense recover this my fall? [mended all.

Recreation. My life to yours, it may be

Wit. Speak, Will!

Will. I have no doubt, sir, it shall be as you would wish.

Wit. But yet this repulse of mine they will lay in my dish.

Recreation. No man shall let them know thereof, unless yourself do it.

Wit. On that condition, a God's name, fall we to it. [no more.

Will. Nay, stand we to it, and let us fall

Wit. Will dancing serve, and I will dance until my bones be sore—
Pipe us up a galliard, minstrel, to begin!

Let Will call for dances, one after another.

Will. Come, damsel, in good faith, and let me have you in, [himself breathless.
Let him practise in dancing all things to make

[*A line (or lines) may have been dropped.*]

Recreation. Enough at once! now leave, and let us part.

Wit. This exercise hath done me good, even to the very heart. [take,
Let us be bold with you more acquaintance to
And dance a round yet once more for my sake.

[*Dance again.*]

Enough is enough; farewell! and at your need
Use my acquaintance, if it may stand you in
stead. [gains
Right worthy damsels both, I know you seek no
In recompense of this desert your undeserved
pains. [devise,
But look what other thing my service may
To show my thankful heart in any enterprise.
Be ye as bold therewith, as I am bold on you,
And thus with hearty thanks I take my leave
as now.

Recreation. Farewell, friend Wit! and since
you are relieved, [grieved,
Think not upon your foil, whereat you were so
But take your heart to you, and give attempt
once more: [before.
I warrant you to speed much better than
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV., SCÆNA 4.

WIT. WILL. IDLENESS. IGNORANCE.

Wit. One dance for thee and me; my boy,
come on!

Will. Dance you, sir, if you please, and I
will look upon. [breathe apace.

Wit. This gear doth make me sweat, and

Idleness. Sir, ease yourself awhile! here is
a resting-place.

Wit. Home, Will! and make my bed, for I
will take a nap.

Ignorance. Sure, and it please your master-
ship, here in my dame's lap.

Idleness singeth.

Come, come, lie down, and thou shalt see
None like to me to entertain
Thy bones and thee oppressed with pain.
Come, come, and ease thee in my lap,
And if it please thee, take a nap;
A nap that shall delight thee so
That fancies all will thee forego.
By musing still what canst thou find
But wants of will and restless mind?
A mind that mars and mangles all,
And breedeth jars to work thy fall!
Come, gentle Wit, I thee require,
And thou shalt hit thy chief desire:
Thy chief desire, thy hoped prey;
First ease thee here, and then away!

Falls down into her lap.

Wit. My bones are stiff, and I am wearied sore,
And still me-think I faint and feeble more and more;
Wake me again in time, for I have things to do,
And as you will me for mine ease, I do assent thereto.

Lulls him.

Idleness. Welcome, with all my heart! sir boy, hold here this fan,
And softly cool his face; sleep soundly, gentleman!
This char is charr'd well now; Ignorance, my son,
Thou seest all this, how fitly it is done;
But wot'st thou why?

Ignorance. Nay, bumfay, mother, not I!
Well, I wot 'tis a gay worched trick and trim:
Chould rejouce my heart to chance coots with him.

Idleness. Dost thou remember how many
I have served in the like sort?
Ignorance. It doth my heart good to think
on this sport. [served so?
Idleness. Wilt thou see this proper fellow
Ignorance. Chould give two pence to see
it, and two pence more.
Idleness. Come off, then, let me see thee
in thy doublet and thy hose.
Ignorance. You shall see a tall fellow,
mother, I suppose.
Idleness. Help off with this sleeve softly for
fear of waking, [ing.
We shall leave the gentleman in a pretty tak-
Give me thy coat, hold this in thy hand:
This fellow would be married to Science, I
understand.
But, ere we leave him, tell me another tale!
Now let us make him look somewhat stale.
There lie, and there be: the proverb is verified,
I am neither idle, nor yet well-occupied.
Ignorance. Mother, must I have his coat?
now, mother, must?
Chal be a lively lad with hey tisty-tust.
Idleness. Sleep sound, and have no care to
occupy thy head, [been dead.
As near unto thy body now as if thou had'st
For Idleness hath won, and wholly thee pos-
sess'd, [request.
And utterly disabled thee from having thy
Come on with me, my son, let us go couch
again, [remain.
And let this lusty ruffling Wit here like a fool
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCÆNA 1.

WIT. SCIENCE. REASON.

Wit. Up and to go! why sleep I here so sound?
How falls it out that I am left upon the naked ground?
God grant that all be well whilst I lie dreaming here:
Methinks all is not as it was, nor as I would it were.
And yet I wot not why; but so my fancies gives me grieves me.
That some one thing or other in my 'tire that
They are but fancies, let them go: to Science now will I;
My suit and business yet once again to labour and apply.

[Enter Science and Reason.

Science. What is become, trow ye, of Wit, our spouse that would be? should be.

Reason. Daughter, I fear all is not as it

Wit. Yes, yes, have ye no doubt, all is and shall be well.

Reason. What one art thou? thereof how canst thou tell?

Wit. Reason, most noble sir; and you, my lady dear,
How have you done in all this time, since first I saw you here?

Science. The fool is mad, I ween; stand back, and touch me not!

Wit. You speak not as you think, or have you me forgot?

Science. I never saw thee in my life until this time, I wot;
Thou art some mad-brain or some fool, or some disguised Scot.

Wit. God's fish-hooks! and know you not me?

Science. I had been well at ease indeed to be acquainted with thee!

Wit. Hop haliday! marry, this is pretty cheer;

I have lost myself, I cannot tell where!
An old-said saw it is, and too true, I find,
Soon hot, soon cold: out of sight, out of mind.
What, madam, what meaneth this sudden change?
What means this scornful look, this countenance so strange?
Is it your fashion so to use your lovers at the first?
Or have all women this delight to scold and to be curs'd?

Reason. Good fellow, whence art thou? what is thy name?

Wit. I ween ye are disposed to make at me some game.
I am the son of lady Nature; my name is Wit.

Reason. Thou shalt say so long enough ere we believe it.

Science. Thou Wit? nay, thou art some mad-brain out of thy wit.

Wit. Unto yourselves this trial I remit.
Look on me better, and mark my person well.

Science. Thy look is like to one that came out of hell.

Reason. If thou be Wit, let see what tokens thou canst tell.

How com'st thou first acquainted here? what [said we?
How did we like thy suit, what entertainment made we?

Wit. What tokens?

Science. Yea, what tokens? speak, and let us know. [a-row:

Wit. Tokens good store I can rehearse
First, as I was advised by my mother Nature,
My lackey Will presented you with my picture.

Science. Stay there, now look how these two faces agree!

Wit. This is the very same that you received from me.

Science. From thee? why look! they are no more like
Than chalk to cheese, than black to white.

Reason. To put thee out of doubt, if thou think we say not true, [view.
It were good for thee in a glass thy face to

Wit. Well-remembered, and a glass I have indeed,
Which glass you gave me to use at need.

Reason. Hast thou the glass, which I to Wit did give?

Wit. I have it in my purse, and will keep it, while I live. [come thereby?

Reason. This makes me muse how should he

Wit. Sir, muse no more; for it is even I
To whom you gave the glass, and here it is.

Reason. We are content thou try thy case by this.

Wit [*looking in the glass*]. Either my glass is wonderfully spotted,
Or else my face is wonderfully blotted.
This is not my coat; why, where had I this weed?
By the mass! I look like a very fool indeed.
O heaps of haps, O rueful chance to me!
O Idleness, woe worth the time that I was ruled by thee!

Why did I lay my head within thy lap to rest?
Why was I not advis'd by her that wish'd and will'd me best?
O ten times treble blessed wights, whose corps in grave do lie:
That are not driven to behold these wretched cares which die. [your spite;
On me you furies all, on me, have poured out
Come now and slay me at the last, and rid my sorrows quite!
What coast shall me receive? where shall I show my head?
The world will say this same is he that, if he list, had sped. [hand;
This same is he that took an enterprise in
This same is he that scarce one blow his enemy did withstand. [field:
This same is he that fought and fell in open
This same is he that in the song of Idleness did yield. [game:
This same is he that was in way to win the
To join himself whereby he should have won immortal fame; [despair.
And now is wrapp'd in woe, and buried in
O happy case for thee if death would rid thee quite of care!

ACT V., SCÆNA 2.

SHAME. REASON. SCIENCE. WIT.

Reason. Shame!
Shame. Who calls for Shame?
Reason. Here is a merchant, Shame, for thee to tame.

Shame. A shame come to you all, for I
am almost lame [their game.
With trudging up and down to them that lose
Reason. And here is one whom thou must
rightly blame,
That hath preferr'd his folly to his fame.
Shame. Who? this good fellow? what call
you his name? [Science came.
Reason. Wit, that on wooing to lady
Shame. Come aloft, child! let me see what
friscols you can fet.
Reason. He hath deserved it, let him be
well bet.
Wit. O, spare me with the whip, and slay
me with thy knife:
Ten thousand times more dear to me were
present death than life.
Shame. Nay, nay, my friend, thou shalt
not die as yet.
Reason. Remember in what case dame
Nature left thee, Wit;
And how thou hast abused the same—
Thou hast deceived all our hope, as all the
world may see.
Shame. A, shame come to it!
Reason. Remember, what fair words and
promises thou diddest make,
That for my daughter's love no pains thou
wouldest forsake.
Remember in what sort we had a care of thee:
Thou hast deceived all our hope, as all the
world may see.
Shame. A, shame come to it!
Reason. Remember, how Instruction should
have been followed still,

And how thou wouldest be ruled by none but
by Will. [breast,
How Idleness hath crept, and reigneth in thy
How Ignorance her son hath wholly thee pos-
sess'd.
Shame. A, shame come to it!
Wit. O woeful wretch! to whom shall I
complain?
What salve may serve to salve my sore, or to
redress my pain? [remember, how
[*Reason.*] Nay, I can tell thee more:
Thou was subdued of Tediousness right now.
Remember with what crakes thou went unto
his den
Against the good advice and counsel of thy
men;
What Recreation did for thee in these thy
rueful haps,
And how the second time thou fell into the lap.
Shame. A, shame come to thee!
Wit. O, let me breathe awhile, and hold
thy heavy hand, [derstand.
My grievous faults, with shame enough, I un-
Take ruth and pity on my plaint, or else I am
forlorn; [to scorn.
Let not the world continue thus in laughing me
Madam, if I be he, to whom you once were
bent, [were content:
With whom to spend your time sometime you
If any hope be left, if any recompense
Be able to recover this forepassed negligence,
O, help me now, poor wretch, in this most
heavy plight,
And furnish me yet once again with Tedious-
ness to fight! [tender years;
Science. Father, be good to these young

See, how he doth bewail his folly past with tears!

Reason. Hold, slave, take thou his coat for thy labour! [our favour.

We are content, at her request, to take you to

Come in, and dwell with us, till time shall serve: [never swerve.

And from Instruction['s] rule look that thou

Within we shall provide to set you up once more,

This scourge hath taught you, what default was in you heretofore.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V., SCÆNA 3.

WILL.

Will. Once in my life I have an odd half-hour to spare,

To ease myself of all my travail and my care.

I stood not still so long this twenty days, I ween, [been.

But ever more sent forth on messages I have

Such trudging and such toil, by the mass! was never seen; [clean.

My body is worn out, and spent with labour

And this it is that makes me look so lean,

That lets my growth, and makes me seem a squall;

What then, although my stature be not tall,

Yet I am as proper as you, so neat and cleanly,

And have my joints at commandment full of activity. [bones

What should a servant do with all this flesh and

That makes them run with leaden heels, and
stir themself like stones?
Give me a proper squire much after my pitch,
And mark how he from place to place will
squich—
Fair or foul, thick or thin, mire or dusty;
Cloud or rain, light or dark, clear or misty;
Ride or run, to or fro, bad or good—
A neat little fellow on his business will scud.
These great lubbers are neither active nor wise
That feed till they sleep, and sleep out their
eyes.
So heavy, so dull, so untoward in their doing,
That it is a good sight to see them leave work-
ing.
But all this while, while I stand prating here,
I see not my master; I left him snorting here.
[*Exit.*

ACT V., SCÆNA 4.

SCIENCE. WIT. WILL. INSTRUCTION. STUDY. DILIGENCE. TEDIOUSNESS.

Science. Mine own dear Wit, the hope of
mine avail, [trust,
My care, my comfort, my treasure and my-
Take heart of grace our enemy to assail;
Lay up these things which you have heard
discuss'd;
So doing, undoubtingly you cannot fail
To win the field, to 'scape all these unhappy
shewers; [wail;
To glad your friends, to cause your foes to
To match with us, and then the gain is yours.

Here in this closet ourself will sit and see
Your manly feats and your success in fight:
Strike home courageously for you and me;
Learn where and how to fend, and how to smite.
In any wise, be ruled by these three;
They shall direct both you and Will aright.
Farewell! and let our loving counsel be
At every hand before you in your fight. [*Exit.*

Wit. Here in my sight, good madam, sit and view:
That, when I list, I may look upon you.
This face, this noble face, this lively hue
Shall harden me, shall make our enemy rue.
O faithful mates! that have this care of me,
How shall I ever recompense your pains with gold or fee?
Come now, and, as you please, enjoin me how to do it,
And you shall see me prest and serviceable to it.

[*Wit is going out.*

Will. Why, master, whither [a]way? what haste? am I no body?

Instruction. What, Will! we may not miss thee for no money. [art bid;

Wit. Welcome, good Will! and do as thou
This day or never must Tediousness be rid.

Will. God speed us well, I will make one at all assays.

Instruction. Thou shalt watch to take him at certain bays;
Come not in the throng, but save thyself always.
You twain on either side first with your sword and buckler; [and daggers;
After the first conflict, fight with your sword

You, sir, with a javelin and your target in your hand,
See how ye can his deadly strokes withstand.
Keep at the foin; come not within his reach
Until you see what good advantage you may catch. [him dead;
Then hardily leave him not till time you strike
And, of all other parts, especially save your head.

Wit. Is this all, for I would fain have done?

Will. I would we were at it, I care not how soon.

Instruction. Now, when ye please; I have no more to tell, [well.
But heartily to pray for you, and wish you

Wit. I thank you; go thou, and bid the battle, Will.

Will. Come out, thou monster fell! that hast desire to spill
The knot and linked love of Science and of Wit;
Come, try the quarrel in the field, and fight with us a fit!

ACT V., SCÆNA 5.

TEDIOUSNESS. WIT. WILL. INSTRUCTION. STUDY. DILIGENCE.

Tediousness. A doughty dirt these four boys will do:
I will eat them by morsels, two and two!
Thou fightest for a wife! a rod, a rod!
Had I wist this, I would have laid on load,
And beat thy brain and this my club together,

And made thee safe enough for returning hither.

Will. A foul whoreson! what a sturdy thief it is!

But we will pelt thee, knave, until for woe thou piss.

Tediousness. Let me come to that elf.

Wit. Nay, nay, thou shalt have work enough to save thyself. *Fight.*

Instruction. Take breath, and change your weapons; play the men.

[*Tediousness.*] Somewhat it was that made thee come again. [I see;

Thou stickest somewhat better to thy tackling,

But what, no force; ye are but Jacksprat to me. [to eat.

Wit. Have hold, here is a morsel for thee [*Strikes.*

Study [*and*] *Instruction.* Here is a pelt to make your knave's heart fret.

Diligence. There is a blow able to fell a hog.

Wit. And here is a foin behind for a mad dog! [*Let Will trip you down.*

Hold, hold, hold, the lubber is down!

Tediousness. On!

Will. Strike off his head, while I hold him by the crown!

Wit. Thou monstrous wretch, thou mortal foe to me and mine,

Which evermore at my good luck and fortune did'st repine,

Take here thy just desert and payment for thy hire! [heart's desire.

Thy head this day shall me prefer unto my

Instruction. O noble Wit! the praise, the game is thine.

Study. Hove up his head upon your spear,
lo, here a joyful sign!
Diligence. O valiant knight, O conquest
full of praise!
Will. O bliss of God to see these happy
days!
Wit. You, you, my faithful squires, deserve
no less,
Whose tried trust, well-known to me in my
distress,
And certain hope of your fix'd faith and fast
goodwill,
Made me attempt this famous fact, most need-
ful to fulfil: [the gain.
To you I yield great thanks, to me redounds
Now home apace, and ring it out, that Tedious-
ness is slain!
Say all at once, Tediousness is slain.

ACT V., SCÆNA 6.

SCIENCE. WIT.

Science. I hear and see the joyful news,
wherein I take delight,
That Tediousness, our mortal foe, is overcome
in fight:
I see the sign of victory, the sign of manliness:
The heap of happy haps: the joy that tongue
cannot express. [shall arise.
O welcome fame from day to day for ever
Wit. Avaunt, ye griping cares! and lodge
no more in me,
For you have lost, and I have won continual
joys and fee. [brace,
Now let me freely touch, and freely you em-

And let my friends with open mouth proclaim
my blissful case.
Science. The world shall know, doubt not,
and shall blow out your fame,
Then true report shall send abroad your ever-
lasting name.
Now let our parents dear be certified of this
So that our marriage may forthwith proceed,
as meet it is.
Come after me, all five, and I will lead you in.
Wit. My pain is pass'd, my gladness to
begin,
My task is done, my heart is set at rest;
My foe subdued, my lady's love possess'd.
I thank my friends, whose help I have at need,
And thus you see, how Wit and Science are
agreed.
We twain henceforth one soul in bodies twain [must dwell:
Rejoice, I pray you all with me, my friends,
and fare ye well!

FINIS.

GRIM THE COLLIER OF CROYDON

Or, THE DEVIL AND HIS DAME: WITH THE DEVIL AND SAINT DUNSTAN

By I. T.

London:
Printed in the year [1662] 12°

52821

Dramatis Personae

ST. DUNSTAN, *Abbot of Glastonbury*
MORGAN, *Earl of London*
LACY, *Earl of Kent*
HONOREA, *Morgan's daughter*
MARIAN, *her Waiting-maid*
NAN, *Marian's maid*
MUSGRAVE, *a young Gentleman*
CAPTAIN CLINTON
MILES FORREST, *a Gentleman*
RALPH HARVEY, *an Apothecary*
GRIM, *the Collier of Croydon*
PARSON SHORTHOSE
CLACK, *a Miller*
JOAN, *a Country Maid*
PLUTO
MINOS
ÆACUS
RHADAMANTHUS
BELPHEGOR
AKERCOCK, *or Robin Goodfellow*
} *Devils*
MALBECCO's *Ghost, Officers, Attendants, &c.*

The Stage is England

GRIM THE COLLIER OF CROYDON

[PROLOGUE.]

You're welcome; but our plot I dare not tell
For fear I fright a lady with great belly: [ye,
Or should a scold be 'mong you, I dare say
She'd make more work than the devil in the play.
Heard you not never how an actor's wife,
Whom he (fond fool) lov'd dearly as his life,
Coming in's way did chance to get a jape,
As he was 'tired in his devil's shape;
And how equivocal a generation
Was then begot, and brought forth thereupon?
Let it not fright you; this I dare to say,
Here is no lecherous devil in our play.
He will not rumple Peg, nor Joan, nor Nan,
But has enough at home to do with Marian,
Whom he so little pleases, she in scorn
Does teach his devilship to wind the horn;
But if your children cry when Robin comes,
You may to still them buy here pears or plums.
Then sit you quiet all who are come in,
St. Dunstan will soon enter and begin.

ACT I., SCENE 1.

A place being provided for the devil's consistory, enter St. Dunstan with his beads, book, and crosier-staff, &c.

St. Dun. Envy, that always waits on virtue's train,
And tears the graves of quiet sleeping souls,
Hath brought me, after many hundred years,
To show myself again upon the earth.
Know then (who list) that I am English born,
My name is Dunstan; whilst I liv'd with men,
Chief primate of the holy English church.
I was begotten in West Saxony:
My father's name was Heorstan, my mother's Cinifred.
Endowed with my merit's legacy,
I flourish'd in the reign of seven great kings:
The first was Athelstane, whose niece Elfleda
Malicious tongues reported I defiled:
Next him came Edmond, then Edred, and Edwin,
And after him reign'd Edgar, a great prince,
But full of many crimes, which I restrain'd:
Edward his son, and lastly Ethelred.
With all these kings was I in high esteem,
And kept both them and all the land in awe;
And, had I liv'd, the Danes had never boasted
Their then beginning conquest of this land.
Yet some accuse me for a conjuror,
By reason of those many miracles
Which heaven for holy life endowed me with.
But whoso looks into the "Golden Legend"
(That sacred register of holy saints)
Shall find me by the pope canonised,

And happily the cause of this report
Might rise by reason of a vision
Which I beheld in great King Edgar's days,
Being that time Abbot of Glastonbury,
Which (for it was a matter of some worth)
I did make known to few until this day:
But now I purpose that the world shall see
How much those slanderers have wronged me;
Nor will I trouble you with courts and kings,
Or drive a feigned battle out of breath,
Or keep a coil myself upon the stage;
But think you see me in my secret cell,
Arm'd with my portass, bidding of my beads.
But on a sudden I'm o'ercome with sleep!
If aught ensue, watch you, for Dunstan dreams.

He layeth him down to sleep; lightning and thunder; the curtains drawn, on a sudden Pluto, Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus set in counsel; before them Malbecco's ghost guarded with furies.

Plu. You ever-dreaded judges of black hell,
Grim Minos, Æacus, and Rhadamanth,
Lords of Cocytus, Styx, and Phlegethon,
Princes of darkness, Pluto's ministers,
Know that the greatness of his present cause
Hath made ourselves in person sit as judge,
To hear th' arraignment of Malbecco's ghost.
Stand forth, thou ghastly pattern of despair,
And to this powerful synod tell thy tale,
That we may hear if thou canst justly say
Thou wert not author of thy own decay.

Mal. Infernal Jove, great prince of Tartary,
With humble reverence poor Malbecco speaks,
Still trembling with the fatal memory
Of his so late concluded tragedy.

I was (with thanks to your great bounty) bred
A wealthy lord, whilst that I liv'd on earth;
And so might have continu'd to this day,
Had not that plague of mankind fall'n on me:
For I (poor man) join'd woe unto my name
By choosing out a woman for my wife.
A wife! a curse ordained for the world.
Fair Helena! fair she was indeed,
But foully stain'd with inward wickedness.
I kept her bravely, and I lov'd her dear;
But that dear love did cost my life and all.
To reckon up a thousand of her pranks,
Her pride, her wasteful spending, her unkindness,
Her false dissembling, seeming sanctity,
Her scolding, pouting, prating, meddling,
And twenty hundred more of the same stamp,
Were but to reap an endless catalogue
Of what the world is plagu'd with every day.
But for the main of that I have to tell,
It chanced thus: late in a rainy night
A crew of gallants came unto my house,
And (will I, nill I) would forsooth be lodg'd.
I brought them in, and made them all good cheer
(Such as I had in store), and lodg'd them soft.
Amongst them one, yclepèd Paridell
(The falsest thief that ever trod on ground),
Robb'd me, and with him stole away my wife.
I (for I lov'd her dear) pursu'd the thief,
And after many days in travel spent,
Found her amongst a crew of satyrs wild,
Kissing and colling all the livelong night.
I spake her fair, and pray'd her to return;
But she in scorn commands me to be gone,
And glad I was to fly, to save my life.

But when I backward came unto my house,
I find it spoil'd, and all my treasure gone.
Desp'rate and mad, I ran I knew not whither,
Calling and crying out on heaven and fate,
Till, seeing none to pity my distress,
I threw myself down headlong on a rock,
And so concluded all my ills at once.
Now, judge you, justice benchers, if my wife
Were not the instrument to end my life.

Plu. Can it be possible (you lords of hell)
Malbecco's tale of women should be true?
Is marriage now become so great a curse,
That whilom was the comfort of the world?

Min. Women, it seems, have lost their native shame,
As no man better may complain than I;
Though not of any whom I made my wife,
But of my daughter, who procured my fall.

Æac. 'Tis strange what plaints are brought us every day
Of men made miserable by marriage;
So that, amongst a thousand, scarcely ten
Have not some grievous actions 'gainst their wives. [you,

Rha. My lord, if Rhadamanth might counsel
Your grace should send some one into the world,
That might make proof if it be true or no.

Plu. And wisely hast thou counsell'd, Rhadamanth,
Call in Belphegor to me presently;

One of the furies goes for Belphegor.

He is the fittest that I know in hell
To undertake a task of such import;
For he is patient, mild, and pitiful—
Humours but ill agreeing with our kingdom.

Enter Belphegor.

And here he comes. Belphegor, so it is,
We in our awful synod have decreed
(Upon occasion to ourselves best known)
That thou from hence shall go into the world,
And take upon thee the shape of a man,
In which estate thou shalt be married.
Choose thee a wife that best may please thyself,
And live with her a twelvemonth and a day.
Thou shalt be subject unto human chance,
So far as common wit cannot relieve thee;
Thou shalt of us receive ten thousand pounds,
Sufficient stock to use for thy increase:
But whatsoever happens in that time,
Look not from us for succour or relief. [pired,
This shalt thou do, and when the time's ex-
Bring word to us what thou hast seen and done. [content,

Bel. With all my heart, my lord, I am
So I may have my servant Akercock
To wait on me, as if he were my man,
That he may witness likewise what is done.

Plu. We are contented, he shall go with thee. [jesty

Min. But what meantime decrees your ma-
Of poor Malbecco?

Plu. He shall rest with us
Until Belphegor do return again;
And as he finds, so will we give his doom.
Come, let us go and set our spial forth,
Who for a time must make experiment
If hell be not on earth as well as here.

Exeunt.

It thunders and lightens; the devils go forth; Dunstan rising, runneth about

the stage, laying about him with his staff.

St. Dun. Satan, avaunt! thou art man's enemy:
Thou shalt not live amongst us so unseen,
So to betray us to the prince of darkness.
Satan, avaunt! I do conjure thee hence—
What, dream'st thou, Dunstan? yea, I dream'd indeed.
Must then the devil come into the world?
Such is, belike, the infernal king's decree.
Well, be it so; for Dunstan is content.
Mark well the process of the devil's disguise,
Who happily may learn you to be wise.
Women, beware! and make your bargains well;
The devil, to choose a wife, is come from hell.
[*Exit.*

SCENE 2.

Enter Morgan (Earl of London), Lacy (Earl of Kent), with Miles Forrest.

Mor. My Lord of Kent, your honour knows my mind,
That ever has, and still does honour you,
Accounting it my daughter's happiness
(Amidst her other infelicities),
That you vouchsafe to love her as you do.
How gladly I would grant your lordship's suit
The heavens can witness, which with ruthless ears
Have often heard my yet unpitied plaints;
And could I find some means for her recovery,
None but yourself should have her to your wife.

Lacy. My Lord of London, now long time it is

Since Lacy first was suitor to your daughter,
The fairest Honorea, in whose eyes
Honour itself in love's sweet bosom lies.
What shall we say, or seem to strive with heaven,
Who speechless sent her first into the world?
In vain it is for us to think to loose
That which by nature's self we see is bound.
Her beauty, with her other virtues join'd,
Are gifts sufficient, though she want a tongue;
And some will count it virtue in a woman
Still to be bound to unoffending silence;
Though I could wish with half of all my lands
That she could speak: but since it may not be
'Twere vain to imprison beauty with her speech.

For. Have you not heard, my lords, the wondrous fame
Of holy Dunstan, Abbot of Glastonbury?
What miracles he hath achiev'd of late;
And how the rood of Dovercourt did speak,
Confirming his opinion to be true:
And how the holy consistory fell,
With all the monks that were assembled there,
Saving one beam whereon this Dunstan sat;
And other more such miracles as these.
They say he is of such religious life,
That angels often use to talk with him,
And tell to him the secrets of the heavens.
No question, if your honours would but try,
He could procure my lady for to speak.

Mor. Believe me, Forrest, thou hast well advis'd,
For I have heard of late much talk of him.

Lacy. Is not that Dunstan he who check'd the king
About his privy dealing with the nun,

And made him to do penance for the fault?
Mor. The same is he; for whom I straight will send.
Miles Forrest shall in post to Glastonbury,
And gently pray the abbot for my sake
To come to London. Sure, I hope the heavens
Have ordain'd Dunstan to do Morgan good.
Lacy. Let us despatch him thither presently;
For I myself will stay for his return,
And see some end or other, ere I go.
Mor. Come, then, Lord Lacy! Forrest, come away! *Exeunt.*

SCENE 3.

Enter Belphegor, attired like a physician; Akercock, his man, in a tawny coat.

Bel. Now is Belphegor, an incarnate devil,
Come to the earth to seek him out a dame:
Hell be my speed! and so, I hope, it will.
In lovely London are we here arrived;
Where, as I hear, the earl hath a fair daughter
So full of virtue and soft modesty
That yet she never gave a man foul word.
Aker. Marry! indeed, they say she cannot speak. [guise,
Bel. For this cause have I taken this dis-
And will profess me a physician,
Come up on purpose for to cure the lady.
Marry! no may shall bind me but herself,
And she I do intend shall be my wife. [way:
Aker. But, master, tell me one thing by the

Do you not mean that I shall marry too?
Bel. No, Akercock, thou shalt be still un-
For if they be as bad as is reported, [wed;
One wife will be enough to tire us both.
Aker. O, then you mean that I shall now and then
Have, as it were, a course at base with her?
Bel. Not so, not so, that's one of marriage' plagues
Which I must seek to shun amongst the rest,
And live in sweet contentment with my wife,
That when I back again return to hell
All women may be bound to reverence me
For saving of their credits, as I will.
But who comes here?

Enter Captain Clinton.

Clin. This needs must tickle Musgrave to the quick,
And stretch his heart-strings farther by an inch,
That Lacy must be married to his love:
And by that match my market is near marr'd
For Mariana, whom I most affect;
But I must cast about by some device
To help myself, and to prevent the earl.
Bel. This fellow fitly comes to meet with me,
Who seems to be acquainted with the earl.
[*Aside.*
Good fortune guide you, sir!
Clin. As much to you.
Bel. Might I entreat a favour at your hands?
Clin. What's that?
Bel. I am a stranger here in England, sir,
Brought from my native home upon report
That the earl's daughter wants the use of speech;
I have been practised in such cures ere now,

And willingly would try my skill on her.
Let me request you so to favour me,
As to direct me to her father's house.
Clin. With all my heart, and welcome shall you be [want;
To that good earl, who mourns his daughter's
But they have for a holy abbot sent,
Who can, men say, do many miracles,
In hope that he will work this wondrous cure.
Bel. Whate'er he be, I know 'tis past his skill;
Nor any in the world, beside myself,
Did ever sound the depth of that device.
Enter Musgrave.
Clin. Musgrave, well met! I needs must speak with you.
Mus. I came to seek you.
Clin. Tarry you a while. [before
[*To Bel.*] Shall I entreat you, sir, to walk
With this same gentleman? I'll overtake you.
Exeunt Belphegor and Akercock.
This is the news: the Earl of Kent is come,
And in all haste the marriage must be made.
Your lady weeps, and knows not what to do;
But hopes that you will work some means or other
To stop the cross-proceedings of the earl.
Mus. Alas, poor Clinton! what can Musgrave do?
Unless I should by stealth convey her thence,
On which a thousand dangers do depend.
Clin. Well, to be brief, because I cannot stay,
Thus stands the case: if you will promise me
To work your cousin Marian to be mine,
I'll so devise that you shall purchase her;

And therefore, tell me if you like the match.
Mus. With all my heart, sir; yea, and thank you, too. [to me,
Clin. Then say no more, but leave the rest
For I have plotted how it shall be done.
I must go follow yon fair gentleman,
On whom I build my hopes. Musgrave, adieu!
Mus. Clinton, farewell! I'll wish thee good success. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II., SCENE 1.

Enter Morgan, Lacy, Dunstan, Forrest, Honorea, Marian.

Mor. Thou holy man, to whom the higher powers
Have given the gift of cures beyond conceit,
Welcome thou art unto Earl Morgan's house:
The house of sorrow yet, unless by thee
Our joys may spring anew; which if they do,
Reward and praise shall both attend on thee.
Lacy. And we will ever reverence thy name,
Making the chronicles to speak thy praise:
So Honorea may but have her speech.
Dun. My lords, you know the hallow'd gift of tongues [breath:
Comes from the selfsame power that gives us
He binds and looseth them at his dispose;
And in his name will Dunstan undertake
To work this cure upon fair Honorea.
Hang there, my harp, my solitary muse,
Companion of my contemplation!
He hangs his harp on the wall.
And, lady, kneel with me upon the earth,

That both our prayers may ascend to heaven.

They kneel down. Then enters Clinton, with Belphegor, terming himself Castiliano, and Akercock as Robin Goodfellow.

Clin. So shall you do the lady a good turn,
And bind both him and me to you for ever.
[*Aside.*]

Bel. I have determin'd what I mean to do.
[*Aside.*]

Clin. Here be the earls, and with them is the friar. [*Aside.*]

Bel. What, is he praying? [*Aside.*]

Clin. So methinks he is; [my lords!
But I'll disturb him. [*Aside.*] By your leave,
Here is a stranger from beyond the seas
Will undertake to cure your lordship's daughter.

Mor. The holy abbot is about the cure.

Bel. Yea, but, my lord, he'll never finish it.

Mor. How canst thou tell? What countryman art thou? [born,

Bel. I am by birth, my lord, a Spaniard
And by descent came of a noble house;
Though for the love I bear to secret arts,
I never car'd to seek for vain estate,
Yet by my skill I have increas'd my wealth.
My name Castiliano, and my birth
No baser than the best blood of Castile.
Hearing your daughter's strange infirmity,
Join'd with such matchless beauty and rare virtue,
I cross'd the seas on purpose for her good.

Dun. Fond man, presuming on thy weaker skill,

That think'st by art to overrule the heavens!
Thou know'st not what it is thou undertak'st.
No, no, my lord! your daughter must be cur'd
By fasting, prayer, and religious works;
Myself for her will sing a solemn mass,
And give her three sips of the holy chalice;
And turn my beads with aves and with creeds:
And thus, my lord, your daughter must be help'd.

Cas. Zounds! what a prating keeps the bald-pate friar!
My lord, my lord! here's church-work for an age.
Tush! I will cure her in a minute's space,
That she shall speak as plain as you or I.

Dunstan's harp sounds on the wall.

For. Hark, hark, my lord! the holy abbot's harp
Sounds by itself so hanging on the wall!

Dun. Unhallowed man! that scorn'st the sacred rede,
Hark how the testimony of my truth
Sounds heavenly music with an angel's hand,
To testify Dunstan's integrity,
And prove thy active boast of no effect.

Cas. Tush, sir! that music was to welcome me.
The harp hath got another master now;
I warrant you, 'twill never tune you more.

Dun. Who should be master of my harp but I? [you.

Cas. Try, then, what service it will do for

He [Dunstan] tries to play, but cannot.

Dun. Thou art some sorcerer or necromancer,
Who by thy spells dost hold these holy strings.

Cas. Cannot your holiness unbind the bonds?
Then, I perceive, my skill is most of force.
You see, my lord, the abbot is but weak;
I am the man must do your daughter good.
Mor. What wilt thou ask for to work thy cure?
Cas. That without which I will not do the cure:
Herself to be my wife, for which intent
I came from Spain. Then, if she shall be mine,
Say so, or keep her else for ever dumb.
Mor. The Earl of Kent, mine honourable friend,
Hath to my daughter been a suitor long,
And much it would displease both her and him
To be prevented of their wished love.
Ask what thou wilt beside, and I will grant it.
Cas. Alas, my lord! what should the crazy earl
Do with so young a virgin as your daughter?
I dare stand to her choice 'twixt him and me.
Lacy. And I will pawn mine earldom with my love,
And lose them both, if I lose Honorea.
Cas. A match, my lords! We'll stand unto the choice.
Mor. I am contented, if the earl be pleased.
Lacy. I were not worthy of her, did I doubt.
Cas. Then there it goes. Fetch me a bowl of wine:
This is the match, my lord, before I work—
If she refuse the earl, she must be mine.
Mor. It is.

One brings him a cup of wine: he strains the juice of the herb into it.

Cas. Now shall your lordships see a Spaniard's skill,
Who, from the plains of new America,
Can find out sacred simples of esteem
To bind and unbind nature's strongest powers.
This herb, which mortal men have seldom found,
Can I with ease procure me, when I list,
And by this juice shall Honorea speak.
Here, lady, drink the freedom of thy heart,
And may it teach thee long to call me love!
[*She drinks.*
Now, lovely Honorea! thou art free;
Let thy celestial voice make choice of me.
[*Honorea finds tongue.*]

Hon. Base alien! mercenary fugitive!
Presumptuous Spaniard! that with shameless pride
Dar'st ask an English lady for thy wife,
I scorn my slave should honour thee so much:
And, for myself, I like myself the worse
That thou dar'st hope the gaining of my love.
Go! get thee gone! the shame of my esteem,
And seek some drudge that may be like thy-self!
But as for you, good Earl of Kent,
Methinks your lordship, being of these years,
Should be past dreaming of a second wife.
Fy, fy, fy, my lord! 'tis lust in doting age:
I will not patronise so foul a sin.
An old man dote on youth? 'tis monstrous!
Go home, go home, and rest your weary head!
'Twere pity such a brow should learn to bud.
And lastly unto you, my lord and father,
Your love to me is too much overseen,
That in your care and counsel should devise
To tie your daughter's choice to two such grooms.

You may elect for me, but I'll dispose
And fit myself far better than both those;
And so I will conclude; you, as you please.
[*Exit Honorea in a chafe.*
Aker. Call you this making of a woman speak?
I think they all wish she were dumb again.
Cas. How now, my lord? what, are you in a muse?
Lacy. I would to God her tongue were tied [again.
Cas. Ay, marry, sir! but that's another thing,
The devil cannot tie a woman's tongue:
I would the friar could do that with his beads.
But 'tis no matter: you, my lord, have promis'd,
If she refuse the earl, she should be mine.
Mor. Win her, and wear her, man, with all my heart!
Cas. O, I'll haunt her till I make her stoop.
Come, come, my lord! this was to try her voice;
Let's in and court her; one of us shall speed.
Aker. Happy man be his dole that misseth her, say I.
Dun. My weaker senses cannot apprehend
The means this stranger us'd to make her
There is some secret mystery therein, [speak:
Conceal'd from Dunstan, which the heavens reveal [man
That I may scourge this bold, blaspheming
Who holds religious works of little worth!
Exeunt; manent Clinton and Forrest.
For. Now, Captain Clinton, what think you of me? [well.
Clin. Methinks as yet the jest holds pretty

The one hath taught her to deny himself:
The other woo'd so long, he cannot speed.

For. This news will please young Mus-
Clin. Marry, will it! [grave.
And I will hasten to acquaint him with them:
Come, let's away! *Exeunt.*

Enter Parson Shorthose and Grim the Collier.

Grim. No, Master Parson, grief hath made my heart and me a pair of balance, as heavy as lead. Every night I dream I am a town top, and that I am whipped up and down with the scourge-stick of love and the metal of affection; and when I wake, I find myself stark naked, and as cold as a stone. Now judge how I am tumbled and tossed; poor Grim the collier hath wished himself burnt up amongst his coals.

Sho. O Grim! be wise, dream not of love,
Thy sorrows cannot fancy move:
If Jug love thee, love her again;
If not, thy kindness then refrain.

Grim. I am not skilled in your rhyming, Master Parson; but that which is bred in the flesh will never come out of the bone. I have seen as much as another man; my travel should teach me. There's never a day in the week but I carry coals from Croydon to London; and now, when I rise in the morning to harness my horses, and load my cart, methinks I have a tailor sewing stitches in my heart; when I am driving my cart, my heart that wanders one way, my eyes they leer another, my feet they lead me, I know not whither, but now and then into a slough over head and ears; so that poor Grim, that before was over shoes

in love, is now over head and ears in dirt and mire.

Sho. Well, Grim, my counsel shall suffice
To help thee; but in any wise
Be rul'd by me, and thou shalt see,
As thou lov'st her, she shall love thee.

Grim. A lard! but do you think that will be so? I should laugh till I tickle to see that day, and forswear sleep all the next night after. O Master Parson, I am so haltered in affection, that I may tell you in secret (here's nobody else hears me), I take no care how I fill my sacks. Every time I come to London, my coals are found faulty; I have been five times pilloried, my coals given to the poor, and my sacks burnt before my face. It were a shame to speak this, but truth will come to light. O Joan! thou hast thrown the coal-dust of thy love into my eyes, and stricken me quite blind.

Sho. Now, afore God, the collier chooseth well;
For beauty, Jug doth bear away the bell,
And I love her: then, collier, thou must miss,
For Parson Shorthose vows, Jug shall be his.
[*Aside.*]
But hear'st thou, Grim, I have that in my head,
To plot that how thou shalt the maiden wed.

Grim. But are you sure you have that in your head? O, for a hammer to knock that out! one blow at your pate would lay all open to me, and make me as wise as you.

Sho. Think'st thou I do so often look
For nothing on my learned book,
As that I cannot work the feat?
I warrant I'll the miller cheat,
And make Jug thine, in spite of him.

Will this content thee, neighbour Grim?

Grim. Content me! ay, and so highly that if you do this feat for me, you hire me to you as one hireth an ox or an ass: to use, to ride, to spur, or anything; yours to demand, miserable Grim! Joan's handmaid! for so I have called myself ever since last May-day, when she gave me her hand to kiss.

Sho. Well, let's away; and in all haste
About it, ere the day be past;
And ever after, if thou hast her,
Acknowledge me to be thy master.

Grim. I wool, sir: come, let's away. The best drink in Croydon's yours; I have it for you, even a dozen of jugs, to Jug's health.

Exeunt both.

Enter Earl Morgan, Earl Lacy, Marian.

Mor. My Lord of Kent, the latter motion
Doth bind me to you in a higher degree
Than all those many favours gone before:
And now the issue of my help relies
Only on Mariana's gentleness;
Who, if she will, in such a common good,
Put to her helping-hand, the match is made.

Lacy. You need not make a doubt of Marian,
Whose love unto her lady were enough,
Besides her cousin's and her own consent,
To move her to a greater thing than this.

Mar. My lords, if aught there be in Marian
That may or pleasure you or profit her,
Ye shall not need to doubt of my consent.

Mor. Gramercy, Marian! and indeed the thing
Is, in itself, a matter of no moment
If it be weigh'd aright; and therefore this:

Thou know'st the bargain, 'twixt me and the doctor
Concerning marriage with my only daughter,
Whom I determined that my Lord of Kent
Should have espoused: but I see her mind
Is only set upon thy cousin Musgrave,
And in her marriage to use constraint
Were bootless; therefore thus we have devised:
Lord Lacy is content to lose his part,
And to resign his title to young Musgrave;
But now the doctor will not yield his right.
Thus, we determine to beguile his hopes;
Thou shalt this night be brought unto his bed
Instead of her, and he shall marry thee:
Musgrave shall have my daughter, she her will;
And so shall all things sort to our content.

Lacy. And this thou shalt be sure of, Marian,
The doctor's wealth will keep thee royally:
Besides, thou shalt be ever near thy friends,
That will not see thee wrong'd by any man.
Say then, wilt thou resolve to marry him?

Mar. My lords, you know I am but young:
The doctor's fit for one of riper years:
Yet, in regard of Honorea's good,
My cousin's profit, and all your consents,
I yield myself to be the doctor's wife.

Mor. 'Tis kindly spoken, gentle Marian.
Enter Castiliano.
But here the doctor comes.

Lacy. Then I'll away,
Lest he suspect aught by my being here.
[*Exit.*

Mor. Do! and let me alone to close with him.

Cas. May he ne'er speak that makes a woman speak!

She talks now, sure, for all the time that's pass'd:
Her tongue is like a scarecrow in a tree
That clatters still with every puff of wind.
I have so haunted her from place to place:
About the hall, from thence into the parlour,
Up to the chamber, down into the garden,
And still she rails, and chafes, and scolds,
As if it were the sessions-day in hell.
Yet will I haunt her with an open mouth,
And never leave her till I force her love me.

Mor. Now, master doctor; what, a match or no?

Cas. A match, quoth you? I think the devil himself
Cannot match her; for, if he could, I should.
[*Aside.*]

Mor. Well, be content: 'tis I must work the mean
To make her yield, whether she will or no.
My Lord of Kent is gone hence in a chafe,
And now I purpose that she shall be yours,
Yet to herself unknown; for she shall think
That Musgrave is the man, but it shall be you:
Seem you still discontented, and no more,
Go, Mariana, call thy mistress hither! [know,
Now, when she comes, dissemble what you
And go away, as if you car'd not for her;
So will she the sooner be brought into it.
Exit Marian.

Cas. My lord, I thank you for your honest care,
And, as I may, will study to requite it.

Enter Honorea and Marian.

But here your daughter comes. No, no, my lord!
'Tis not her favour I regard, nor her;
Your promise 'tis I challenge, which I'll have:
It was my bargain, no man else should have her.
Not that I love her, but I'll not be wrong'd
By any one, my lord; and so I leave you.
Exit Castiliano.

Mor. He's passing cunning to deceive him-
But, all the better for the after-sport. [self—

Hon. Sir, did you send for me?

Mor. Honorea, for thee;
And this it is. Howe'er unworthily
I have bestowed my love so long upon thee,
That wilt so manifestly contradict me,
Yet, that thou may'st perceive how I esteem thee,
I make thyself the guardian of thy love, [thee.
That thine own fancy may make choice for
I have persuaded with my Lord of Kent
To leave to love thee: now the peevish doctor
Swears that his int'rest he will ne'er resign;
Therefore we must by policy deceive him.
He shall suppose he lieth this night with thee,
But Mariana shall supply thy room,
And thou with Musgrave in another chamber
Shalt secretly be lodg'd. When this is done,
'Twill be too late to call that back again:
So shalt thou have thy mind, and he a wife.

Hon. But wilt thou, Mariana, yield to this?

Mar. For your sake, lady, I will undertake it. [father!

Hon. Gramercy, Marian, and my noble
Now I acknowledge that indeed you love me.

Mor. Well, no more words, but be you both prepar'd:
The night draweth on, and I have sent in secret
For Musgrave, that he may be brought unseen,
To hide suspicion from their jealous eyes.

Hon. I warrant you! Come, Marian! let us go.

Exeunt Honorea and Marian.

Mor. And then my Lord of Kent shall be my son.
Should I go wed my daughter to a boy?
No, no! young girls must have their will restrained;
For if the rule be theirs, all runs to nought.

Exit.

Enter Clack the Miller, with Joan.

Clack. Be not, Jug, as a man would say, finer than fivepence, or that you are more proud than a peacock; that is, to seem to scorn to call in at Clack's mill as you pass over the bridge. There be as good wenches as you be glad to pay me toll.

Joan. Like enough, Clack; I had as lieve they as I, and a great deal rather too. You, that take toll of so many maids, shall never toll me after you. O God! what a dangerous thing it is but to peep once into love! I was never so haunted with my harvest-work as I am with love's passions.

Clack. Ay, but Joan, bear old proverbs in your memory; soft and fair—now, sir, if you make too much haste to fall foul, ay, and that upon a foul one too, there fades the flower of all Croydon [*aside*]. Tell me but this: is not Clack the miller as good a name as Grim the collier?

Joan. Alas! I know no difference in names to make a maid or choose or to refuse.

Clack. You were best to say, no, nor in men neither. Well, I'll be sworn, I have; but I have no reason to tell you so much, that care so little for me [*aside*]: yet hark. *Clack speaketh in her ear.*

Enter Grim and Parson Shorthose.

Grim. O Master Parson, there he stands like a scarecrow, to drive me away from her that sticks as close to my heart as my shirt to my back, or my hose to my heel. O Master Parson Shorthose, Grim is but a man as another man is: colliers have but lives, as other men have. All's gone if she go from me: Grim is nobody without her. My heart is in my mouth; my mouth is in my hand; my hand threatens vengeance against the miller, as it were a beadle with a whip in his hand, triumphing o'er a beggar's back!

Sho. Be silent, Grim; stand close, and see;
So shall we know how all things be.

Grim. In wisdom I am appeased; but in anger I broil, as it were a rasher upon the coals.

Joan. I'll not despise the trades ye either have;
Yet Grim the collier may, if he be wise,
Live even as merry as the day is long;
For, in my judgment, in his mean estate
Consists as much content as in more wealth.

Grim. O Master Parson, write down this sweet saying of her in Grim's commendations. She hath made my heart leap like a hobby-horse! O Joan, this speech of thine will I carry with me even to my grave.

Sho. Be silent, then.

Clack. Well, then, I perceive you mean to lead your life in a coalpit, like one of the devil's drudges, and have your face look like the outward side of an old iron pot or a blacking-box.

Grim. He calleth my trade into question! I cannot forbear him. [Grim,

Sho. Nay, then you spoil all: neighbour I warrant you, she will answer him. [show

Joan. What I intend, I am not bound to
To thee, nor any other but my mother,
To whom in duty I submit myself:
Yet this I tell thee, though my birth be mean,
My honest virtuous life shall help to mend it;
And if I marry any in all this life,
He shall say boldly he hath an honest wife.

Grim. O that it were my fortune to light upon her, on condition my horses were dead, and my cart broken, and I bound to carry coals, as long as I live, from Croydon to London on my bare shoulders! Master Parson, the flesh is frail; he shall tempt her no longer. She is but weak, and he is the stronger. I'll upon him. Miller, thou art my neighbour, and therein charity holds my hands; but methinks you, having a water-gap of your own, you may do as other millers do, grind your grist at home, knock your cogs into your own mill; you shall not cog with her.

She doth descry thee;
And I defy thee
To a mortal fight;
And so, miller, good night.
And now, sweet Joan,
Be it openly known
Thou art my own.

Clack. Well, Grim, since thou art so collier-like choleric—

Grim. Miller, I will not be mealy-mouth'd.

Clack. I'll give thee the fewer words now because the next time we meet I'll pay thee all in dry blows. Carry coals at a collier's hands! if I do, let my mill be drowned up in water, and I hanged in the roof.

Joan. And if thou lov'st me, Grim, forbear him now.

Grim. If I love thee! dost thou doubt of that? nay, rip me up, and look into my heart, and thou shalt see thy own face pictured there as plainly as in the proudest looking-glass in all Croydon. If I love thee! then, tears, gush out, and show my love!

Clack. What, Master Parson, are you there? You remember you promised to win Joan for my own wearing? [gone;

Sho. I warrant thee, Clack, but now be-Leave me to work that here alone.

Clack. Well, farewell, Master Shorthose; be true when you are trusted.

Exit Clack.

Sho. She shall be neither his nor thine,
For I intend to make her mine.

Grim. If I love thee, Joan! Those very words are a purgation to me. You shall see desperation in my face, and death marching in my very countenance. If I love!

Sho. What, Grim, hath grief drown'd thee at last?
Are all thy joys overcast?
Is Joan in place, and thou so sad!
Her presence, man, should make thee glad.

Joan. Good Master Parson, 'twas no fault of mine;
He takes occasion where there none was given.
I will not blab unto the world my love
I owe to him, and shall do whilst I live.
[*Aside.*]

Grim. Well, Joan, without all ifs or ands, e-persese, a-persese, or tittle-tattles in the world, I do love thee; and so much that in thy absence I cry when I see thee, and rejoice with my very heart when I cannot behold thee.

Sho. No doubt, no doubt! thou lov'st her well,
But listen now to what I tell:
Since ye are both so well agreed,
I wish you make more haste and speed.
To-morrow is Holy-rood day,
When all a-nutting take their way;
Within the wood a close doth stand,
Encompass'd round on either hand
With trees and bushes; there will I
Despatch your marriage presently.

Grim. O Master Parson, your devising pate hath blessed me for ever. Joan, we'll have that so: the shorter the work the sweeter.

Joan. And if my mother give but her consent,
My absence shall in no case hinder it.

Grim. She, quotha? she is mine already; we'll to her presently. Master Parson, 'tis a match; we'll meet you. Now, miller, do I go beyond you? I have stripped him of the wench, as a cook would strip an eel out of her skin, or a pudding out of the case thereof. Now I talk of a pudding, O, 'tis my only food, I am an old dog at it. Come, Joan, let us away; I'll pudding you.

Sho. Well, if my fortune luckily ensue,

As you shall cosen him, I'll cosen you.

Exeunt.

Enter Castiliano at one door with Marian, Earl Lacy at another door with Honorea.

Cas. Come, lovely Honorea, bright as day.
As came Alcmena from her sacred bed
With Jupiter, shap'd like Amphitrion,
So show my love.

Hon. My love! whom have we here?
Sweet Musgrave! but, alas, I am betrayed!

Cas. Thou art my love.

Lacy. No, mine.

Hon. Nor yours, nor yours; [thou?
But Musgrave's love. O Musgrave! where art

Lacy. Be not displeas'd, my dear; give me thy hand.

Hon. My hand, false earl! nor hand nor heart of mine!
Couldst thou thus cunningly deceive my hopes?
And could my father give consent thereto?
Well, neither he nor thou shalt force my love.

Cas. 'Tis I, fair Honorea, am thy love:
Forsake the worthless earl, give me thy hand.

Mar. Whose hand would you have, sir? this hand is mine, [own:
And mine is yours: then keep you to your
Yet are you mine, sir, and I mean to keep you.
What! do you think to shake me off so soon?
No, gentle husband, now it is too late;
You should have look'd before you came to bed.

Enter Robin Goodfellow with his master's gown.

Rob. Many good-morrows to my gentle master

And my new mistress; God give you both joy!
What say you to your gown, sir, this cold morning?

Cas. Robin, I am undone, and cast away!

[*Rob.*] How, master, cast away upon a wife?

Cas. Yea, Robin, cast away upon a wife.

Rob. Cast her away then, master, can you not? [it.

Mar. No, sir, he cannot, nor he shall not do

Rob. Why, how know you? I am sure you are not she. [falls.

Mar. Yes, sir, I am your mistress, as it

Rob. As it falls, quoth ye? marry, a foul fall is it. [foul?

Mar. Base rascal, dost thou say that I am

Rob. No, it was foul play for him to fall upon you.

Mar. How know you that he fell? were you so nigh?

She giveth Robin a box on the ear.

Rob. Mass, it should seem it was he that fell, if any,

For you (methinks) are of a mounting nature:
What, at my ears at first? a good beginning.

Lacy. My dear delight, why dost thou stain thy cheeks,
Those rosy beds, with this unseemly dew?
Shake off those tears, that now untimely fall,
And smile on me, that am thy summer's joy.

Hon. Hapless am I to lose so sweet a prison,
Thus to obtain a weary liberty.
Happy had I been so to have remain'd,
Of which estate I ne'er should have complain'd.

Rob. Whoop, whoo! more marriages! and all of a sort. Happy are they, I see, that live

without them: if this be the beginning, what will be the ending?

Enter Earl Morgan and Dunstan.

Mor. Look, Dunstan, where they be; displeas'd, no doubt;
Try if thou canst work reconciliation.

Cas. My lord, I challenge you of breach of promise,
And claim your daughter here to be my wife.

Lacy. Your claim is nought, sir; she is mine already.

Hon. Your claim is nought, sir; I am none [of yours.

Mar. Your claim is here, sir; Marian is yours.
What, husband! newly married and inconstant?
'Greed we so well together all this night,
And must we now fall out? for shame, for shame!
A man of your years, and be so unstay'd!
Come, come away! there may no other be;
I will have you, therefore you shall have me.

Rob. This is the bravest country in the world,
Where men get wives whether they will or no:
I trow ere long some wench will challenge me.

Cas. O, is not this a goodly consequence?
I must have her because she will have me!

Dun. Ladies and gentlemen, hear Dunstan speak.
Marriage, no doubt, is ordain'd by providence,
Is sacred, not to be by vain affect
Turn'd to the idle humours of men's brains.
Besides, for you, my lady Honorea,
Your duty binds you to obey your father
Who better knows what fits you than yourself;
And 'twere in you great folly to neglect

The earl's great love, whereof you are unworthy,
Should you but seem offended with the match.
Therefore submit yourself to make amends,
For 'tis your fault; so may you all be friends.

Mor. And, daughter, you must think what I have done
Was for your good, to wed you to the earl,
Who will maintain and love you royally:
For what had Musgrave but his idle shape?
A shadow to the substances you must build on.

Rob. She will build substance on him, I trow:
Who keeps a shrew against her will, had better let her go. [*Aside.*]

Mar. Madam, conceal your grief, and seem content;
For, as it is, you must be rul'd per force:
Dissemble, till convenient time may serve
To think on this despite and Musgrave's love. [*Aside.*]

Lacy. Tell me, my dear, wilt thou at length be pleased? [eas'd;

Hon. As good be pleas'd, my lord, as not be
Yet though my former love did move me much,
Think not amiss, the same love may be yours.

Cas. What! is it a match? nay then, since you agree,
I cannot mend myself, for aught I see;
And therefore 'tis as good to be content.
Come, lady, 'tis your lot to be my dame.
Lordings, adieu! God send you all good speed!
Some have their wives for pleasure, some for need.

Lacy. Adieu, Castiliano! are we friends?

Cas. Yes, yes, my lord, there is no remedy.
Rob. No remedy, my masters, for a wife?
A note for young beginners: mark it well!
Exeunt.

Enter Forrest, Captain Clinton, Harvey.

For. Now, gallants, what imagine you of this?
Our noses are all slit; for Mariana,
The Spanish doctor hath her to his wife,
And Musgrave's hopes are dead for Honorea,
For she is married to the Earl of Kent.
'Twill be good sport to see them when they rise
If so they be not gotten up already.
Clin. I say the devil go with them all for me.
The Spanish doctor marry Marian!
I think that slave was born to cross me still.
Had it not been last day before the earl,
Upon my conscience, I had crack'd his crown
When first he ask'd the lady for his wife;
Now he hath got her too, whom I desir'd.
Why, he'll away with her ere long to Spain,
And keep her there to dispossess our hopes.
For. No, I can comfort you for that suppose:
For yesterday he hir'd a dwelling-house,
And here he means to tarry all this year;
So long at least, whate'er he doth hereafter.
Clin. A sudden plot-form comes into my mind,
And this it is. Miles Forrest, thou and I
Are partly well acquainted with the doctor.
Ralph Harvey shall along with us to him;
Him we'll prefer for his apothecary.
Now, sir, when Ralph and he are once acquainted,
His wife may often come unto his house,
Either to see his garden, or such like:

For, doubt not, women will have means enough
If they be willing, as I hope she will.
There may we meet her, and let each one plead:
He that speeds best, why let him carry it.
For. I needs must laugh to think how all we three,
In the contriving of this feat, agree:
But, having got her, every man will strive
How each may other of her love deprive.
Clin. Tut, Forrest! love admits these friendly strifes;
But say, how like you of my late device?
For. Surpassing well, but let's about it straight
Lest he before our coming be provided.
Clin. Agreed! *Exeunt.*

Enter Musgrave and Marian.

Mus. Tush, cousin! tell not me; but this device
Was long ago concluded 'twixt you two,
Which divers reasons move me to imagine:
And therefore these are toys to blind my eyes,
To make me think she only loved me,
And yet is married to another man. [so blind
Mar. Why, cousin Musgrave, are your eyes
You cannot see the truth of that report?
Did you not know my lord was always bent,
Whatever came, to wed her to the earl?
And have you not, besides, heard the device
He us'd to marry her against her will?
Betray'd, poor soul, unto Earl Lacy's bed,
She thought she held young Musgrave in her arms!
Her morning tears might testify her thoughts;

Yet thou shalt see she loves thee more than him,
And thou shalt taste the sweets of her delights.
Meantime, my house shall be thy mansion
And thy abode, for thither will she come:
Use thou that opportunity, and try
Whether she lov'd thee, or did but dissemble.

Mus. If she continue kind to me hereafter,
I shall imagine well of her and you.

Enter Castiliano.

Cas. Now, dame, in talk, what gentleman is this?

Mar. My cousin Musgrave, husband, comes to see you. [welcome!

Cas. Musgrave, now, on my faith, heartily
Give me thy hand, my cousin and my friend,
My partner in the loss of Honorea; [like:
We two must needs be friends: our fortune's
Marry! yet I am richer by a shrew. [sheep;

Mar. 'Tis better to be a shrew, sir, than a
You have no cause, I hope, yet to complain?

Cas. No, dame; for yet you know 'tis honeymoon. [ance.
What! we have scarcely settled our acquaint-

Mus. I doubt not, cousin, but ye shall agree,
For she is mild enough, if she be pleas'd.

Cas. So is the devil, they say [*aside*]: yea, cousin, yea,
My dear and I, I doubt not, shall agree.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Rob. Sir, here be two or three gentlemen at the door
Would gladly speak a word with your worship.

Enter Clinton, Forrest, Harvey.

They need no bidding, methinks: they can come alone!

Clin. God save you, Signior Castiliano.
Cas. O captain, *come sta?* welcome all, my friends! [joy,
For. Sir, we are come to bid God give you
And see your house.
Mar. Welcome, gentlemen!
'Tis kindly done to come to see us here.
Rob. This kindness makes me fear my master's head: [get it.
Such hotspurs must have game, howe'er they
Clin. We have a suit to you, Castiliano.
Cas. What is it, sir? if it lies in me, 'tis done.
Clin. Nay, but a trifle, sir, and that is:
This same young man, by trade apothecary,
Is willing to retain unto your cures. [too!
Cas. Marry, with all my heart, and welcome
What may I call your name, my honest friend?
Har. Ralph Harvey, sir; your neighbour here hard by.
The Golden Lion is my dwelling-place,
Where what you please shall be with care perform'd. [friends!
Cas. Gramercies, Harvey! welcome, all my
Let's in, and handsel our new mansion-house
With a carousing round of Spanish wine.
Come, cousin Musgrave, you shall be my guest;
My dame, I trow, will welcome you herself.
Mar. No, boy, Lord Lacy's wife shall welcome thee. [cheer toward;
Rob. So now the game begins, here's some
I must be skinker then: let me alone;
They all shall want ere Robin shall have none.
Exeunt omnes nisi Clinton and Harvey.
Clin. Sirrah Ralph Harvey, now the entry is made,

Thou only hast access without suspect.
Be not forgetful of thy agent here;
Remember Clinton was the man that did it.
Har. Why, captain, now you talk in jealousy.
Do not misconstrue my true-meaning heart.
Clin. Ralph, I believe thee, and rely on thee.
Do not too long absent thee from the doctor:
Go in, carouse, and taint his Spanish brain;
I'll follow, and my Marian's health maintain.
Har. Captain, you well advise me; I'll go in,
And for myself my love-suits I'll begin.
Exeunt.

ACT III., SCENE I.

Enter Robin Goodfellow with his head broken.

Rob. The devil himself take all such dames for me!
Zounds! I had rather be in hell than here.
Nay, let him be his own man, if he list,
Robin means not to stay to be us'd thus.
The very first day, in her angry spleen,
Her nimble hand began to greet my ears
With such unkind salutes as I ne'er felt;
And since that time there hath not pass'd an hour
Wherein she hath not either rail'd upon me,
Or laid her anger's load upon my limbs.
Even now (for no occasion in the world,
But as it pleas'd her ladyship to take it)

She gat me up a staff, and breaks my head.
But I'll no longer serve so curs'd a dame;
I'll run as far first as my legs will bear me.
What shall I do? to hell I dare not go
Until my master's twelve months be expir'd,
And here to stay with Mistress Marian—
Better to be so long in purgatory. [ill!
Now, farewell, master! but, shrewd dame, fare-
I'll leave you, though the devil is with you still.
Exit Robin.

Enter Marian alone, chafing.

Mar. My heart still pants within; I am so chaf'd!
The rascal slave, my man, that sneaking rogue,
Had like to have undone us all for ever!
My cousin Musgrave is with Honorea,
Set in an arbour in the summer-garden;
And he, forsooth! must needs go in for herbs,
And told me further, that his master bade him:
But I laid hold upon my younker's pate,
And make the blood run down about his ears.
I trow, he shall ask me leave ere he go.
Now is my cousin master of his love,
The lady at one time reveng'd and pleas'd.
So speed they all that marry maids perforce!
Enter Castiliano.
But here my husband comes.

Cas. What, dame, alone? [pany.

Mar. Yes, sir, this once—for want of com-

Cas. Why, where's my lady and my cousin Musgrave? [I know.

Mar. You may go look them both for aught

Cas. What, are you angry, dame?

Mar. Yea, so it seems.

Cas. What is the cause, I prythee?

Mar. Why would you know?

Cas. That I might ease it, if it lay in me.
Mar. O, but it belongs not to your trade.
Cas. You know not that.
Mar. I know you love to prate, and so I leave you.
Exit Marian.

Cas. Well, go thy way: oft have I raked
To get a wife, yet never found her like. [hell
Why, this it is to marry with a shrew.
Yet if it be, as I presume it is,
There's but one thing offends both her and me;
And I am glad, if that be it offends her.
'Tis so, no doubt; I read it in her brow.
Lord Lacy shall with all my heart enjoy
Fair Honorea: Marian is mine;
Who, though she be a shrew, yet is she honest.
So is not Honorea, for even now,
Walking within my garden all alone,
She came with Musgrave, stealing closely by.
And follows him, that seeks to fly from her.
I spied this all unseen, and left them there.
But sure my dame hath some conceit thereof,
And therefore she is thus angry, honest soul!
Well, I'll straight hence unto my Lord of Kent,
And warn him watch his wife from these close meetings.
Well, Marian, thou liv'st yet free from blame.
Let ladies go; thou art the devil's dame.
Exit Castiliano.

Enter the Devil, like Musgrave, with Honorea.

Mus. No, lady; let thy modest, virtuous
Be always joined with thy comely shape, [life
For lust eclipseth nature's ornament.
Hon. Young heady boy, think'st thou thou shalt recall [sworn,
Thy long-made love, which thou so oft hast

Making my maiden thoughts to dote on thee?
Mus. With patience hear me, and, if what I say [me.
Shall jump with reason, then you'll pardon
The time hath been when my soul's liberty
Vow'd servitude unto that heavenly face,
Whilst both had equal liberty of choice;
But since the holy bond of marriage
Hath left me single, you a wedded wife,
Let me not be the third unlawfully
To do Earl Lacy so foul injury.
But now at last——
Hon. I would that last
Might be thy last, thou monster of all men!
Mus. Hear me with patience.
Hon. Cease: I'll hear no more!
'Tis my affection, and not reason, speaks:
Then, Musgrave, turn the hardness of thy heart,
And now at least incline thy love to mine.
Mus. Nay, now I see thou wilt not be reclaim'd.
Go and bestow this hot love on the earl;
Let not these loose affects thus scandalise
Your fair report. Go home, and learn to live
As chaste as Lucrece, madam! So I leave you. *She pulleth him back.*
Hon. O, stay a little while, and hear my tongue
Speak my heart's words, which cannot choose but tell thee,
I hate the earl only because I love thee.
Exit Musgrave.
Musgrave, return! hear, Honorea speaks!
Disdain hath left him wings to fly from me!
Sweet love, lend me thy wings to overtake him,

For I can stay him with kind dalliance!
All this is but the blindness of my fancy.
Recall thyself: let not thy honour bleed
With the foul wounds of infamy and shame.
My proper home shall call me home again,
Where my dear lord bewails, as much as I,
His too much love to her that loves not him.
Let none hereafter fix her maiden love
Too firm on any, lest she feel with me
Musgrave's revolt and his inconstancy.

Exit.

Enter Forrest, with Marian.

For. Tut! I'll remember thee, and straight
But here's the doctor. [return:

Mar. Where? Forrest, farewell!
I would not have him see me for a world.

For. Why? he is not here. Well, now I see you fear him. [alarm!

Mar. Marry, beshrew thee for thy false
I fear him? no, I neither fear nor love him.

For. But where's my lady? She is gone home before,
And I must follow after. Marian, farewell!

Mar. I shall expect your coming.

For. Presently; [so——
And hearest thou, Marian? nay, it shall be

He whispers in her ear.

Mar. O Lord, sir, you are wed, I warrant you:
We'll laugh, be merry, and, it may be, kiss;
But if you look for more, you aim amiss.

For. Go to, go to! we'll talk of this anon.

Exit Forrest.

Mar. Well, go thy way, for the true-heartedst man
That liveth, and as full of honesty,

And yet as wanton as a pretty lamb.
He'll come again, for he hath lov'd me long,
And so have many more besides himself;
But I was coy and proud, as maids are wont,
Meaning to match beyond my mean estate:
Yet I have favour'd youths and youthful sports,
Although I durst not venture on the main;
But now it will not be so soon espied.
Maids cannot, but a wife a fault may hide.
Enter Nan.
What, Nan!
Nan. Anon, forsooth!
Mar. Come hither, maid!
Here, take my keys, and fetch the galley-pot;
Bring a fair napkin and some fruit-dishes!
Despatch, and make all ready presently;
Miles Forrest will come straight to drink with me.
Nan. I will, forsooth! *Exit Nan.*
Mar. Why am I young, but to enjoy my years?
Why am I fair, but that I should be lov'd?
And why should I be lov'd, and not love others?
Tut! she is a fool that her affection smothers:
'Twas not for love I was the doctor's wife,
Nor did he love me, when he first was mine.
Tush, tush! this *wife* is but an idle name!
I purpose now to try another game.
Art thou return'd so soon? O, 'tis well done.
Enter Nan with the banquet.
And hear'st thou, Nan? when Forrest shall return,
If any happen to inquire for me,
Whether't be Captain Clinton or Ralph Harvey,
Call presently, and say, thy master's come;
So I'll send Forrest o'er the garden pale.

Nan. I will, forsooth! [banquet ready.
Mar. Meantime, stay thou and make our
I'll to my closet, and be here again
Before Miles Forrest shall come visit me.
Exit Marian.
Nan. I wonder what my mistress is about?
Somewhat she would not have my master
Whate'er it be, 'tis nothing unto me; [know:
She's my good mistress, and I'll keep her
counsel.
I have oft seen her kiss behind his back,
And laugh and toy, when he did little think it.
O, what a winking eye the wanton hath
To cosen him, even when he looks upon her!
But what have I to do with what she doth?
I'll taste her junkets since I am alone:
That which is good for them cannot hurt me.
Ay, marry, this is sweet! a cup of wine
Will not be hurtful for digestion.
She drinks.
Enter Castiliano.
Cas. I would I had been wiser once to-day;
I went on purpose to my Lord of Kent
To give him some good counsel for his wife,
And he, poor heart, no sooner heard my news,
But turns me up his whites, and falls flat down:
There I was fain to rub and chafe his veins,
And much ado we had to get him live.
But for all that he is extremely sick,
And I am come in all the haste I may
For cordials to keep the earl alive.
But how now? What, a banquet? What
means this?
Nan. Alas! my master is come home
himself.
Mistress, mistress! my master is come home!

Cas. Peace, you young strumpet, or I'll stop your speech! *He stops her mouth.*
Come hither, maid! tell me, and tell me true,
What means this banquet? what's your mistress doing? [coming?
Why call'dst thou out, whenas thou saw'st me
Tell me, or else I'll hang thee by the heels,
And whip thee naked. Come on, what's the
Nan. Forsooth, I cannot tell. [matter?
Cas. Can you not tell? come on, I'll make you tell me.
Nan. O master! I will tell you.
Cas. Then say on.
Nan. Nothing, in truth, forsooth, but that she means
To have a gentleman come drink with her.
Cas. What gentleman? [think.
Nan. Forsooth! 'tis Master Forrest, as I
Cas. Forrest? nay then I know how the game goeth:
Whoever loseth, I am sure to win [horns.
By their great kindness, though't be but the
Enter Forrest at one door, Marian at another.
But here comes he and she. Come hither,
Upon thy life, give not a word, a look, [maid!
That she may know aught of my being here.
Stand still, and do whate'er she bids thee do.
Go, get thee gone! but if thou dost betray me,
I'll cut thy throat: look to it, for I will do it.
I'll stand here close to see the end of this,
And see what rakes she keeps, when I'm abroad.
Castiliano conceals himself.
Mar. 'Tis kindly done, Miles, to return so soon,

And so I take it. Nan, is our banquet ready?
Welcome, my love! I see you'll keep your word. [kept it.

Nan. 'Twere better for you both he had not [*Aside.*]

For. Yea, Mariana, else I were unworthy.
I did but bring my lady to the door,
And there I left her full of melancholy,
And discontented.

Mar. Why, 'twas kindly done.
Come, come sit down, and let us laugh awhile:
Maid, fill some wine!

Nan. Alas! my breech makes buttons,
And so would theirs, knew they as much as I.
He may change the sweetmeats, and put
Purging comfits in the dishes. [Musgrave.

Mar. Here's to my lady and my cousin

For. I pray, remember gentle master doctor
And good Earl Lacy too, among the rest.

Cas. O sir, we find you kind—we thank you for it:
The time may come when we may cry you quit. [*Aside.*]

Nan. Master, shall I steal you a cup of wine? [*Aside.*]

Cas. Away, you baggage! hold your peace, you wretch! [*Aside.*]

For. But I had rather walk into your orchard,
And see your gallery so much commended;
To view the workmanship he brought from Spain
Wherein's described the banquet of the gods.

Mar. Ay, there's one piece exceeding lively done;
Where Mars and Venus lie within a net,
Enclos'd by Vulcan, and he looking on.

Cas. Better and better yet: 'twill mend anon.

Mar. Another of Diana with her nymphs,
Bathing their naked bodies in the streams;
Where fond Acteon, for his eyes' offence,
Is turn'd into a hart's shape, horns and all:
And this the doctor hangs right o'er his bed.

For. Those horns may fall and light upon his head. [remedy?

Cas. And if they do, worse luck! What [*Aside.*]

For. Nay, Marian, we'll not leave these sights unseen;
And then we'll see your orchard and your fruit,
For now there hang queen apples on the trees,
And one of them is worth a score of these.

Mar. Well, you shall see them, lest you lose your longing.

Exeunt Marian and Forrest.

Cas. Nay, if ye fall a-longing for green [fruit,
Child-bearing is not far off, I am sure.
Why, this is excellent: I feel the buds!
My head groweth hard: my horns will shortly spring!
Now, who may lead the cuckold's dance but I,
That am become the headman of the parish?
O, this it is to have an honest wife,
Of whom so much I boasted once to-day.
Come hither, minx! you know your mistress'
And you keep secret all her villanies: [mind,
Tell me, you were best, where was this plot devised?
How did these villains know I was abroad?

Nan. Indeed, forsooth! I know not when it was.

My mistress call'd me from my work of late,
And had me lay a napkin: so I did,

And made this banquet ready; but in truth
I knew not what she did intend to do. [came,
Cas. No, no, you did not watch against I
To give her warning to despatch her knaves!
You cried not out whenas you saw me come!
All this is nothing; but I'll rouse you all.
Nan. In truth, good master!
Enter Marian, Forrest.
Cas. Peace, I say! they come.
Whimper not; and you do I'll use you worse.
Behold that wicked strumpet with that knave!
O, that I had a pistol for their sakes,
That at one shot I might despatch them both!
But I must stand close yet, and see the rest.
[*He conceals himself again.*]
Mar. How lik'st thou, Miles, my orchard and my house? [content,
For. Well! thou art seated to thy heart's
A pleasant orchard and a house well-furnished:
There nothing wants; but in the gallery
The painter shows his art exceedingly.
Mar. Yet is there one thing goeth beyond all these:
Contented life that giveth the heart his ease,
And that I want. *One knocketh at the door.*
For. Sweet love, adieu! *Exit Forrest.*
Mar. Farewell, sweetheart! Who is that at the door?
Enter Clinton.
Clin. A friend.
Mar. Come near! what, captain, is it you?
Clin. Even I, fair Marian, watching care-
The blessed step of opportunity. [fully
Mar. Good, good! how fortune gluts me with excess! [more.
Still they that have enough shall meet with

Clin. But where's the doctor?
Mar. Ministering abroad
Physic to some sick patients he retains.
Clin. Let him abroad, I'll minister at home
Such physic shall content my Marian.
Cas. O monstrous! now the world must see my shame.
This head must bear whatever likes my dame. [*Aside.*]
Mar. I have no malady requires a cure.
Clin. Why, then must I assume a sick man's part!
And all my sickness lieth at my heart;
'Tis the heart-burning that torments me so.
Mar. There is no cure for fire but to be quench'd. [remedy.
Clin. Thou hast prescrib'd a sovereign
Cas. O, who the devil made her a physician? [*Aside.*]
Clin. Let's not obscure what love doth manifest; [strange
Nor let a stranger's bed make thee seem
To him that ever lov'd and honour'd thee.
Mar. A captain made a captive by loose love [shame
And gadding fancy! fie, 'twere monstrous
That Cupid's bow should blemish Mars's name! [thoughts,
Take up thy arms, recall thy drooping
And lead thy troops into the spacious fields!
Cas. She counsels others well, if she would take it. [*Aside.*]
Clin. Thou counsellest the blind to lead the blind;
Can I lead them that cannot guide myself?
Thou, Marian, must release my captive heart.

Mar. With all my heart I grant thee free release.
Clin. Thou art obscure too much: but tell me, love,
Shall I obtain my long-desired love? [mind
Mar. Captain, there is yet somewhat in thy
Thou wouldst reveal, but wantest utterance.
Thou better knowest to front the braving foe,
Than plead love-suits.
Clin. I grant 'tis even so;
Extremity of passions still are dumb,
No tongue can tell love's chief perfections:
Persuade thyself my love-sick thoughts are thine; [refine.
Thou only may'st those drooping thoughts
Mar. Since at my hands thou seek'st a remedy,
I'll ease thy grief, and cure thy malady.
No drug the doctor hath shall be too dear;
His antidote shall fly to do thee good.
Come in, and let thy eye make choice for thee,
That thou may'st know how dear thou art to me.
Exeunt Clinton, Marian.
Cas. Is this obedience? now the devil go with them!
And yet I dare not; O, she's mankind grown!
O miserable men that must live so,
And damned strumpets, authors of this woe!
Enter Clinton, Marian.
But peace! be still! they come. O shameless shame!
Well may the world call thee the devil's dame!
Mar. Captain, thy skill hath pleased me so well
That I have vow'd my service to Bellona.

Cas. Her service to Bellona! turn'd stark ruffian!
She'll be call'd Cavaliero Marian. [*Aside.*]
Clin. And I will train thee up in feats of arms,
And teach thee all the orders of the field;
That whilst we, like to Mars and Venus, jest,
The doctor's head may get a gallant crest.
Cas. I can no longer linger my disgrace,
Nor hide my shame from their detested sight.
[*He comes forward.*]
How now, thou whore, dishonour to my bed!
Disdain to womanhood, shame of thy sex!
Insatiate monster! corrosive of my soul!
What makes this captain revelling in my house?
My house! nay, in my bed! You'll prove a soldier!
Follow Bellona, turn a martialist!
I'll try if thou hast learn'd to ward my blows.
Mar. Why, how now, man? is this your madding month?
What, sir! will you forbid me in good sort
To entertain my friends?
Cas. Your friends, you whore? [here.
They are no friends of mine, nor come they
Clinton, avaunt, my house is for no such.
Mar. Alas, good sir! are you grown so suspicious,
Thus on no proofs to nourish jealousy?
I cannot kiss a man but you'll be angry.
In spite of you, or whoso else saith nay,
My friends are welcome, as they come this
If you mislike it, mend it as you may. [way:
What, do you think to pin up Marian
As you were wont to do your Spanish girls?
No, sir, I'll be half mistress of myself;
The other half is yours, if you deserve it.

Clin. What madness mov'd thee be displeas'd with me,
That always us'd thee with so kind regard?
Did I not at thy first arrival here
Conduct thee to the Earl of London's house?
Mar. Did I not, being unsolicited,
Bestow my first pure maiden love on thee?
Clin. Did I not grace thee there in all the court,
And bear thee out against the daring abbot?
Mar. Did I not forsake many young gallant courtiers,
Enamoured with thy aged gravity,
Who, now being weary of me, wouldst disgrace me?
Cas. If there be any conscience left on earth,
How can I but believe these protestations?
Clin. Have I not always been thy nearest friend?
Mar. Have I not always been thy dearest wife?
Clin. How much will all the world in this condemn thee! [find,
Mar. At first I little fear'd what now I
And grieve too late.
Cas. Content thee, gentle dame!
The nature of our countrymen is such,
That, if we see another kiss our wives,
We cannot brook it: but I will be pleas'd;
For will I, nill I, so methinks I must.
And, gentle captain, be not you offended;
I was too hot at first, but now repent it.
I prythee, gentle dame, forgive me this,
And drown all jealousy in this sweet kiss.
Clin. This shows your wisdom: on! I'll follow you.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Well, doctor, henceforth never reak it scorn
At my sweet Clinton's hands to take the horn.
Exeunt.

ACT IV., SCENE 1.

Enter Robin Goodfellow, in a suit of leather, close to his body; his face and hands coloured russet-colour, with a flail.

Rob. The doctor's self would scarce know Robin now.
Curs'd Marian may go seek another man,
For I intend to dwell no longer with her
Since that the bastinado drove me thence.
These silken girls are all too fine for me:
My master shall report of those in hell,
Whilst I go range amongst the country-maids,
To see if homespun lasses milder be
Than my curs'd dame and Lacy's wanton wife.
Thus therefore will I live betwixt two shapes;
When as I list, in this transform'd disguise,
I'll fright the country-people as they pâss;
And sometimes turn me to some other form,
And so delude them with fantastic shows.
But woe betide the silly dairymaids, [night,
For I shall fleet their cream-bowls night by
And slice the bacon-flitches as they hang.
Well, here in Croydon will I first begin
To frolic it among the country lobs.
This day, they say, is call'd Holyrood-day,
And all the youth are now a-nutting gone.
Here are a crew of younkers in this wood,

Well-sorted, for each lad hath got his lass.
Marry, indeed, there is a tricksy girl
That three or four would fain be doing with,
But that a wily priest among the rest
Intends to bear her sheer away from all.
The miller and my brother Grim the collier
Appointed here to scuffle for her love.
I am on Grim's side; for long time ago
The devil call'd the collier like to like:

Enter Grim, Clack, Parson Shorthose, Joan, with a bag of nuts.

But here the miller and the collier come,
With Parson Makebate and their tricksy girl.

Grim. Parson, persuade me no more. I come, Jug, to your custody; Jug, hold the nut-bag.

Clack. Nay, I will give you nuts to crack.

Grim. Crack in thy throat and hauster too.

Sho. Neighbours, I wish you both agree:
Yet me be judge, be rul'd by me.

Grim. Master Parson, remember what *Pueriles* saith, *Ne accesseris ad concilio*, &c. I tell you I found this written in the bottom of one of my empty sacks. Never persuade men that be inexecrable. I have vowed it, and I will perform it. The quarrel is great, and I have taken it upon my own shoulders.

Clack. Ay, that thou shalt, ere I have done; for I will lay it on, i' faith!

Grim. If you lay it in, I must bear it out, this is all. If you strike, I must stand to anything, although it be the biggest blow that you can lay upon me.

Joan. Ye both have ofttimes sworn that ye love me;
Let me overrule you in this angry mood.

Neighbours and old acquaintance, and fall out!

Rob. Why, that is because thou wilt not let them fall in.

Grim. I say, my heart bleedeth when thou speakest, and therefore do not provoke me. Yet, miller, as I am monstrous angry, so I have a wonderful great mind to be repeas'd. Let's think what harm cometh by this same fighting; if we should hurt one another, how can we help it? Again, Clack, do but here forswear Joan's company, and I'll be thine instead of her, to use in all your businesses from Croydon to London; yours, Gilbert Grim, the chief collier for the king's majesty's own mouth.

Clack. O Grim, do I smell you? I'll make you forswear her before we two part; and therefore come on to this gear. Collier, I will lay on load, and when it is done, let who will take it off again.

Joan. Yet once more hear me speak: leave off for shame,
If not for love, and let not others laugh
To see your follies; let me overrule you.

Sho. Ay, let them fight, I care not: I
Meantime away with Joan will fly;
And whilst they two are at it here,
We two will sport ourselves elsewhere.

Rob. There's a stone priest! he loveth a wench, indeed:
He careth not though both of them do bleed;
But Robin Goodfellow will conjure you, [too.
And mar your match, and bang you soundly
I like this country-girl's condition well;
She's faithful, and a lover but to one:
Robin stands here to right both Grim and her.

Grim. Master Parson, look you to my love.

Miller, here I stand
With my heart and my hand
In sweet Jug's right
With thee to fight.

Clack. Come, let us to it then.

They fight: Robin beateth the miller with a flail, and felleth him.

Rob. Now, miller, miller dustypoll,
I'll clapper-claw your lobbernoll.

Sho. Come, Jug, let's leave these senseless blocks,
Giving each other blows and knocks. [so.

Joan. I love my Grim too well to leave him

Sho. You shall not choose: come, let's away.

Shorthose pulleth Jug after him: Robin beateth the priest with his flail.

Rob. Nay then, sir priest, I'll make you stay. [part so.

Clack. Nay, this is nothing, Grim; we'll not
I thought to have borne it off with my back sword ward,
And I receiv'd it upon my bare costard.

They fight again.

Rob. What, miller, are you up again?
Nay, then, my flail shall never lin,
Until I force one of us twain
Betake him to his heels amain.

Robin beats the miller again.

Clack. Hold thy hands, Grim! thou hast murder'd me.

Grim. Thou liest, it is in mine own offence I do it. Get thee gone then! I had rather have thy room than thy company.

Clack. Marry, with all my heart! O, the collier playeth the devil with me!

Rob. No, it is the devil playeth the collier with thee. [*Aside.*]

Sho. My bones are sore; I prythee, Joan,
Let's quickly from this place be gone.
Nay, come away, I love thee so,
Without thee I will never go.

Rob. What, priest, still at your lechery?
Robin beats the priest.
I'll thrash you for your knavery.
If any ask who beat thee so,
Tell them 'twas Robin Goodfellow.
Shorthose runneth away.

Grim. O miller, art thou gone? I am glad of it. I smelt my own infirmity every stroke I struck at him. Now, Joan, I dare boldly swear thou art my own; for I have won thee in the plain field. Now Master Parson shall even strike it up; two or three words of his mouth will make her gammer Grim all the days of her life after.

Rob. Here is two well-favoured slaves!
Grim and I may curse all good faces,
And not hurt our own.

Joan. What, my love, how dost thou?

Grim. Even as a conqueror may do. Jug, for thy sake I have made the miller a poor cripple all the days of his life, good for nothing else but to be carried into the spital-house.

Rob. Ay, there is one lie, for thou didst never hurt him. [*Aside.*]

Joan. I am glad thou 'scapedst, my love, and wast not hurt.

Grim. Who? I hurt? Joan, thou knowest me not yet: thou mayest do better hereafter. I gave him five mortal wounds the first five strokes I made at him.

Rob. There are five lies clapt into one, for brevity's sake. [*Aside.*]

Grim. And presently, upon the fifth blow, I made a dangerous thrust at him, and violently overthrew him, horse and foot, and there he lay.

Rob. Nay, there you lie. The collier is excellent
To be companion to the devil himself.
[*Aside.*]

Grim. But where's Master Parson?

Joan. He was well bang'd, and knew not who 'twas did it,
And would have had me gone away with him.
Here lieth his nut-bag, and the miller's too:
They had no leisure to take them away.

Grim. The better for us, Joan; there is good cracking work: it will increase household stuff. Come, let's after the parson; we will comfort him, and he shall couple us. I'll have Pounceby the painter score upon our painted cloth at home all the whole story of our going a-nutting this Holyrood-day; and he shall paint me up triumphing over the miller.

Exeunt Grim and Joan.

Rob. So let the collier now go boast at home
How he hath beat the miller from his love.
I like this modest country maid so well,
That I believe I must report in hell
Better of women than my master can.
Well, till my time's expir'd, I'll keep this quarter,
And night by night attend their merry meetings.

Exit Robin.

Enter Dunstan with Earl Lacy sick.

Dun. Let not your sickness add more feebleness
Unto your weaken'd age; but give me leave
To cure thy vain suspicious malady.
Thy eyes shall witness how thou art deceiv'd,
Misprizing thy fair lady's chastity:
For whilst we two stand closely here unseen,
We shall espy them presently approach.

Lacy. O, show me this, thou blessed man of God,
And thou shalt then make young my wither'd age.

Dun. Mark the beginning; for here Musgrave cometh.

Enter Musgrave.

Mus. O thrice unhappy and unfortunate,
That, having fit occasion proffer'd thee
Of conference with beauteous Honorea,
Thou overslipp'd it, and o'erslipp'dst thyself.
Never since wedlock tied her to the earl
Have I saluted her; although report
Is blaz'd abroad of her inconstancy.
This is her evening walk, and here will I
Attend her coming forth, and greet her fairly.

Lacy. See, Dunstan, how their youth doth blind our age!
Thou dost deceive thyself and bringest me
To see my proper shame and infamy.

Enter Honorea.

But here she comes: my hope, my fear, my love.

Dun. Here comes the unstain'd honour of thy bed.
Thy ears shall hear her virtuous, chaste replies,
And make thy heart confess thou dost her wrong.

Hon. Now modest love hath banish'd wanton thoughts,

And alter'd me from that I was before,
To that chaste life I ought to entertain.
My heart is tied to that strict form of life,
That I joy only to be Lacy's wife.

Lacy. God fill thy mind with these chaste, virtuous thoughts!

Mus. O, now I see her, I am half asham'd
Of so long absence, of neglect of speech.
My dearest lady, patroness of beauty,
Let thy poor servant make his true excuse!

Hon. Musgrave, I easily take your excuse,
Accusing my fond self for what is pass'd.

Mus. Long time we wanted opportunity;
But now the forelock of well-wishing time
Hath bless'd us both, that here without suspect
We may renew the tenor of our loves.

Lacy. O Dunstan, how she smiles to hear him speak!

Hon. No, child of fortune and inconstancy,
Thou shalt not train me, or induce my love
To loose desires or dishonoured thoughts.
'Tis God's own work that struck a deep remorse
Into my tainted heart for my past folly.

Mus. O, thou confound'st me! Speak as thou wert wont,
Like Love herself, my lovely Honorea!

Hon. Why, how now, Musgrave! what esteem'st thou me,
That thou provokest me, that first denied me?
I will not yield you reasons why I may not,
More than your own. You told me why you would not. [happiness!

Mus. By heavens, by thee, my saint, my
No torture shall control my heart in this,
To teach my tongue deny to call thee love.

Hon. Well, in regard that in my maiden-days
I lov'd thee well, now let me counsel thee.
Reclaim these idle humours; know thyself;
Remember me, and think upon my lord;
And let these thoughts bring forth those chaste effects,
Which may declare thy change unto the world:
And this assure thee—whilst I breathe this air,
Earl Lacy's honour I will ne'er impair.
Exit Honorea.

Dun. Now your eyes see that which your heart believ'd not.

Lacy. 'Tis a miracle beyond the reach
Of my capacity! I could weep for joy.
Would but my tears express how much I love her!
Men may surmise amiss in jealousy,
Of those that live in untouch'd honesty.

Mus. Is she departed? and do I conceive
This height of grief, and do no violence
Unto myself? Said she I denied her?
Far be it from my heart to think that thought.
All ye that, as I do, have felt this smart,
Ye know how burthensome 'tis at my heart.
Hereafter never will I prosecute
This former motion, my unlawful suit;
But, since she is Earl Lacy's virtuous wife,
I'll live a private, pensive, single life.
Exit Musgrave.

Dun. God doth dispose all at his blessed will;
And he hath chang'd their minds from bad to good,
That we, which see't, may learn to mend ourselves.

Lacy. I'll reconcile myself to Musgrave's love:
I will recant my false suspicion,

And humbly make my true submission.

Exeunt.

Enter Marian, chafing.

Mar. Say'st thou thou'lt make the house too hot for me?
I'll soon abroad, and cool me in the air.
I'll teach him never scorn to drink his health
Whom I do love. He thinks to overcrow me
With words and blows; but he is in the wrong,
Begin he when he dares! O, he's too hot
And angry to live long with Marian.
But I'll not long be subject to his rage:
Here 'tis shall rid him of his hateful life,
And bless me with the style of widowhood.
'Twas Harvey's work to temper it so well:
The strongest poison that he could devise.

Enter Clinton.

I have been too long subject to the slave;
But now I'll cast off that detested yoke.

Clin. Musgrave, I see, is reconcil'd to th' earl;
For now I met him walking with Lord Lacy.
Sure, this is Marian's plot, and there she
What, love, alone? [stands.

Mar. Ay, captain, much disturb'd
About the frantic doctor's jealousy;
Who, though he seem'd content when thou wast there,
He after fell reviling thee and me;
Robb'd me of all my jewels; locks his plate
In his own trunk; and let's me only live
To bear the idle title of his wife.

Clin. Fair Marian, by a soldier's loyal faith,
If my employment any way may help
To set thee free from this captivity,
Use me in any sort: command my sword;

I'll do't, as soon as thou shalt speak the word.
Mar. Now, by my true love, which I wish
I conjure thee with resolution [to thee,
To slay that monster! Do not fail to do it!
For, if thou dost, I would I had not spoke it.
Clin. Now try me; and, when next we hap to meet,
The doctor lies stone dead at Clinton's feet.
Mar. Nay, now I see thou lov'st me.
Clin. Say no more.
If thou dost loathe him, he shall die therefore.
Mar. To-morrow morning will he early rise
To see Earl Lacy: meet him in the cloister,
And make that place revenge his sanctuary.
This night will I break open all the trunks,
Rifle his caskets, rob him of his gold;
And all the doctor's treasure shall be thine.
If thou miscarry, yet this drink shall do it.
Enter Castiliano.
Cas. My wife's impatience hath left me alone,
And made my servant run I know not whither.
Mar. Peace! here is our eyesore. Clinton, leave us now. [do it.
Clin. Nay, now occasion smiles, and I will
Clinton draweth his sword.
Mar. Put up thy sword; be it thy morning's work:
Farewell to-night; but fail me not to-morrow.
Clin. Farewell, my love. No rest shall close these eyes,
Until the morning peep; and then he dies.
Exit Clinton.
Cas. [*Soliloq.*] Now I remember, I have quite outrun
My time prefix'd to dwell upon the earth:

Yet Akercock is absent: where is he?
O, I am glad I am so well near rid
Of my earth's plague and my lascivious dame.
Mar. Hath he discover'd my intendment,
That he presageth his ensuing death?
I must break off these fearful meditations.
Cas. How shall I give my verdict up to Pluto
Of all these accidents?
Mar. Why, how now, man?
Cas. What, my dear dame! my reconciled spouse!
Upon my soul, my love to thee is more
Now at this present than 'twas e'er before.
Mar. He hath descried me sure, he sootheth me so! [*Aside.*]
Cas. I love thee now, because I now must leave thee.
This was the day of my nativity,
And therefore, sweet wife, let us revel it.
Mar. Nay, I have little cause to joy at all.
Cas. Thou crossest still my mirth with discontents!
If ever heretofore I have displeas'd thee,
Sweet dame, I crave thy pardon now for all.
This is my birthday, girl, I must rejoice:
Ask what thou wilt, and I will give it thee.
Mar. Should I but ask to lead a quiet life,
You hardly would grant this unto your wife;
Much less a thing that were of more import.
Cas. Ask anything, and try if I'll deny thee.
Mar. O my poor Musgrave, how hast thou been wrong'd,
And my fair lady!
Cas. Use no preambles,
But tell me plainly.
Mar. Nay, remember them, [me,
And join their slander to that love you owe

And then old Lacy's jealousy.
Cas. What then?
Mar. Nay, now I see you will not understand me.
Cas. Thou art too dark; speak plainly, and 'tis done. [Musgrave's eyes
Mar. Then doom the earl, and bless poor
With Honorea's love; for this in thy hands lies.
Cas. How should I doom him?
Mar. How else, but to death? [hands!
Cas. As if his life or death lay in my
Mar. He is thy patient, is he not?
Cas. He is.
Mar. Then in thy hands lie both his life and death.
Sweet love, let Marian beg it at thy hand:
Why should the grey-beard live to cross us all?
Nay, now I see thee frown: thou wilt not do it.
Cas. Fie, fie, dame! you are too suspicious.
Here is my hand, that thou may'st know I love
I'll poison him this night before I sleep. [thee;
Mar. Thou dost but flatter me!
Cas. Tush! I have sworn it.
Mar. And wilt thou do it?
Cas. He is sure to die. [word:
Mar. I'll kiss thy lips for speaking that kind
But do it, and I'll hang about thy neck,
And curl thy hair, and sleep betwixt thy arms,
And teach thee pleasures which thou never knewest. [more:
Cas. Promise no more, and trouble me no
The longer I stay here, he lives the longer.
I must go to him now, and now I'll do it.
Go home and hasten supper 'gainst I come:
We will carouse to his departing soul. [me:
Mar. I will, dear husband; but remember

[*Aside*]. When thou hast poison'd him, I'll
poison thee. *Exit Marian.*

Cas. O wonderful, how women can dissemble!
Now she can kiss me, hang about my neck,
And soothe me with smooth smiles and lewd
entreaties.
Well, I have promis'd her to kill the earl;
And yet, I hope ye will not think I'll do it.
[*Aside to audience.*]
Yet I will sound the depth of their device,
And see the issue of their bloody drift.
I'll give the earl, unknown to any man,
A sleepy potion, which shall make him seem
As if he were stark dead, for certain hours:
But in my absence no man shall report
That for my dame's sake I did any hurt.
Exit.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

Enter GRIM, *with* JOAN.

Grim. Nay, but, Joan, have a care! bear a brain for all at once. 'Tis not one hour's pleasure that I suspect more than your mother's good countenance. If she be asleep, we may be bold under correction; if she be awake, I may go my ways, and nobody ask me, *Grim, whither goest thou?* Nay, I tell you, I am so well beloved in our town, that not the worst dog in the street will hurt my little finger.

Joan. Why speak you this? You need not
fear my mother,
For she was fast asleep four hours ago.

Grim. Is she, sure? Did you hear her snort in her dead sleep? Why then, Joan, I have an hour's mirth for thee.

Joan. And I a mess of cream for thee.

Grim. Why, there is one for another then: fetch it, Joan; we will eat and kiss, and be as merry as your cricket. [*Exit Joan for the cream.*] Art thou gone for it? Well, go thy ways for the kindest lass that ever poor collier met withal. I mean for to make short work with her, and marry her presently. I'll single her out, i' faith! till I make her bear double, and give the world to understand we will have a young Grim between us.

Enter Joan with the cream.

Joan. Look here, my love, 'tis sweeten'd for thy mouth.

Grim. You have put none of your love-powder in it, to make me enamourable of you, have you, Joan? I have a simple pate, to expect you! *One knocketh at the door.* Joan, hark, my brains beat, my head works, and my mind giveth me: some lovers of yours come sneaking hither now; I like it not, 'tis suspectious. *One knocketh again.*

Joan. You need not fear it; for there is none alive
Shall bear the least part of my heart from thee.

Grim. Say'st thou so? hold there still, and whoe'er he be, open door to him.

She openeth the door. Enter Shorthose, and Robin after him.

Joan. What, Master Parson, are you come so late?
You are welcome; here's none but Grim and I.

Sho. Joan, I'll no more a-nutting go,

I was so beaten to and fro;
And yet who it was, I do not know.

Grim. What, Master Parson, are you come so late to say eveningsong to your parishioners? I have heard of your knavery. I give you a fair warning; touch her no lower than her girdle, and no higher than her chin: I keep her lips and her hips for my own use. I do; and so, welcome!

Robin. This two hours have I dogg'd the parson round about all Croydon, doubting some such thing. [*Aside.*]

Sho. No, Grim, I here forswear to touch
Thy Joan, or any other such:
Love hath been so cudgell'd out of me,
I'll go no more to wood with thee.

Rob. 'Twas Robin beat this holy mind into him.
I think more cudgelling would make him more honest. [*Aside.*]

Grim. You speak like an honest man and a good parson, and that is more. Here's Joan's benevolation for us, a mess of cream and so forth. Here is your place, Master Parson. Stand on the t'other side of the table, Joan. Eat hard to-night, that thou may marry us the better to-morrow.

Rob. What, is my brother Grim so good a fellow. *They fall to the cream.*
I love a mess of cream as well as they;
I think it were best I stepp'd in and made one. [*Aside.*]
Ho, ho, ho, my masters! No good fellowship!
Is Robin Goodfellow a bugbear grown,
Robin falleth to eat.
That he is not worthy to be bid sit down?

Grim. O Lord save us! sure, he is some country-devil; he hath got a russet coat upon his face.

[*Grim and Shorthose retire to the back of the stage.*]

Sho. Now, *benedicite!* who is this?
I take him for some fiend, i-wis;
O, for some holy-water here
Of this same place this spirit to clear!

Rob. Nay, fear not, Grim, come fall unto your cream: [eat?
Tut! I am thy friend; why dost not come and

Grim. I, sir? truly, master devil, I am well here, I thank you. [tremblest thou?

Rob. I'll have thee come, I say. Why

Grim. No, sir, not I; 'tis a palsy I have still. [you.
Truly, sir, I have no great acquaintance with

Rob. Thou shalt have better, man, ere I depart.

Grim. I will not and if I can choose.

Rob. Nay, come away, and bring your love with you.

Grim. Joan! you were best go to him, Joan.

Rob. What, shall I fetch thee, man? The cream is sweet.

Grim. No, sir, I am coming: much good do't you. I had need of a long spoon now I go to eat with the devil.

Rob. The parson's penance shall be thus to fast. [man?
Come, tell me, Grim, dost thou not know me,

Grim. No, truly, sir; I am a poor man fetcheth my living out of the fire; your worship may be a gentleman devil, for aught I know.

Rob. Some men call me Robin Goodfellow.

Grim. O Lord! Sir, Master Robert Goodfellow, you are very welcome, sir!

Rob. This half year have I liv'd about this town,
Helping poor servants to despatch their work,
To brew and bake, and other husbandry.
Tut, fear not, maid! if Grim be merry
I will make up the match between ye. [name!

Grim. There will be a match in the devil's

Rob. Well, now the night is almost spent,
Since your affections all are bent
To marriage and to constant love,
Grim, Robin doth thy choice approve;
And there's the priest shall marry you:
Go to it, and make no more ado.
Sirrah, sir priest! go, get you gone,
And join both her and him anon;
But ne'er hereafter let me take you
With wanton love-tricks, lest I make you
Example to all stone-priests, ever
To deal with other men's loves never.

Sho. Valete vos, and God bless me,
And rid me from his company!
Come, Grim, I'll join you hand in hand,
In sacred wedlock's holy band.
I will no more a-nutting go;
That journey caused all this woe.

Grim. Come, let's to hand in hand quickly. Master Robert, you were ever one of the honestest merry devils that ever I saw.

Joan. Sweet Grim, and if thou lovest me, let's away.

Grim. Nay, now, Joan, I spy a hole in your coat: if you cannot endure the devil, you'll never love the collier. Why, we two are sworn brothers. You shall see me talk with him even

as familiarly as if I should parbreak my mind and my whole stomach upon thee.

Joan. I prythee, do not, Grim.

Grim. Who? not I? O Lord, Master Robert Goodfellow. I have a poor cottage at home, whither Joan and I will jog us merrily. We will make you no stranger if you come hither. You shall be used as devilishly as you would wish, i' faith! There is never a time my cart cometh from London but the collier bringeth a goose in his sack, and that, with the giblets thereof, is at your service.

Rob. This is more kindness, Grim, than I expected.

Grim. Nay, sir, if you come home, you shall find it true, I warrant you. All my whole family shall be at your devilship's pleasure, except my poor Joan here, and she is my own proper nightgear.

Rob. Gramercies! but away in haste;
The night is almost spent and past.

Grim. God be with you, sir; I'll make as much haste about it as may be; for and that were once done I would begin a new piece of work with you, Joan. *Exeunt all but Robin.*

Rob. Now joy betide this merry morn,
And keep Grim's forehead from the horn:
For Robin bids his last adieu
To Grim and all the rest of you. *Exit Robin.*

Enter Clinton alone.

Clin. Bright Lucifer, go couch thee in the clouds,
And let this morning prove as dark as night!
That I unseen may bring to happy end
The doctor's murder, which I do intend.
'Tis early yet: he is not so soon stirring.

But stir he ne'er so soon, so soon he dies.
I'll walk along before the palace gate;
Then shall I know how near it is to-day,
He shall have no means to escape away.

Exit Clinton.

Enter Castiliano.

Cas. My trunk's broke open, and my jewels gone! [spoil'd
My gold and treasure stol'n: my house de-
Of all my furniture, and nothing left!
No, not my wife, for she is stol'n away:
But she hath pepper'd me; I feel it work!
My teeth are loosen'd, and my belly swell'd;
My entrails burn with such distemper'd heat
That well I know my dame hath poison'd me:
When she spoke fairest, then she did this act.
When I have spoken all I can imagine,
I cannot utter half that she intends;
She makes as little poisoning of a man
As to carouse; I feel that this is true.

Enter Clinton.

Nay, now I know too much of womankind.
'Zounds, here's the captain: what should he make here [villany.
With his sword drawn? there's yet more

Clin. The morning is far spent; but yet he comes not.
I wonder Marian sends him not abroad.
Well, doctor, linger time, and linger life;
For long thou shalt not breathe upon the earth.

Cas. No, no, I will not live amongst ye long:
Is it for me thou wait'st, thou bloody wretch?
Her poison hath prevented thee in murther.

Enter Earl Morgan, St. Dunstan with Honorea fainting, and Marian.

Now here be they suppose Earl Lacy dead.
See how this lady grieveth for that she wisheth.
Dun. 'My Lord of London, by his sudden death,
And all the signs before his late departure,
'Tis very probable that he is poison'd. [lord,
Mar. Do you but doubt it? credit me, my
I heard him say that drink should be his last:
I heard my husband speak it, and he did it.
Cas. There is my old friend, she always speaks for me.
O shameless creature! was't not thy device?
Mor. Let not extremity of grief o'erwhelm thee,
My dearest Honorea; for his death shall be
Surely reveng'd with all severity
Upon the doctor, and that suddenly.
Clin. What fortune's this, that all these come this way
To hinder me, and save thy life to-day?
Hon. My gracious lord, this doleful accident
Hath robb'd me of my joy: and, royal earl,
Though in thy life thou didst suspect my love,
My grief and tears suspicions shall remove.
Mar. Madam, to you and to your father's love
I owe as much and more than my own life.
Had I ten husbands should agree to do it,
My gracious lord, you presently should know it. [well,
Cas. Ay, there's a girl! think you I did not
To live with such a wife, to come from hell?
Mar. Look, look, my lord, there stands the murderer!
Cas. How am I round beset on every side!

First, that same captain here stands to kill me;
My dame she hath already poisoned me;
Earl Morgan he doth threaten present death;
The Countess Honorea, in revenge
Of Lacy, is extremely incens'd 'gainst me.
All threaten—none shall do it; for my date
Is now expired, and I must back to hell.
And now, my servant, wheresoe'er thou be,
Come quickly, Akercock, and follow me.
Lordings, adieu! and my curs'd wife, farewell!
If me ye seek, come follow me to hell.

The ground opens, and they both fall down into it.

Mor. The earth that opened now is clos'd again!

Dun. It is God's judgment for his grievous sins.

Clin. Was there a quagmire, that he sank so soon?

Hon. O miracle! now may we justly say,
Heavens have reveng'd my husband's death this day.

Mor. Alas, poor Marian! we have wrong'd thee much
To cause thee match thyself to any such.

Mar. Nay, let him go, and sink into the ground;
For such as he are better lost than found.
Now, Honorea, we are freed from blame,
And both enrich'd with happy widow's name.

Enter Earl Lacy, with Forrest and Musgrave.

Lacy. O lead me quickly to that mourning train
Which weep for me, who am reviv'd again.

Hon. Marian, I shed some tears of perfect grief. *She falleth into a swoon.*

Mor. Do not my eyes deceive me? liveth my son?
Lacy. My lord and father, both alive and well,
Recover'd of my weakness. Where's my wife?
Mar. Here is my lady, your beloved wife,
Half dead to hear of your untimely end.
Lacy. Look on me, Honorea; see thy lord:
I am not dead, but live to love thee still. [will:
Dun. 'Tis God disposeth all things, as he
He raiseth those the wicked wish to fall.
Clin. 'Zounds, I still watch on this enclosed ground;
For if he rise again, I'll murder him. [report
Hon. My lord, my tongue's not able to
Those joys my heart conceives to see thee live.
Dun. Give God the glory: he recovered thee, [man,
And wrought this judgment on that cursed
That set debate and strife among ye all.
Mor. My lord, our eyes have seen a miracle,
Which after ages ever shall admire.
The Spanish doctor, standing here before us,
Is sunk into the bowels of the earth,
Ending his vile life by a viler death.
Lacy. But, gentle Marian, I bewail thy loss,
That wert maid, wife, and widow, all so soon.
Mar. 'Tis your recovery that joys me more,
Than grief can touch me for the doctor's death.
He never lov'd me whilst he liv'd with me,
Therefore the less I mourn his tragedy.
Mor. Henceforth we'll strictlier look to strangers' lives,
How they shall marry any English wives.
Now all men shall record this fatal day;
Lacy revived, the doctor sunk in clay.

The trumpets sound, exeunt omnes nisi Dunstan.

Dun. Now is Earl Lacy's house fill'd full of joy,
He and his lady wholly reconcil'd,
Their jars all ended: those, that were like men
Transformed, turn'd unto their shapes again.
And, gentlemen, before we make an end,
A little longer yet your patience lend,
That in your friendly censures you may see
What the infernal synod do decree;
And after judge, if we deserve to name
This play of ours, *The Devil and his Dame.*

Exit.

[*It thunders and lighteneth. Enter Pluto, Minos, Æacus, Rhadamanthus, with Fury bringing in Malbecco's Ghost.*

Plu. Minos, is this the day he should return,
And bring us tidings of his twelvemonth spent?

Enter Belphegor, like a devil, with horns on his head, and Akercock.

Min. It is, great king, and here Belphegor comes.

Plu. His visage is more ghastly than 'twas [wont.
What ornaments are those upon his head?

Bel. Hell, I salute thee! now I feel myself
Rid of a thousand torments. O vile earth,
Worse for us devils than hell itself for men!
Dread Pluto, hear thy subject's just complaint,

Belphegor kneeleth to Pluto.

Proceeding from the anguish of my soul.
O, never send me more into the earth! [here.
For there dwells dread and horror more than

Plu. Stand forth, Belphegor, and report the truth
Of all things have betide thee in the world.

Bel. When first, great king, I came into the earth,
I chose a wife both young and beautiful,
The only daughter to a noble earl;
But when the night came that I should her bed,
I found another laid there in her stead:
And in the morning when I found the change,
Though I denied her, I was forc'd to take her.
With her I liv'd in such a mild estate,
Us'd her still kindly, lov'd her tenderly;
Which she requited with such light regard,
So loose demeanour, and dishonest life,
That she was each man's whore, that was my wife.
No hours but gallants flock'd unto my house,
Such as she fancied for her loathsome lust,
With whom, before my face, she did not spare
To play the strumpet. Yea, and more than this,
She made my house a stew for all resorts,
Herself a bawd to others' filthiness:
Which, if I once began but to reprove,
O, then, her tongue was worse than all the rest! [her,
No ears with patience would endure to hear
Nor would she ever cease, till I submit[ted]:
And then she'd speak me fair, but wish me dead.
A hundred drifts she laid to cut me off,
Still drawing me to dangers of my life.
And now, my twelvemonth being near expir'd,
She poison'd me; and lest that means should fail,
She entic'd a captain to 've murdered me.
In brief, whatever tongue can tell of ill,
All that may well be spoken of my dame.

Aker. Poor Akercock was fain to fly her sight,
For never an hour but she laid on me;
Her tongue and fist walked all so nimblely.
Plu. Doth then, Belphegor, this report of thine
Against all women hold in general?
Bel. Not so, great prince: for, as 'mongst other creatures,
Under that sex are mingled good and bad;
There are some women virtuous, chaste, and true,
And to all those the devil will give their due.
But, O, my dame, born for a scourge to man!
For no mortality would endure that
Which she a thousand times hath offered me.
Plu. But what new shapes are those upon thy head?
Bel. These are the ancient arms of cuckoldry,
And these my dame hath kindly left to me;
For which Belphegor shall be here derided,
Unless your great infernal majesty
Do solemnly proclaim, no devil shall scorn
Hereafter still to wear the goodly horn.
Plu. This for thy service I will grant thee freely:
All devils shall, as thou dost, like horns wear,
And none shall scorn Belphegor's arms to bear.
And now, Malbecco, hear thy latest doom.
Since that thy first reports are justified
By after-proofs, and women's looseness known,
One plague more will I send upon the earth.
Thou shalt assume a light and fiery shape,
And so for ever live within the world;
Dive into women's thoughts, into men's hearts;
Raise up false rumours and suspicious fears;
Put strange inventions into each man's mind;

And for these actions they shall always call thee
By no name else but fearful Jealousy.
Go, Jealousy, begone! thou hast thy charge;
Go, range about the world that is so large!
And now, for joy Belphegor is return'd,
The furies shall their tortures cast away,
And all hell o'er we'll make it holiday.

It thundereth and lighteneth. Exeunt omnes.

FINIS.

A NEW AND
PLEASANT COMEDIE OR PLAIE
AFTER THE MANNER OF
COMMON CONDITIONS

[*The only copy extant, now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, lacks the title-page. There is a transcript made by Malone a hundred years ago in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.*]

[The Players' Names

As in the order of their entrance:

THRIFT	LOMIA
SHIFT	SIR NOMIDES
DRIFT	MASTER MARINER
SEDMOND	MASTER MATE
CLARISIA	BOATSWAIN
CONDITION	SHIPBOY
GALIARBUS	PIRATES
LAMPHEDON	MOUNTAGOS
SABIA	CARDOLUS]

A Pleasant Comedy called

COMM[ON CONDITIONS]

[*Thrift.*] Come merrily forth, ma . . . . . .
Though our trade do . . . . . .
. . . . . our mirth shall augment.
This tinkerly trade, we give it the bag;
Like beggars we live, and want to pay rent;
Yet we never [l]in trudging, from city to town.
Our hammers on the kettles' bottoms do ring;
Yet we scarce get leather pilches, without cloak or gown.
Fie on this trade that no more gain will bring!
Hey, tifty tofty tinkers, good fellows they be,
In stopping of one hole they use to make three!

[*Drift.*] Shift, he with shifting hath almost marred all;
He cannot be trusted in no kind of place:
For many old things into his budget doth fall,
That ofttime he feareth to show forth his face:
Pots, saucers, candlesticks, and scummers be . . . .
Are trussed up and closely laid into pack;
Away he hies quickly, and dares not . . . .
Shift's bandog doth bear his [bag on his back]

Hey, tifty tofty tinkers, go[od fellows they be]
We stop one and make two w . . . . . .

[*Shift.*] Nay, yet rather Drift . . . . . .
That is ofttimes drive . . . . . .
To rob, kill, and spoil . . . . . .
Driven for to get it, and . . . . . .
And Unthrift again . . . . . .
Women, dice and dri . . . . . .
And therefore all we . . . . . .
To venture a robbing . . . . . .
. . . y, tifty, tofty t . . . . . .
. . . y stop one hole . . . . . .

[*Thrift.*] . . . . . e tinkers are at a mad stay, [the day:
. . . . . e, there is nothing but tinkle tink all
An by Gog's blo[od, Shi]ft! I cannot go but my basin must tang;
[B]y your leave! if I had not devised this, Drift, I mought go hang.
And, by His wounds, my masters! I am in the same state you twain be;
But, when folk bring their kettles to mend, for one hole I make three.
But, my masters! wot ye what? I heard news about the court this day, [away,
That there is a gentleman with a lady gone
And have with them a little parasite, full of money and coin:
By Gog's blood! let us leave off tinking, and follow them to purloin;
For the little knave hath got it with cogging and telling of tales,
And therefore, by my consent, with this coin we will fill our males.

[*Shift.*] Fellow Unthrift, by Gog's blood! here is my hand, on that condition:
We will take away their purses, and say we do it by commission.
But, by His wounds! although I have no commission to show, [I trow.
I intend not to let them part with their purses,
[*Thrift.*] A commissioner? Gog's blood! who made a commissioner of you?
If thou have no better answer at the bar, thou wilt hang, I tell thee true.
[*Shift.*] Hang, you tinkerly slave! Shift will 'scape, when Drift shall be hanged.
[*Thrift.* Hold] my masters! you are both as good as ever twanged.
[*Shift.* Goo]d Unthrift, stand back, and let me try with the slave.
[*Drift.*] . . . . . lay my hammer on your pate, you knave. [another.
[*Thrift.* Stay] your brawling thus one with
. . . . . hold my hands, and if he were my brother.
. . . . . come again, and thou dare.
. . . . . kettle at thy head, I take no great
. . . . . not but again, [care.
. . . . . shall at thy head amain:
. . . . . and thou dare.
. . . . . [an]d I spare:
. . . . . [g]ood will, and never care.
. . . . . [th]ough I were a drumsler,
. . . . . [w]ith another.
. . . . . noddle, if you were my brother.
. . . . . us but try,
. . . . . [t]urd for thee I.
. . . . . [an]d hear what I s[ay].
The gentleman with his lady intend to come this way;

And, therefore, let us be all in one mind, and
agree all together; [hither;
For I know it will not be long or they come
And therefore let us be packing hence, and in
a bush lie,
Until they be all ready to pass along hereby.
And when they think themselves in the wood
most surest to be,
Their purses we will be so bold as share be-
twixt us three. [device?
How say you, my masters? how like you this
Shift. By Gog's blood, fellow Thrift! thou
art excellent wise. [thee forgive,
Well, fellow Drift, because of our business I
And I'll make thee amends and we both 'scape
the gallows and live.
Drift. Shift, this is your knavery; if you
break one's head with a pan,
You will give him a plaster, to heal it again,
if you can. [my heart!
Well, here is my hand, I forgive thee, with all
Shift. Well, come on, then, incontinent let
us from hence depart.

Exeun[t] omne[s.

Here enter Sedmond with Clarisia and Conditions out of the wood.

Sedm[ond.] The silly traveller that is at-
tacked through wearied toil,
And forced through mere necessity to trace
from native soil,
Though wearied at his journey's end with pain-
ful travel past,
Is glad in heart he hath attained his journey's
end at last.
So we, being possessed, as now, with wearied
toil, like case

Must live in hope, all travel past to find a
resting place.
Wherefore, sister! be of good cheer, cast care
from out your mind,
And live in hope, all sorrows past, our father
out to find. [to make,
You see the chirping birds begins you melody
But you, ungrateful unto them, their pleasant
voice forsake. [pleasant lay,
You see the nightingale also, with sweet and
Sound forth her voice in chirping wise, to
banish care away. [and green,
You see dame Tellus—she, with mantle fresh
For to display everywhere, most comely to be
seen. [and gay,
You see dame Flora—she, with flowers fresh
Both here and there and everywhere, her
banners to display.
Wherefore, good sister! cast off care, abject
this grief of mind,
In hope, the gods for this our sore a salve, no
doubt, will find.
Cla[risia.] Brother Sedmond! the traveller
deserveth place of rest, [expressed.
In that he taken hath such pains, as you before
But, brother! we are no travellers, that useth
day by day [beaten way.
To range abroad in foreign lands, to trace the
We are constrained through very force, to fly
from native soil;
We are compelled through cruelty to under-
take this toil.
The traveller may keep the way that likes him
best to go;
We are constrained to shroud ourselves in
woods for fear of foe.

Then, brother, tell me whether he or we do take most pain,
Considering: when he please, he may return to home again! [pleasant lay,
You say, the nightingale also, with sweet and
Doth sound her notes in chirping wise, to banish care away. [Flora she?
What pleasure may we take in her, or in Queen
What pleasure in dame Tellus eke think you in us to be?
No no, good brother Sedmond! their pleasant noise they make [to forsake.
Would rather cause me, as I am, all pleasure
What pleasure should we take, brother! if all the birds in field
Were present here at instance, now, their harmony to yield?
Their pleasant voice renews my care; their sweet melodious sound
Doth cause me now with trickling tears in sorrows to abound.
For, thinking on the pleasures now, that erst in time we had,
Doth cause me now to pine for woe, where heart would have me glad.
And, therefore, brother! leave off talk, in vain you seem to prate; [abate:
Not all the talk you utter can, my sorrows can
From such vain allegations, good brother, seem to stay!
Cond[itions.] Nay, noble gentleman! under correction, if I may,
I have a word or two with your system, by the way—
How say you, Lady Clarisia, are you like case contented?

[*Clari*]*sia.* Conditions, if thou speak thy mind, it shall not be repented.

[*Cond*]*itions.* Then, in your quarrel against your brother, I mind to break;

So that, with licence, gentleman, you will give me leave to speak.

[*Sedm*]*ond.* With a good will, Conditions; speak forth, what is thy mind?

[*Cond*]*itions.* Then, in faith! I'll pay some home anon in their right kind.

It is given to women to be obscure, and full of simpriety by the way;

Proffer them the thing they most desire, they would it denay.

They are so full of slights and fetches, that scarce the fox, he, [pared be:

In every point with women may scarce com-

For when men pray, they will denay; or when men most desire.

Then, mark me! a woman, she is soonest stirred to ire;

Their heads are fantastical, and full of variety strange,

Like to the moon, whose operation it is often times to change.

And, by your leave, howsoever it goes, the mastery they must have

In every respect, or in ought that they seem for to crave. [unto me,

But, madam! I hope you will impute no blame

Considering you are a maiden, and full of imbecility!

Clarisia. A well, master Conditions! is this my part you take so?

Condit[*ions.*] Mistress Clarisia, to my power the truth I must show.

Sedmo[nd.] Of truth, Conditions! the truth thou hast told.

Condit[ions.] Nay, and shall please you! I am somewhat feminative:

For if there be anything in mind, out I must it drive.

Shift. Down with them all! for, surely, they shall die. [fly!

Clarisia. Ah cruel chance, good brother,

Drift. Why, where is the other that was in your company?

By Gog's blood, minx! he shall buy his flying full dear.

Thrift. And, in faith, you weasel-faced knave! ere you part from hence,

I'll be so bold as dive in your pocket, to share out your pence.

Conditi[ons.] Nay, gentlemen tinkers! be good unto us twain.

Shift. Make an end! take away all they have! I say once again.

Clarisia. Ah, cruel luckless chance, alas! ah, Fortune, thou unsure!

That canst in turning of thy wheel still cause us to endure

Such changed heaps of woes, (alas!) as tongue cannot express;

For why, I see, in vain it is as now to seek redress:

Wherefore, you cruel tyrants three, dispatch my life in haste;

For why, I joy no longer life, such heaps of grief I taste.

Drift. Tush! dispatch! and when you have done, bind her fast to this tree

Lest, when that we are gone, she make an uproar, and we pursued be!

Shift. Come on, lady! fast to this tree we intend you to bind,
And with your own handkercher your eyes we will blind.
Thrift. So! in faith, minx! you are fast, for 'scaping away.
Clarisia. A! woe be to the time when first I saw this luckless day!
Thrift. Why, what shall we do with him? by Gog's blood! I cannot devise,
Except we should set him to keep crows, and pick out both his eyes.
Condit[ions.] Oh, of all loves, have compassion on me, and serve me not so!
Hear ye? And you cannot tell what to do with me, then let me go:
The devil a penny have I and you will hang me on this tree!
Shift. Gog's blood! and well said, for he hath read his own destiny.
[Co]nditions. Ha! will you let me go? In good faith, thank you I do!
. . *ft.* Nay, stay a while! we tell thee not so,
For thou art like now to hang on this tree.
[Co]nditions. Ha! and there be no remedy, but hanged I must be,
One of you hang before, to show, how well it will become me.
[Thr]ift. To hang thee, or such as thou art, we think it but a sport.
[Co]nditions. Cast not away a proper young man in such a kind of sort!
. . . *ft.* Tush, dispatch, and hang him straight out of the way!
[Co]nditions. Ha, good gentleman tinker! I beseech you now stay;

What mean you? by His wounds! I have bewrayed myself out of cry.

. . . *ft.* Whether thou hast, or hast not, thou shalt surely die!

Conditions. Ha! and there be no remedy, but that needs hang I must,

Give me the halter, I'll to it myself, and lay all care in the dust.

. . . *ft.* I am sure thou meanest not to hang without help of a friend?

[*Co*]*nditions.* Is't not as good to hang myself, as another hale the end?

[*Thri*]*ft.* By Gog's blood, my masters! and he will we are all content;

For then, in time, for hanging him we need not repent.

Well, Drift, give the halter unto the elf!

[*Co*]*nditions.* Ha! was there ever little knave driven to hang himself?

Nay! I must also request your aid, to help me into the tree.

. . . *ft.* Nay! if thou lack any help, then hang us all three. [an end!

So law not, dispatch, and with speed make

[*Co*]*nditions.* What to do?

Drift. Marry, to hang thyself!

[*Conditions.*] Nay, by your leave! that is more than I do intend.

. . . *ft.* Why, I am sure thou intendest not to serve us in such sort!

[*Co*]*nditions.* Were not he mad would hang himself, to show three tinkers sport?

. . . *ft.* Why, I am sure, to serve us so thou dost not intend!

[*Co*]*nditions.* A mad fool he were, would desperately die, and never did offend.

. . *ft.* By Gog's blood! I'll tear him down, or else I'll lose my life.

[*Co*]*nditions.* Back again! or I'll be so bold as pare your nails with my knife.

[*Thri*]*ft* Nay, look, my masters! the slave looks like an owl in a tree.

[*Shi*]*ft.* Nay, he looks like a crafty knave, believe me!

[*Dri*]*ft.* By Gog's blood, Shift! he looks like a madge howlet, as thou hast said.

By the mass! if I had my bow and bolt, here he should be paid.

[*Co*]*nditions.* Halo, halo, halo, ho!

[He] . . . . eth in the tree.

. . . *ift.* Why, what dost thou mean, to halloo in . . .

[*Co*]*nditions.* What do I mean? Marry! to have more company come to me.

Shift. By Gog's blood, my masters! we were not best longer here to stay.

Ambo. I think was never such a crafty knave before this day.

[*Exeunt.*

Conditi[*ons.*] Are they all gone? Ha, ha, ha! well fare, old Shift, at a need:

By His wounds! had I not devised this I had hanged, indeed.

Tinkers? (quod you!), tink me no tinks! I'll meddle with them no more;

I think was never knave so used by a company of tinkers before!

By your leave! I'll be so bold as to look about me and spy,

Lest any knaves for my coming down in ambush do lie.

By your licence I mind not to preach longer
in this tree.
My tinkerly slaves are packed hence, as far as
I may see.
Ha, my good Mistress Clarisia! I am sorry to
see you at this stay;
I will unbind you, that we may in all the haste
trudge away.
And, lady! it is not best for us in Arabia
longer to tarry,
Seeing that fortune in every respect against
us still doth vary.
For, seeing we are so nigh the sea, that we
may pass, in one day,
Clean over the sea to Phrygia, I would not
wish we stay;
Whereas now your good father sir Galiarbus is,
And of your brother, I warrant you, we there
shall not miss.

Clarisia. Well, sith needs we must, I am
content to Fortune's beck to bow,
Who shows herself an enemy to me, poor
wretch! as now.
Wherefore, adieu, Arabia soil! farewell, my
brother dear!
It bootless is, I see, as now, in woods to seek
thee here.

Conditio[ns.] Well, lady! without any
farther talk let us away.

Clarisia. Proceed, Conditions! I mind not
here in danger long to stay.

Exeunt.

Here entereth Sedmond wailing.

Sedmond. The wight that had a jewel fair,
and by misfortune strange

Through negligence hath lost the same, as he
abroad did range:
The jewel being none of his, but one's that
was his friend, [to defend:
Who did the same betake to him, from losses
Now, being lost through negligence of him
that kept the same,
What double grief, think you, doth he within
his breast still frame? [to me,
My sister, she the jewel is, whom father gave
For to preserve from cruel foe, within my
guard to be. [sister dear,
But I (alas!) through negligence have lost my
Through cruel tyrants' furious force within this
forest here.
But ha, my sister! is this thy chance, that
fortune hath assigned?
Must thou, [al]as! to rapine yield? Must
thou now rest behind?
Ha! why did I not betake to flight the corps
that lives in thrall?
Why did I not with thee like case into their
clutches fall?
Would God Lucina, she, with sharp and
crooked crabbed knife,
When first I came into this world, had end
my vital life! [decree,
But sith it was not destiny, nor yet the gods'
With this most wretched state (alas!) I must
contented be.
But farewell now, my coursers brave, attrapped
to the ground!
Farewell, adieu all pleasure eke with comely
hawk and hound! [knight!
Farewell, ye nobles all! farewell each martial

Farewell, ye famous ladies all, in whom I did delight!
Adieu, my native soil! adieu, Arbaccus king!
Adieu, each wight and martial knight! adieu, each living thing!
Adieu, my woeful sire, and sister in like case,
Whom never I shall see again, each other to embrace!
For now I will betake myself, a wandering knight to be,
Into some strange and foreign land, their comely guise to see.

Exit.

Here entereth Galiarbus out of Phrygia.

[G]*aliarbus.* Who can but smile and laugh to see the state of fortune, she?
Who can devise in rightest wise to yield due praise to thee?
Ha, goddess! thou, whose countenance strange doth ebb and flow each day;
Sometime thou dost restore to wealth, and sometime to decay.
As proof is plainly seen by me: though banished wight I was,
Thou hast restored to wealth again, far better in each case. [train
Though king Arbaccus, he, with all his courtly
And eke his route of parasites, did hold me in disdain, [change
Yet through thy turning wheel and variable
Hast me restored to wealth again, in foreign countries strange—
How should I duly laud your names, O heavenly powers, for this?
How should we give you half the praise, that you deserve i-wis?

Sith that our mortal tongue unable is to show
The praises that you ought to have which for
our part we owe. [enjoy,
Galiarbus shall not cease, whilst life he doth
In rightest wise he can devise, your praises to
employ. [remain,
For, why, though I but knight in Arabia did
It was my chance and fortune good, here in
Phrygia for to gain
A lordship great, the which the Duke hath now
bestowed on me, [be;
Upon condition to remain his subject true to
The which, if I, Galiarbus, be ever falsely
found, [confound!
Ye heavenly powers, do all agree my life to
But am constrained, in spite of force my
wonted name to hide,
Lest by that king Arbaccus' spies my state
should be espied.
But ha, Galiarbus! in this thy joy what
sorrows doth abound?
What sudden griefs attacked thy mind? what
care thy heart doth wound?
What good can all this living do to thee in
foreign land? [tyrant's hand?
And seeing children twain remain as yet in
And in vain 'tis to send for them; for, why,
that cruel king [them fling.
For mine offence, I this am sure, in prison will
Well, of force I must content myself, and live
in care and woe;
From children twain I must refrain, and for
aye them forego.

Here enter[s] Lamphedon out of Phrygia.

Lamph[edon.] As one that saw an apple
fair in top of tree so high,

And durst not once presume to come, nor draw
the same a-nigh:
For that he knew not what he was that owed
the piece of ground,
Wherein the apple on top of tree in beauty did
abound;
Which was the cause of his distress, and
double grief of mind, [themselves unkind:
For that the keepers of the same did show
This apple is a lady fair, whom I espied this
day, [prey.
As I in forest hunting was, pursuing of the
Whose beauty hath bewitched me, even maugre
Dian's chase, [Venus' grace:
To yield and be a courtier now unto dame
Ha, Lamphedon! where is become thy stout
courageous mind?
Shall sight of lady cause thee now to lead a life
so blind?
Shalt thou, which art son to the Duke of
Phrygia['s] noble soil,
Refrain thy wonted pleasures past, and under-
take this toil?
Not all the Phrygian ladies here could cause
thee for to rue.
Ha, wretch! and hath a foreign dame com-
pelled thee then to sue? [he?
And must I yield, in spite of force, unto Cupido,
And must I leave my martial feats, to crave
her knight to be
Whom never yet I saw before? Ha, cruel
wretch! unkind
To shoot that dart to pierce my heart, why
shouldst thyself so blind?
I am to crave her love, (alas!) whom never
yet I saw,

To show like love to me again, but did herself withdraw.
And this the first time is (alas!) of her I had a sight,
Whose comely looks and beauty brave had wrought to me this spite.
Ha, lady brave! would gods thou knewest the love I bear to thee!
Would gods the wretch would cause thee bear again like love to me!
Why, Lamphedon! thou knowest not what she is; perchance a princess born:
Ha, cruel words! I then am sure she will hold me in scorn.
How dare I then attempt the thing? How dare I then be bold?
How dare I once presume to her my sorrows to unfold?
Would God, when first I took my way, the pleasant chase to view,
I had been slain through cruel pain: then should not this ensue.
Would gods these eyes of mine, which gives my body light,
When first they viewed thy comely grace, they had been plucked out quite.
For if Apelles, he, were present here in place,
Unpossible it were aright to picture forth thy grace.
But sith that Cupid will not force her, for to yield me love,
Would gods, by other practices, her answers I might prove,
Or by some secret way, and hidden strange device.

Here enter Conditions, standing privily.

[*Co*]*nditions.* To meddle with witchcraft I count you not wise.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* What wight art thou that answerest me in such a kind of sort?

[*Co*]*nditions.* It is hard winning of the city without scaling the fort.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Scaling the fort? I go not about the city to win.

[*Co*]*nditions.* Yea! but, as far as I can see, Cupid hath hit the pin.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* What wight art thou that in such sort dost seem for to reply?

[*Con*]*ditions.* He that is by Cupid possessed, of force must sorrow try.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* I hear a voice correcting, yet no living wight I see.

[*Con*]*ditions.* He that trusts to a broken bough may hap to fall from the tree.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Ha, wretch! what so thou be, I would I had thee here.

[*Con*]*ditions.* In vain 'tis, when dogs are weary, to wish after the deer.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Nay sure, wretch! if I had thee here, thou forcest me to do it.

[*Con*]*ditions.* Nay, with a good will, I beseech you, spare not! go to it!

But if I should stir ever a foot from this place,
He might soon spy me, and then after me would he apace.
There is no remedy but to him I must, and banish fear away; [fool to play.
For, in vain it is from hence to depart, or the
Ha, noble gentleman! God save your life, for ever to remain!

[*Lam*]*phedon.* We[l]come, my friend! didst thou reply, when I did late complain?

[*Con*]*ditions.* No, gentleman! I am no such fellow, as you take me for, I;
He deserves death that any gentleman's talk would so descry.
Lamphe[*don.*] Of truth, if that I had him here, his death he sure should gain.
Conditi[*ons.*] And worthy, for deriding such a gentleman, to be slain.
[*Aside.*] If he knew that I had answered him, contrary to every word,
He would go near to thrust me through the buttocks with his sword!
But let Conditions alone; howsoever this gear falls out,
He will use a policy to bring this matter well about. [plainly see
Now, this gear cottons law; now, shall you
Which way soever the wind blows, it is for my commodity. [this stay,
Ha, noble gentleman! I am sorry to see you at
That at the first sight of a lady you should thus pine away.
Lamph[*edon.*] Why, good fellow! how knowest thou my grief? to me express!
Condit[*ions.*] He that hath felt love's bitter storms must needs the truth confess.
Lamph[*edon.*] And hast thou been a lover? I pray thee, now declare!
Condit[*ions.*] Who, I? That have I been—in love with my own mother's mare!
But, what say you to him that would help you unto that dame,
Who causeth you thus, ruthfully, these sorrows for to frame?
Lamph[*edon.*] What say I? (quod you!) I say he is worthy to have

The thing that with tongue is unpossible to crave.
But, my friend! I pray thee express and show to me thy name.
Condi[tions.] Master Affection, noble gentleman! even the very same.
Lamph[edon.] Master Affection! ha, ye gods! now see I, if it you please,
It lieth in your hands my sorrows for to ease.
Condi[tions.] Command me even what you list, and I'll do what I please.
Lamph[edon.] What sayest thou?
Condi[tions.] I say: command me what you list, and I'll do what you please.
Lamph[edon.] I command thee to do nothing, but to aid me herein, [but win:
That I the lady's love through thy help may
Which if thou canst do through policy and skill, [thy will.
Demand what thou wilt, thou shalt have it at
Cond[itions.] If I can do it, quod you? what kind of question is that?
Nay! put away *if;* for, I can do it—this is plain and flat:
And, therefore, noble Lamphedon! you shall wend with me, [to see.
Where secretly you shall stand, her person for
Then shall you hear by her communication there, [bear;
What good will affection can cause her to
Wherefore, noble knight, come let us away.
[La]mphedon. Proceed, Affection, on thy way, for I mind not to stay!
[Co]nditions. You are the better man; therefore you shall first proceed.
[Lam]phedon. Tush, tush, Affection! all this courtesy doth not need. *Exit.*

[*Co*]*nditions.* Ha, ha, ha! this gear falls
out excellent well indeed:
Well fare a crafty knave at a time of need.
Affection, quod you? why, what a counterfeit
knave am I,
Thus under the title of Affection my conditions
to apply,
As though it lay in me to cause such for to
love?
No, no! there is another that this practice did
prove:
For Clarisia, seeing this Lamphedon a-hunting
in the chase,
Was nigh constrained through Cupid's force,
to sue to him for grace.
Now I, coming this ways, the game for to see,
Chanced to hear him for her sake in woful
state to be:
I will bring them together, sure! howsoever it
falls out; [not doubt.
For, at length, it will redown to my profit, I do
Room for a turncoat! that will turn as the
wind;
Whom, when a man thinks surest, he knows
not where to find. *Exit.*

Here entereth Clarisia alone.

[*Clar*]*isia.* The lurèd hawk, whose rolling
eyes are fixed on partridge fast,
And lives in hope, her flight once ta'en, to win
her prey at last: [forest here
So I through sight of valiant knight within this
Have fixed my eye, until I die, upon Lamphe-
don dear.
Ha, valiant knight! whose comely corps hath
won my heart for ever,
Whose sight hat[h] pressed my tender breast,
that I shall fail thee never:

What double griefs feel I for thee? what woes
do I sustain?
What heaps of care in tender breast for thy
sweet sake doth reign? [this case,
Ha, Lamphedon! do pity here thy captive in
And grant that she obtain of thee thy favour
and thy grace. [cunning show;
Let not blind Cupid, wrongfully, on me his
Let not my love forsaken be, which I to thee
do owe; [another;
Let not thy mind clean contrary be settled on
Ha, Cupid, blinded god of Love! take not the
tone for tother.
Sith that thou forcedst me to love—ha, mighty
gods! grant me
That I may once obtain his love, his linkèd
spouse to be! [son;
But ha, Clarisia! thy talk is vain; he is a duke's
And thou, but daughter to a knight, of meaner
state art come. [good will;
He forceth not thy love, he weighs not thy
Wherefore, refrain with cruel pain, and live a
lover still.

Here entereth Lamphedon suddenly.

Lamph[edon.] What needeth further trial
then, when judge hath heard the tale?
What needs there further plea in case, when
agreements doth assail?
What needs the turtle wish her mate, and she
in place doth stand?
What need have knights, for lady[s'] sights,
to range in foreign land?
What need I for to sue to thee, thy love for to
obtain,
O lady dear! and seeing that for me thou dost
complain?

Lamphedon doth profess he will, to thee, be faithful knight;
Not once for to forsake thy love, for wrong ne yet for right: [here again,
And therefore, lady, yield to me like promise
To rest to me, as I to thee, a lover true certain.
Wherefore, O lady! answer me, to this my question, straight.
Clarisia. The silly fish that once is ta'en, must yield unto the bait;
Wherefore, sir knight! right welcome sure unto Clarisia, she,
Who almost felt of Pluto's pains, and all for love of thee.
If all the Trojan knights were here, or Grecian in like case, [in every place,
Whose valiant courage did surpass each wight
Clarisia doth protest, as she is lady true,
To rest thy love, while life endure, hap so what shall ensue.
And therefore, my sweet loving knight! have no mistrust in me, [thee.
For I do whole betake myself unto the use of
So that thou wilt perform the bonds of wedlock in this case, [sure, embrace.
I am content that none but thou my corps shall,
Wherefore, sir knight! reply again, are you herein content?
Lamph[edon.] Else all the powers that sits in throne do end with cruel dent
My youthful days, and after that with Pluto let me reign,
Whereas the grisly hags do rest, with treble care and pain.
And therefore, lady! here is my hand, eke faith and troth I give,

To rest and be thy loving knight, whilst I have
day to live:
In sign whereof take here this gem, and wear
it for my sake.
Clarisi[*a.*] Upon condition, noble knight!
the same of thee I take.
But yet receive, of lady thine, a pledge for
pledge again
In token that, for aye, I rest thy love without
disdain:
The which bracelet is made of gold—receive
that with good will,
And all that doth belong to me shall rest as
thine own still;
Wherefore, sir knight! receive the same of me,
thy lady dear.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* I shall, O lady! for your
sake even place it present here;
And till I die, I surely will wear it for love of
thine.
[*Clar*]*isia.* And this shall rest in keeping
mine, till days my life define.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* Well, lady! then my wife you
are before the gods, you see.
[*Clar*]*isia.* I am and will remain, my dear,
a true Penelope;
Though I, for thy sweet sake, my knight! a
thousand woes should prove, [her love.
I would remain as true to thee, as she did to
[*Lam*]*phedon.* And, lady, as true will I
still rest to thee,
As Leander did, that swam over the sea.
Wherefore, O lady! wend with me unto my
father's place,
Where we will soon there married be, if that
the powers grant grace;

Wherefore, my dear Clarisia, let us no longer stay.

[*Clar*]*isia.* To follow you, whereso it be, Clarisia shall obey:

Therefore, proceed when you think best!

[*Lam*]*phedon.* To wait upon Clarisia Lamphedon aye is prest. *Exeunt.*

Here enter Conditions suddenly.

[*Con*]*ditions.* God give you joy, I heartily pray, and send you both good luck,

And if I might, you should be sure to have horns like a buck!

[*Clar*]*isia.* Why, how now, Conditions! where hast thou been all this while?

[*Con*]*ditions.* Ha! I chanced to fall asleep, as I was lifting my leg over a stile.

[*Clari*]*sia.* And was that the matter thou stayedst so long behind?

[*Con*]*ditions.* In faith! I have slept so long that both mine eyes are almost blind.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* What, master Affection! of truth, you are welcome; how fare you now?

[*Con*]*ditions.* Even in good health, noble gentleman! how do you?

[*Clari*]*sia.* Affection? ye are misinformed; Conditions is his name!

[*Con*]*ditions.* By the mass! except I answer wisely, it will tend to my shame.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* I am sure his name is Affection, let him deny it if he will!

[*Con*]*ditions.* Unto any of those two names I must needs answer still;

For Affection my sure name is, this is plain;

But Conditions my kirson name is: to either of these twain

Answer I will, though it turn to my grief.
Believe me, gentleman; if I lie, hang me like a thief!

[*Clari*]*sia.* Nay, we believe thee, Conditions! without farther talk.

[*Con*]*ditions.* Well, then, will it please you on your journey for to walk?

[*Clari*]*sia.* Why, Conditions! what journey, think you, have we to go?

[*Cond*]*itions.* Nay, let those that are lovers judge that; I say no mo.

Lamphedon. I perceive he will prove a fox if you talk with him long.

Clarisia. Who takes him for any other should proffer him much wrong.

Condit[*ions.*] Nay, Mistress Clarisia! if time convenient would serve,
I could prove that women commonly that name doth most deserve.
But if you please to depart I ready am on you to wait.

Lamph[*edon.*] Come, lady! for we intend from hence to wend straight.

[*Clarisia.*] Proceed, my dear, for Clarisia is pressed to fulfil [will.
Your mind in every respect, according to your
Wherefore, Conditions, come and wait still on us! [*Exit.*

Condit[*ions.*] Nay, if I be behind, then hang me as high as the house!
Ha! are they gone? was ever knave beset in dain so before? [more:
Affection, quod you? well fare at a pinch ever-
For if I had not roundly answered to my counterfeit name, [shame.
It would surely have redounded to my utter

But howsoever the world goes, parasite's part
I must play, [way.
For to get my living I can find no other kind of
Well, I must after to the Duke's place, even
as fast as I may;
But in the end, mark! how the crafty knave's
part I will play.

Here enter Sabia alone.

Sabia. Like as the rat that once hath taste
of resalgar or bane
Runs presently to some moist place, to cool her
poisoned pain:
So I, being possessed (alas!) through Cupid's
direful dent,
Doth live in pining state for aye, that life is
well-nigh spent.
Ha, sweet Nomides! who causer art of this my
grief and woe, [to forego:
For Cupid, he, hath forced me all pleasures
In that unegally at me his poisoned shaft hath
raught,
To cause me set my love on him, who will set
me at naught. [summer's day;
But for his sake I fade, as doth the flowers in
I pine as doth the merlin, she, that could not
win her prey; [state;
I grieve, I wail my luckless lot, I am in woful
I find no way that may impair, or this my
sorrows bate. [comely face;
I curse may, sure, the time that I did view thy
I know, right well, in vain it is to sue to thee
for grace. [able cry;
I pierce the heavens with my dole and lament-
I crave of blind Cupido, he, my suit not to deny.
Why was it not my chance, alas! a princess for
to be?

Why was my fortune to be born of base and low degree?
Why was it, ah! my destiny to be a physician's child?
Why was it not my fortune, ha! to come of stock so mild
Whereby I mought enjoy thy love? ha, worthy knight, most stout,
Whose comeliness doth far surpass the knights of Phrygia route;
Which causeth me through fervency to crave of thee thy love,
Though womanhood denies the same, and doth me sore disprove.
Well, here enters he himself alone; now help, ye gods of night!
And grant that I obtain my suit, which I deserved by right.
But first, I will go shroud myself in corner secretly,
To hear if that for any one he will seem to reply.

Here enter sir Nomides.

[*Nom*]*ides.* Though raging storms of winter's force hath done their worst to spoil,
Though Boreas with his boisterous blasts doth range in every soil,
Though clotted hard Acarnan's frost doth freeze on dale and hill,
Yet can the warmed southern wind their raging forces kill.
Though Fortune she did frown on me, and wrought for me such fate,
Yet, at the last, all storms once past, she smiles on mine estate;

Though banished I from country soil and native kinsfolk dear,
Yet hath the powers assigned to me a knightly living here;
Whereas I lead my life at rest, where I mind to remain, [twain.
Until the sisters cut the thread of vital life in
As for my usual name is turned, and for ever will forsake, [estate,
And term myself Sir Nomides, a knight of low
Whereby I quietly may rest, and live at ease for aye; [to my decay.
But contrary, if known I were, it would turn
But for to think of father mine, it grieves my careful breast,
That he should range in countries strange, and I should live at rest. [left behind
And eke farewell, my sister dear, whom I have
In cruel tyrants' murdering hands, thy life end for to find: [fled away,
I cannot choose but must accurse the time I
And left thee so behind to rest, unto thy foes a prey. [of shame
I cannot but must needs confess, I worthy am
In leaving thee a prey to those that soon thy death did frame: [to thee,
A cruel brother, mought thou say, I did remain
That like a dastard fled away when I thy guard should be.
Well, in vain it is for to repine; sith that the powers are bent [well content.
To work their fury on them twain, I must be

Sabia. Well met, sir knight! thus solitary in fields, yourself alone.

Nomides. I am pensive, lady! but yet welcome to me as any one.

Sabia. Not so, sir knight! I think you bear to ladies no such love.

Nomid[es.] My lady! how know you that? you did me never prove.

Sabia. She that should prove, I think, should find in you some subtle guile.

Nomid[es.] You women, sure, are full of that, though oftentimes you smile!

Sabia. We women? nay! in men you would say, for women mean too true.

Nomid[es.] Say you so, lady? for experience then mark, what words ensue!

Sabia. Speak forth your mind, I am content, if so you will not fain.

Nomid[es.] If so I do, lady, I doubt not but you will reply again.

Sabia. And reason good, if wrongfully, you women would disprove.

Nomid[es.] Not wrongfully, but rightfully I shall express your love.

And therefore, lady, hear my talk, that I in brief shall speak;

And after, if you please, again reply, your mind to break.

First, what love, I pray you, bare Helena unto her lord and king?

What constancy in Cressida did rest in everything?

What love, I pray you, bear Phædra unto her Theseus, [polytus?

When in his absence she desired his son Hip-

What true love eke bare Medea unto Duke Jason, he? [ceitful be.

Tush, lady! in vain it is to talk; they all de-

And therefore, lady! you must yield to me in that respect:

Men still are just, though women must their plighted vows neglect.

Sabia. Must? why, belike you think it comes to them by course of kind!

Nomides. Not I, myself, do say the same, but in authors I it find.

Sabia. In authors then you have an aid for to dispute with me?

But, for all your aid, in way of jest again I will reply

If so you will attentive be to that I here shall speak.

Nomi[des.] With willing heart I do agree that you your mind shall break.

Sabia. Then, sir knight! how faithful was Æneas to Dido's grace?

To whom he plighted faith by vow, none other to embrace.

How faithful was Duke Jason, he, whom Medea did aid

When he, to win the golden fleece, by Otus was dismayed?

And Theseus, I pray you, also, how faithful did he bide

When that the vow he once had made to Ariadne he denied? [Greekish crew?

How faithful was Diomedes, one of the

Though Troilus therein was just, yet was he found untrue: [luckless hap,

And so, between those twain and fortune's

She was, like Lazar, fain to sit and beg with dish and clap.

Tush, tush! you see to trust in men, whose fickle brains are so

That at the first sight of every wight their plighted vows forego;

And, therefore, you must weigh in mind though
women sometime miss,
Men will do so, though to their woe it doth
ensue I wis.
[*N*]*omides*. Indeed, lady! I must confess
that you the truth have said.
Sabia. Then say that you were conquered
in talking with a maid.
[*N*]*omides*. Nay, lady! he that talks with
you, until the field he gain,
Should prove the labour he should take both
frustrate, fond and vain.
For, why, though men can win in field both
honour, praise and fame,
Yea women, by their subtle sleights, full soon
their deaths can frame:
And therefore, lady! I must grant you are too
strong for me,
And if I were a judge, certain ye women should
lawyers be.
[*Sa*]*bia*. Women? why, then what would
you have poor witness men to say?
[*No*]*mides*. To stand and hear, and judge
aright upon the women's play.
[*Sa*]*bia*. Well, then shall you be a judge to
that which I in place shall speak.
[*No*]*mides*. Well then, proceed, and let me
hear what words you mean to break.
[*Sab*]*ia*. There was a ship that chanced to
sail athwart the raging sea[s], [at ease,
And, being in the midst thereof, at anchor and
In sudden there arose a storm, and silly bark
so tossed, [were lost.
In such a raging kind of sort, that anchors all
Now anchors being gone, and cables in like
case,

The silly bark by tumbling waves was tossed
from place to place: [luckless day,
The mariners did quake for fear to see that
That to the gods with humble suit they all
began to pray. [lamentable cry,
The gods then, hearing of their plaint and
Did drive them straight by force of wind unto
an haven by:
Whereas they hope for aye to rest, if powers
do grant them grace.
Lo now, sir knight, judge you aright on this
my wished case.
[*Nom*]*ides.* Nay, lady! if you put so hard
demands unto your judge at first,
He must have time to pause thereon, lest he
should judge at worst.
Then would you put some blame in him and
say he did you wrong.
Therefore, he gives the judgment to yourself
that are so strong: [require.
Good lady! let me hear the same, I heartily
[*Sabia.*] In hope to have my wished will,
you shall have your desire. [sir knight!
The ship which I spake of before is I myself,
And being once inflamed, alas! by Cupid's
raging slight,
Was tossed on waves of wrathful woe, and all
for thy sweet love. [gods above
I forced was, with humble suit, to crave of
To send to me some pleasant time, that I with
you mought talk,
Where now it was my chance, sir knight, to
find you in this walk: [love,
I forced am, of fervency, to crave of you your
And eke to set all shame aside your good will
for to prove.

Grant me, therefore, O worthy knight! that none but only I [shall die:
Shall thee possess for loving fere, until we both
Refuse me not, that am thy friend, who loves thee as her life, [only wife.
And grant that none but Sabia shall be thy
Lo this is all, O worthy knight! that I of thee require;
Forsake not thy dear lady's suit, but grant to her desire!

Nomid[es.] Madame! the heart that once is fixed or set, and hath that likes him best,
What needs it for to seek for more, to breed his more unrest? [have;
My heart is fixed upon the thing that I already
And therefore, lady, in vain it is of me such love to crave. [Venus' train,
I am none such that lives by love, I serve not
I force not of blind Cupid, he, I hold him in disdain;
Though poets term him aged, and say he shoots from sky— [here deny.
The which, by good experience, I straight shall
Lust, favouring folly fond, did falsely forge and fain [more attain.
Love for a god, because he mought his freedom
And, therefore, leave off suit, and crave no love of me; [lover be;
Whilst I have life, this is certain: I will no
And therefore, lady, now adieu! *Exit.*

Sabia. A woe be to the time that first I did begin to sue;
Now, farewell all my hope of him, whom I thought to enjoy; [great annoy.
Whose sight it was that forced me to wail with

Ah, cruel god of Love! O crafty, cankered wight!
That wrecks thy fury upon me, and touchest not that knight.
Ah, Sir Nomides, whilst I do live in joy,
None other shall attain my love, though it breed mine annoy:
And still will I encroach on thee, thy only love to have,
Though for thy sake I should betake myself to woful grave. *Exit.*

Here entereth Conditions.

Cond[itions.] Ah, ah, ah! this gear cottons; I may say to you
I have wrought a fetch to set them by the ears, hap what shall ensue.
By my honesty! it doth me good that I so crafty should be,
For the Duchess is fallen out with Clarisia, 'long of me.
For I told certain of her waiting maids how the people, in each place,
Gives Clarisia the praise, and says she excels the Duchess' grace:
Which, when she heard, so chafed that it was strange to behold.
On the other side Lamphedon would not have his lady controlled.
Thus have I set them together by the ears, hap what hap shall; [shall fall:
And mark the end of this gear, which way it
For Clarisia, having an uncle Montanio, king of Thrace,
Will no longer here abide, but straightways thither will trace. [ping to provide
And now [at] the sea coast have I been, ship-

For my Master Lamphedon and Clarisia, against the next tide—
I must away; room for a cutter that is every inch a man; [he can!
A villain that will set a thousand by the ears, if
Here entereth Lamphedon and Clarisia.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* Clarisia, and my dear wife before the gods by vow,
With listing ear do mark, in brief, what I shall say to you.
Though mother mine, the Duchess, she such rigour seems to show,
And all for the good will which I to you do bear and owe, [siveness aside;
Let not the same dismay your mind; cast pen-
For, till that life be ta'en from me, my truth shall, sure, be tried:
And, therefore, lady, seem not to depart—I think it best.
[*Clari*]*sia.* Ah, my Lamphedon dear! leave off, and grant thy love's request.
Seem not to stay with lady thine in Phrygia to her woe, [let us go:
But come and wend we, presently—to Thracia
For my uncle, Montanio, king of Thrace, hath sent for me,
And in his letter he hath sent, my loving knight, for thee; [tinent;
Desiring us to come to him, and that incon-
For, why, he hath no child alive, we know not his intent:
Perchance, my dear, he will bestow on us some goods or wealth, [and health.
Whereas we may more quiet live in perfect joy
And so our absence may, in time, obtain your mother's love,

Whereas our presence, being here, to anger doth her move:
Wherefore, my love! deny me not, but let us hence depart.
[*Lamph*]*edon.* Ah, cruel mother to thy child! chief cause of this his smart!
Must I from liked soil depart, on seas in ship to sail?
Where oftentimes through force of waves the carved planks do fail:
Must lady mine taste the like wrong? Ah, cruel parents, sure,
That to your only son you could such heaps of care procure!

Here entereth Conditions suddenly.

Condit[*ions.*] God's arms! are ye yet here? I have been seeking you all about,
To certify you of news, which are so true, out of doubt:
The Duke, your father, hath made great search for you twain, [plain,
And doth intend to imprison you both; this is
And all upon the request of the Duchess; if you do not fly [die:
I am afraid you and your lady are like for to
And, therefore, of all loves come, come, let us away!
Lamph[*edon.*] Conditions, come hither, man! and awhile do thou stay;
I pray thee, tell me, is it true that thou dost now say?
Condit[*ions.*] What a mad man are you? Take me with a lie, [example thereby.
And whip me, that all villains may take
Lamphe[*don.*] Ah, cruel parents to your child! and would you seek his death?

And can your hearts agree in one, to stop his vital breath?
Ah, heavens! shall man in cruelty pass the lion fierce in field,
Which can compel each living beast unto his strength to yield? [any wrong;
Yet the lion doubts to slay his whelp, or do it
The serpent with the tiger eke, which are both fierce and strong,
Will never seem, at any time, their younglings for to grieve,
But will them nourish tenderly, till they have strength to live. [cruel sire?
Is Nature clean exiled quite from thee, my
Is pity put from out thy mind, to wreak on us thy ire?
Is fatherly love clean gone from thee? is mercy not in mind? [kind?
Is cruelty crept into thee, that thou art so un-
Ah, God's! now, farewell Phrygia soil! farewell aye parents twain! [cruel pain.
Who seeks to put my love and me to death and
Ah, my beloved Clarisia! I wail to think of thee,
That thou shouldst sustain such wrong for love thou bearest me:
Impute unto thy loving knight no blame for this, my dear!
For gladly, if I could, I would have tarried with thee here.
Condit[*ions.*] Here? then were you unwise, if here you would stay, 'tis plain,
To have your lady and yourself of all holden in disdain:
And, therefore, without further talk, let us abide no longer here;

If you do, I am afraid you are like to buy your tarrying dear.

Lamp[*hedon.*] Well then, Conditions, I pray thee, with speed our shipping prepare.

[*Co*]*nditions.* Tush, tush! this is already done, let that be the least end of your care.

And, therefore, of all loves, let us be gone, lest unwares we be ta'en! [depart amain!

Mistress Clarisia! of all loves, persuade him to

[*Clar*]*isia.* Ah, my Lamphedon! wend we hence incontinent with speed; [decreed.

For, why, to work our final end they fully have

You need not fear for want of ship; Conditions hath been there [prepare:

At the sea coast already, sure, our shipping to

And, therefore, let us hence depart, and that incontinent.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Well then, let us depart, my dear! sith that you are so bent.

[*Con*]*ditions.* Are they gone? Conditions? Nay! Double Conditions is my name,

That for mine own advantage such dealings can frame. [king,

Nay! if we come in court again to serve a

Hang me, if I give not a thousand of them the fling!

To Thracia, quod you? There could be no better journey for me:

Well, I must be gone, for I can never be well till I a-shipboard be.

The Mariners within.

[*Ma*]*ster.* Ha la, boys! a baste! there cast haulser! a land!

[*Ma*]*st. Mate.* Veer, veer, come no near, lest we ground on the sand!

[*Boat*]*swain.* Launch out the cock, boys, and set the Master a-shore!

[*Mast. Mat*]*e.* The cock is launched, each man to his oar!

[*Con*]*ditions.* Hark! here comes our mariners to seek for Lamphedon and Clarisia, she

Who, I am sure, by this time already a-shipboard be.

[*Ma*]*ster.* A-shore, a-shore! each man on the land!

[*Ma*]*st. Mate.* Boy, come up! and ground the cock on the sand.

[*Con*]*ditions.* Twenty pound to a penny they are pirates that lands here about.

Ha! I am beset in such a sort that I cannot get in nor out:

There is no remedy, but I must stand to my tackling, hap good or ill:

I must needs draw; but if I fight, it shall be against my will.

Here entereth the Pirates with a song.

[*Mas*]*ter.* Ha! courageous, my mates, and excellent well done!

[*Ma*]*st. Mate.* By Gog's blood, Master! we were happy when to rob we begun.

[*Boat*]*swain.* It doth me good to see what booties we have had on the seas,

Which redounds to our profit, though to others disease.

[*Shipboy.*] Though I be but shipboy, I must needs speak my mind:

If the whole seas were searched such a shipful of thieves you could not find.

[*Boatswain.*] Speak soft, goodman boy! lest we be espied.

Condit[ions.] What, pirates? Nay! incontinent I will have that tried.

Gog's wounds defend ye! for I'll take you all myself.

Master. Wilt thou so? Nay, none but the shipboy shall deal with the elf!

Condi[tions.] With a boy? if thou be men, draw! and come try with me all.

Mast. M[ate.] Wilt thou so? By Gog's blood! this is a bold enterprise of a squall.

Boatsw[ain.] Well, sith he will needs, I'll deal with him myself, hand to hand.

Condit[ions.] Come on then! strike it out at length! but what! are you mariners?

I will not deal then with you, for all this land;

For they be good fellows, they be no quarrellers.

Boatsw[ain.] Why not with mariners, I pray thee? Come let us try it out.

Condit[ions.] Stay thy hand; it shall not be so, to put thee out of doubt:

Were it with dry water soldiers I would deal, if here were a score;

For I have dealt with forty at a time, and more.

Boatsw[ain.] Then it were too much for me to deal with you alone.

Condi[tions.] That is true; for, of a little man, where I hit, I break the bone.

Maste[r.] I pray you, sir, show us why you bear mariners such good will.

Condi[tions.] Because I am a mariner myself, and have excellent good skill.

Boatsw[ain.] And have you such excellent good skill indeed?

Then why, like a landman, go you in such a weed?

Condi[tions.] Lest the good deeds, which I have done on the seas,
Redound to my small comfort and ease.
Boatsw[ain.] Why, then it seems, by thy talk, thou hast been a pirate or this?
Condi[tions.] Yea, in faith! have I, and that knows mariners' ships I-wis.
Maste[r.] By Gog's blood! I will have him a-shipboard, or else I will die.
Condi[tions.] That is enough; I'll take you at your word, seeing there is no remedy.
Will you have me a-shipboard, whether I will or no?
Maste[r.] Yea, surely! defend thee! for I intend so.
Condi[tions.] Stay, stay! shall I be a sharer if quietly I go with you aboard?
All. There is our hands, we will make thee our captain, at a word.
Condi[tions.] Ah, captain! here is my hand to go with you, as is your desire.
But it were uncomely to play the seaman in landman's attire.
Mast[er.] No more thou shalt, for our other captain is dead,
And thou shalt have his attire, and his room, and lie in his bed.
Cond[itions.] Well then, come on! and let us a-shipboard, straight!
All. We are all ready on our captain for to wait.
Cond[itions.] But, sirs! there is a booty towards, if ye follow my advice, [wise.
And go to work withal, and show yourselves
All. What is that, captain? Declare to us all!

[*C*]*onditions*. It is a prey that will enrich both great and small, [a lady,
And 'tis this: there is a certain gentleman with
Ready shipped to sail into Thrace,
With great abundance of riches and wealth;
Now, if we could get into their way by stealth,
We should have such a booty, that we never had such another.

[*Bo*]*atswain*. By Gog's blood! he is an excellent captain, and far excels our other.
Captain, let us a-board! we are bound to do what you think best!

[*Co*]*nditions*. Come on then! let us away! —that in mariner's attire I were dressed!

Exeunt.

Here entereth Montagos with his daughter.

[*Mo*]*ntagos*. Come, Sabia, by and by, and show your father straight and quick,
In what place in te body you be so sore seek?
My tinke, you have te greta deseza in te belly and te heda.
By Got's lord, Sabia! you love te man, me am afraida. [and by;
And you so do, Sabia, express to your father by
By Cot's lord! me give twenty hundret pounds in marriage, truly: [my shild,
And terfore letta me know te man, good Sabia,
For me know well experienza, you love te man, me am no beguiled.

[*Sab*]*ia*. Good father! seem not to demand the thing I cannot show.
The wight whom burdened I am with, of truth, I do not know. [me
If that I were in love at all, in vain it were for
At any time to hide the same, such skill remains in be.

[*Mo*]*ntagos.* Ah, Sabia! say me not a so, for me know, by good experienza,
You love te mana long ago, terof a me lay a hundred penza.
Ha, ha, Sabia! how now? whata say you upon tis geara?
Me know, by good knowledga and your countenance, a deseza you beara.
And terfore, Sabia, expreza your fater what a gentleman a be.
Efata, Sabia, me do whata me can, to maka te marriage truely:
If a be marchanta, or gentleman, or knight, or whata mana a be,
Mit my passing coninga me can make him love tee.
And terfore expreza your fatera by and by.
[*Sabi*]*a.* Well, sith there is no remedy, in vain it is to deny.
Sir Nomides it is, that knight of Arabia, whom I do love in heart
And will, until his love I win, though I from life depart:
Lo, now ye know the wight, O sire! whom Cupid caused me to love.
But by no means I can devise, him will no pity move.
Though oftentimes I did entreat, still casting shame aside,
As often he refused the same, and still my suit denied:
Lo now, my sire! you know the wight, whose sight hath pierced my breast, [quiet rest.
That for his sake I may not take at all my
Mont[*agos.*] Sir Nomides! ha, ha, Sabia! data te mana dat causes you be seke so!

Me know well, you love te man, by good knowledga, long ago:
Well, Sabia, come home to your fader's house, mitout delay,
For me will go speak mit Sir Nomideza straightveay.
And me can mit my cunninga, me will marry you twain;
Terfore, Sabia, come home to your fater's house, me say again!

Sabia. Yes, father, sith that it is your will, I ready am to wait.

Mont[*agos.*] Well ten, come away, Sabia, mit your fater straight.

Exit Montagos.

Sabia. Ah, cruel, crabbed, currish imp! ah, stubborn, strong, stony heart
That can constrain a lady so to suffer deadly smart!
How canst thou safely, without shame, deny a lady's proffer?
Perchance thou mayest live thrice so long, and never have like offer.
Ah, heavenly powers! do grant that he may taste of my like pain,
And grant he fancy one whose love he never shall attain.
And furies all! agree in one to broil within her breast,
Whom he shall fancy in such sort, that she may him detest:
Then know I that he feels my pain, then tasteth he my grief, [some relief.
Then hope I that, in time, he will of me take
And that the same may come to pass, Alecto pierce her breast,

That amongst all she views with eye she may
him most detest:
So hope I that, in time, I shall, perforce, ob-
tain his love,
Through cunning skill of father mine, and help
of gods above.
Here entereth Lamphedon lamenting.
Lamph[edon.] Ah, God's! how have I been
through pirates' force on seas suppressed,
When that we thought, most quietly, from foes
to sail at rest:
How have the gods been changeable, or mut-
able in this case!
How have I been on tumbling waves sore
tossed from place to place!
How did those cruel pirates, they, my corps
cast into seas,
And yielded me to Neptune's waves, to carry
me where he please!
How rigorously dealt they with me and my
Clarisia dear,
Who, I know well, with cruelty was drowned
with me there!
Ah, ye powers! is lady mine bereft of life, or
do I but surmise?
Or do I but imagine so, or do I but devise?
Devise? what need I to devise on that with
ears I heard?
Then, wretch! unto thy ears, of force, thou
must give most regard:
Dealt not they cruelly with thee? Then what
cause had they to stay,
But work thy lady's final end, as thou didst
hear them say?
How can the swelling waves enclose that
tender corps of thine?

How could the cruel God of seas so view thy
latest fine?
Ah, Zepherus! would thou hadst closed my
love in thy sweet blast. [ground her cast,
When pirates flung her overboard, and on soft
Why was it not my chance, alas! to land in
place so good? [in seas is drowned?
Ha, wretch! hast thou forgot that lady thine
Draw forth thy lingering blade with speed, and
give thyself a wound.
Sith that her joy was joy to thee, let her death
be thine also, [heart from woe.
And with this goring blade of thine, deride this

Here entereth the mariners with a song.

Lustily, lustily, let us sail forth,
The wind trim doth serve us, it blows at the north.

All things we have ready, and nothing we want
To furnish our ship that rideth hereby:
Victuals and weapons, they be nothing scant,
Like worthy mariners ourselves we will try.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

Her flags be new trimmed set flaunting aloft,
Our ship for swift swimming, oh, she doth excel:
We fear no enemies, we have escaped them oft;
Of all ships that swimmeth, she beareth the bell.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

And here is a master excelleth in skill,
And our master's mate, he is not to seek:

And here is a boatswain will do his good will,
And here is a shipboy, we never had the leek.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

If fortune then fail not, and our next voyage prove,
We will return merrily, and make good cheer,
And hold all together, as friends linked in love;
The cans shall be filled with wine, ale and beer.
Lustily, lustily, &c.

Master. Hey lively, by Gog's blood! this booty was for our purpose fit;
It doth me good to think how I hurled him overboard yet! [the lady at every word,
Boatsw[ain.] And it doth me good to hear
Desirous not to hurl her lover overboard.
But she might cry her fill, for she was never the sooner heard,
For I helped to hurl him overboard, to her crying I took no regard:
When our captain heard it, he was in a rage that it was strange to see,
And out of hand would needs fight, and said it was 'long of me.
Master. Seeing our captain is gone with the lady to Marofus Isle away, [delay!
Let us make haste a-shipboard, without longer
Boatswa[in.] Content, Master! we intend to tarry no longer here.
Lamphe[don.] Nay, stay, you imps of Limbo lake! I wait your coming near.
Ah, wretches! who have drowned my love in floods of cruel force,
Defend you straight, for I do wait to wreak it on your corse:

Wherefore I say, defend you straight, my force you sure shall try.

Master. Ah, wretch! and art thou yet alive? Be sure we will thee not deny.

Ah, God's! what chance is this, that he should swim to land? [and hand.

I repent, by God's I swear, I tied him not foot

But well, sith that thou 'scaped art from drowning in this case:

Prepare thyself, either thou or we shall end our lives in place,

Wherefore, ah, wretch, we thee defy, as enemy to thy face!

Lamph[edon.] In hope of victory, I, of you in my sweet lady's case.

And therefore, wretches, prepare you to die.

They fig[ht.]

Boatsw[ain.] They are but fools that from thee would fly.

[*Lamphedon.*] Ha, Gods! he that doth trust too much his strength may chance to lose his life.

Boatsw[ain.] O, stay thy hand, courageous knight; good news here of thy wife!

[*Lam*]*phedon.* My wife? Ha, wretch! thou and thy mate have drowned her corps in seas.

[*Ma*]*ster.* Ha, no, sir knight! that is not so, rigour somewhat appease,

And I shall surely show you all.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* In hope to hear good news of thee, I, sure, pardon thee shall.

Stand up, and let me hear, with speed, what thou canst here express.

[*Ma*]*ster.* Well! sith there is no remedy, the truth I shall confess:

The lady, she hath still her life, and arrived
in Phrygia here, [there.
But going to Marofus Isle, to live as captive
For, why, we sent our captain now, to sell her,
if he might, [valiant fight:
To one Cardolus, who doth keep that isle by
Whom when he hath he doth enclose in mighty
turret high,
To see if any dares presume his force and
strength to try.
And lest that he should seem perforce to take
her and not pay,
We sent our captain, who will try his strength
both night and day,
Unless he have what is his due: lo, hear, O
worthy knight!
Vouchsafe to have remorse of me, who have
expressed the right,
And grant that I may now depart with this my
life away.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* In hope thou hast expressed
the truth, I mind thee not to stay;
Well, for this once I pardon thee, depart hence
when thou please.
[*Ma*]*ster.* Then lustily once more, by Gog's
blood! to the seas.
Why, I think it be my destiny to be hanged
or drowned;
I think never to die in my bed, for a hundred
pound! *Exit.*
[*Lam*]*phedon.* Proceed Lamphedon, cour-
ageously Cardolus' strength to try,
And either win thy love perforce, or in his
hands do die!
Shall lady thine thus live in thrall to tyrant
fierce of might?

Shall thy sweet lady wail for woe in turret day and night?
No, Lamphedon, let footsteps thine be pressed to Marofus to trade, [goring blade:
In hope to subdue the wretch with this thy
Let manly courage there be shown, let valiant heart be tried,
Let not this proffered challenge eke of thee once be denied.
Shall my lady live his thrall? No, Cardolus! think not but I,
Though thou hast Hercules' force, thy might and strength will try; [thine,
Or if that Gerberus his might did rest in body
I would not doubt for lady's sake thy vital days to fine;
Which done, my joys would new increase, where sorrows yet be rife,
If that through help of mighty Mars I may obtain my wife. [*Exit.*

Here entereth Clarisia and Conditions.

Condit[*ions.*] Mistress Clarisia! cast off care;
For your lord Lamphedon do not fear:
He is in health, though you think him to be drowned,
And thereof I dare lay five hundred pound.

Clarisia. Oh, Conditions! on that condition I think all travail no pain,
If thereby I mought win my Lamphedon again:
But ha, alas! he is drowned, I am sure.

Conditions. Lady Clarisia! leave off this talk, that your griefs doth procure.
If you will follow my counsel, and cast off all this doubt, [don out.
I will devise a means to find my lord Lamphe-

Clarisia. Yes, Conditions! I am content, and do agree to thy will.

Condit[ions.] Then, in one respect, you must needs my request herein fulfil;

And that is this: you must become a servant to a knight

Who dwelleth here hard by, who Leostines hight;

And whilst you abide there, myself will go search all about, [Lamphedon out.

Night and day, until I have found my lord

And when I have found him, doubt you not but that we twain [thence again:

Will, by a subtle means, convey you from

How say you, lady, to my device—are you herein content?

Clarisia. Yes, Conditions, to thy counsel I could well consent [again.

If thereby I mought obtain my loving knight

Condit[ions.] Doubt you not that I will omit any kind of pain

Until I have found him, either on sea or land.

Believe me, as I am an honest gentleman, here is my hand.

But I must request one thing more: you must change your usual name,

Lest you, being known, all our woes should frame:

And whereas your name is Clarisia, let it Metrea be;

Which done I doubt not but your knight in good health you shall see.

Clarisia. I warrant thee my name is Metrea, whatsoever they say.

Condit[ions.] Well, you must yourself to the knight's place take your way;

But besides, you must counterfeit your progeny, as you may,
Lest in uttering the same you work your own decay.
Clarisi[*a*]. Doubt you not, Conditions! for that I was born in Phrygia here.
Condi[*tions.*] That is sufficient; whatsoever they demand, hold you there.
Well, lady! here lies the ready way towards the knight's place;
Depart, when you please; I must seek out my master in any case.
Clarisi[*a.*] Content, Conditions! and farewell, till we meet again.
[*Cond.*] You will not believe how I grieve at the parting of us twain.
[*Clar*]*isia.* I pray thee, be content, Conditions, wail no more for me.
[*Con*]*ditions.* Ha, my good master, and my good mistress, for you I am as sorry as I can be!
[*Clari*]*sia.* I pray thee, leave off, Conditions, in hope of merry meeting! *Exit.*
[*Con*]*ditions.* Ha! now a plague of all such villains that caused us to have such greeting!
Ha, my good mistress! leave you off your wailing so sore for me: [be.
For I know you too well, kind-hearted for to
What! is she gone? have I been howling all this while, and know not wherefore?
Nay! and she begone so soon, by her leave, I'll lament no more. [counterfeit knave,
Ah, sirrah! to see the dissimulation of a crafty
That by flattery can bring to pass the thing he would have!

Wept! quod you? I have wept indeed; to put you out of doubt, [about.
Even as much as will drive half a dozen mills
But I must laugh to think on my pirates—filching knaves!
Their captain hath bored them through their noses like slaves.
They were not contented to make me captain, to serve them a-board,
But they must make a merchant of me with target and sword,
Thinking I would deal with Cardolus, if he would take her away.
Nay, by your leave! for women's causes I'll deal with no such play!
Fight, who so list, for me! [lady free.
But by this means I have devised to set the
I would not be a-board again for five hundred pound;
I dare swear, in one hour I should be both hanged, killed, and drowned.
Well, let me see! whither shall I trace, my master for to find?
Let me see! well fare a head that can bring such things in mind.
It may be that he hath heard the pirates for to say
That they would send his lady to Marofus Isle, to sell her away; [him again.
And that he is gone thither to win her from
Here is no remedy; I must thither, and that amain. *Exit.*

Here entereth Lamphedon.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Though deep despair doth drive, in doubt, due honour to disgrace;

Though dreadful dumps doth daunt the mind, being in uncouth place;
Though heart is harded to hazard forth, in lady's cause, to try [to die:
Against her cruel crabbed foe, and venture life
Yet, must he be advisedly, and in such kind of sort, [deserve report.
That as well through wit as strength, it may
Therefore, Lamphedon, take good heart, like Troilus in strength,
And live in hope, through fierce assault, to foil thy foe at length. [imagine just,
Though that thou want Ulysses' skill, for to
Or to divide, in rightest wise, which way begin thou must:
Behold, in heart, through fierce assault, thy cruel foe to foil;
And end his days, to merit praise or yield thee to the spoil.
I straight will summon on his shield, to try his force and strength,
In hope, through help of mighty Mars to win the field at length.
Thou tyrant, Cardolus! who dost enclose within thy fortress strong
Fair ladies to their mortal grief, and profferest them such wrong,
Come forth! for lo! mauger thy force I'll summon on thy shield:
In hope to set those ladies free, and end thy days in field.

Here entereth Cardolus.

Cardol[us.] What, vaunting varlet! dares presume to try Cardolus' strength,
Who never dealt with none as yet but foiled them all at length?

Who dares alive presume to tread within
Marofus Isle?
Except he licence crave of me I'll cause him
straight recoil.
What wight alive dares once presume to
summon on my shield?
Who dares presume, for lady's cause, to try
my strength in field?
And yet, methought, I heard someone to
summon on the same;
Tush, Cardolus! he is fled for dread, and hides
his head for shame!
Lamph[edon.] No, Cardolus! think not but
I, who present here do stand,
Dare try thy strength, with courage bold, and
foil thee hand to hand.
What thinkest thou that I come to thee, to
summon on thy shield,
And dare not view thy warlike show, that thou
dost make in field?
Yes, yes, Cardolus! prepare thyself, if so thou
thinkest best;
For lo! to set those ladies free—behold, I here
am pressed!
And, therefore, yield them straight to me from
out thy prison strong;
Or else prepare to [try] thy strength, I will no
time prolong.
Cardo[lus.] Alas, poor wretch! what
meanest thou—to trace from native soil,
To end thy days by me, thy foe, within
Marofus Isle?
Thinkest thou thyself meet matched, wretch!
to deal in fight with me?
In faith, princox! I doubt not but soon thy
courage cooled shall be.

Lamp[*hedon.*] What, Cardolus! first let us try, and when that we have done,
Let him that doth subdue his foe vaunt of victory won:
For, why? the wight that reckoneth, before that he obtain,
May chance to reckon twice, and then his reckoning is in vain.
So thou, to vaunt of victory before thou gain the same,
Mayest chance to have thy peacock's tail brought low unto thy shame.
And, therefore, let us first begin, and when that we have done,
Let him triumph with victory that hath the conquest won!

[*Car*]*dolus.* Sayest thou me so, princox? with speed then defend thee!

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Do thy worst, Cardolus! I fear not, so I intend me.

[*Car*]*dolus.* O Gods! for want of breath my might begins to fail.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Then lustily, Lamphedon, thy foe to assail!

[*Car*]*dolus.* O stay, sir knight! end not through fight my days, but grant me grace.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Ah, wretch! I deny thee, for I intend to slay thee or I from hence trace.

[*Car*]*dolus.* O, stay thy hand, most worthy knight, and grant to me my life!

And thou shalt see if in my hold there do remain thy wife!

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Nay, wretch! that shall me not suffice, for I will straight set free

All ladies that within thy hold, as it remaining be;
And yet, besides, I'll end thy days, or I from hence do go.
[*Car*]*dolus.* O, stay thy hand, most worthy knight! and work not my last woe.
All that which appertains to me I fully yield to thee,
If so thou wilt ostend thy grace, and pardon grant to me.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* Well, I am persuaded in my mind thy pardon for to grant;
Although, at first, or we begun, of victory thou didst vaunt;
Yet shall it be to this intent: thou yearly shalt resign
For this Marofus Isle, the which I may now keep as mine,
Five hundred crowns yearly to pay, at Pentecost the same,
Or else, be sure, the sum unpaid, I'll end thy days with shame:
And eke besides I'll set them free that in thy hold do rest—
How sayest thou now? do answer me as please thy fancy best!
[*Car*]*dolus.* O worthy knight! I grant thereto, thy tribute for to pay,
And live thy thrall at beck and call, until my dying day:
And eke beside those ladies which thou cam'st for to set free,
Take here the keys, with humble heart I yield them all to thee.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* Well then, stand up, Cardolus! straight, and let us hence depart;

For who to view my lady, she, I do desire with heart:
Wherefore, Cardolus, come away, I charge thee straight, with speed.
[*Card*]*olus*. I ready am to wait, sir knight! when you shall think it need. [*Exeunt.*
Here entereth Nomides.
[*Nom*]*ides*. Ah, Gods! what wight hath greater cause for to lament than I,
That caused am to crave the thing that oft I did deny?
What wight would sue unto his foe whom oft he did offend? [friend?
Or mercy crave, at any time, of cruel crabbed
Ha, Nomides! thou forced art to bow to Cupid, he,
Whom thou before didst so abhor, his captive thrall to be.
Why did I spite, like wretchless knight, thy cunning state or force?
Why did I eke this defame speak, just cause of no remorse?
Ha, God's! am I become a lover now, or suitor for to be,
Whom erst did force no whit for love, nor for Cupido, he?
Would God's, when first I viewed the sight of Metrea, that dame,
Whose comely favour it was that forced my heart to flame:
I had been viewing of the thing which man doth most detest;
Then should not woful lover's pains have broiled in my breast.
Ha, Metrea! would God's! my sore were in thy breast a grief;

Then would I nothing doubt, but that in time to have relief.
Why, Nomides, dost thou not know she is but a servant, she,
And thou a knight, and valiant wight, of famous stock to be?
Why shouldest thou ought to despair herein? but bolden forth, my heart,
Sith that thou art constrained through force of blind Cupido's dart!
But ha, alas! this grieves my heart, that Leostines her master, he, [to me;
Of long hath been for former grudge an enemy
Which will be cause I may not come to speak with her at all,
For view her crystal hue, whose sight it was, that forced my fall!
But stay, good news! I see here enters thy lady's woman-fool;
Whom she, for charity, took in, and keepeth yet to school.
Now shall I know of simple soul where my sweet lady is,
Or send her letters, if I please, and of her sight not miss.

Here entereth Lomia, the natural.

Lomia. Heigh! dill-a-ding, dill-a-ding, dat's a good boy,
Thou shalt go with me a Sunday:
Ha, barlaking! I am a trim schollard, and a good wench; indeed,
My lady says and I will learn well and take heed,
She will give me a trim velvet cap with a feather
To put on my head against cold weather;

And my lady will make me a trim long coat,
down to the ground;
And if any will marry me, she will give him
twenty and a hundred pound.
My lady can dance—so she can; and I must
learn too,
Else I shall never get me a husband, for all
that ever I can do.
And my lady can play tidull-tidull, in a pair of
virgin holes,
And I must learn every day too, as soon as I
have fet in coals.
And my lady will be here anon, and we must
walk together,
If it hold up and do not rain, but be fair
weather.
Dat's a good baby! cry out than,
And thou shalt have a napell anan.

[*Nom*]*ides*. Now, hope doth say I shall
obtain the sight of lady dear,
If for her sake some pains I take, to stay her
coming here.
I'll fall in talk with this her fool, till she ap-
proach in place; [my case.
Whereby I may more familiarly declare to her
How now, fair lady! whither pass you this
way? [did.

[*Lom*]*ia*. Forsooth, my lady! her nown self

[*Nom*]*ides*. What did thy lady?

[*Lom*]*ia*. Marry! give me leave to play.

[*Nom*]*ides*. Who is thy lady, and what is
thy name?

[*Lom*]*ia*. I am Lomia, and she my lady
Metrea, that late hither came.

[*Nom*]*ides*. How sayest thou, my lady
Lomia, wilt thou change coats with me?

[*Lom*]*ia.* No! think not you have a fool in hand, I warrant ye!

[*Nom*]*ides.* Why, Lomia! my cloak will become thee excellent and brave.

[*Lom*]*ia.* Away! I'll none of your clothes, I'll tell my lady you are a knave.

I cannot on my lady's arrant go,
But you will be meddling with maids, whether they will or no;
If thou werst no honester than I, thou wouldst play the knave.
But I'll tell my lady on thee, so I will, what thou wouldst have.

[*Nom*]*ides.* Nay, Lomia! do not, and I'll give thee a penny, to buy thy baby clouts.

[*Lom*]*ia.* Ah! you mock me, so you do, you do but flouts:
Gaffer, ah! you mock, you will give us none at all.

[*Nom*]*ides.* Here it is, Lomia, to buy thee a minever cap or a caul.

[*Lom*]*ia.* O God! is it good to eat, gaffer, how say you?

[*Nom*]*ides.* Taste it, Lomia! 'tis some hard to digest, I tell you true.

[*Lom*]*ia.* O God! O God! I'll tell my lady, she will be here by and by,
That you give folks hard gear to eat, to make them cry:
O God! my lady, come to this hangman, and beat him away.

Here entereth Metrea.

[*Metr*]*ea.* How now, my lady Lomia! how chance it you do stay?

[*Lom*]*ia.* My lady, here's a hangman, will not let maids alone;

But gives folks hard gear to eat, as hard as a bone.

[*Metrea.*] Did he, Lomia? we will put water in his pottage, and cut his roast meat with a knife.

But, perchance, he is enamoured of thee, he will have thee to his wife.

Lomia. I'll be none of his wife, my lady; he is a trim husband for you.

Nomi[*des.*] I perceive, though fools want discretion, yet their meaning are true.

Fair lady! in absence yours as I abroad did trace, [ference for a space:

I met your female fool, with whom I had con-

Of which I hope you will accept the same in way of jest,

And not to judge of simple men, as women think it best.

Metrea. Though women some there be that judge of men devoid of skill,

There are, sure, thrice as many men that deem of women ill;

And, therefore, sure, that argues not: men do the worst they can;

And women, by your leave, at times will do as ill as man.

Who though, sir knight, let's leave this talk, I am no pleader, I.

Nomi[*des.*] Yet hear my talk, O peerless dame, and then seem to reply!

Metrea. At your request awhile I'll stay, your talk, sir knight, to hear.

Nomi[*des.*] Then hope I that nought but true faith in me shall well appear.

Lady! the wounded deer, whose tender breast is pressed with quarrel ground,

And forced eke, through fierce assault, to yield
to ravening hound,
For spilling blood to issue out from tender
breast apace,
Begins to trudge with triple steps before his
foes in chase:
The eager hound pursues amain, till deer his
foam doth cast
In midst of way, which plain doth show he
near hath run his last.
The hound, whose nature is to know what state
the deer is in,
For to procure more fresh assault, he straight
doth there begin;
And, at length, he pulls him down, except he
water take;
Which, if he may, then is he sure the hounds
will him forsake.
So I, whose heart is cloven in twain, through
quarrel fiercely shot,
That from my tender breast the blood, like
fountains droppeth hot,
Am fain, like deer through greedy hound, from
herd for to depart, [subvert.
By reason of the blinded boy, that did me so
The hounds of grief unherded me, and
drowned me in chase,
Where I with triple steps did fly; but they
pursued apace;
Till, at the length, my strength did waste, and
running eke did fail;
For, why? the hounds of deep despair my
senses did so assail. [back;
The froth, also, is ready cast upon my tender
For, why? alas! they me pursued; but I, being
too slack,

Now want I nought but water brook, which if I may obtain, ['scape unslain.
O lady dear! then am I sure from hounds to
Lo, hear, dear dame! judge of the same as lightly as you may!
[*Me*]*trea.* I shall, sir knight, unto my might and simple skill here say:
Accursed may that brook be, sure, that would not you embrace;
For whose sweet sake you wounded were and eke pursued in chase.
Her silver streams unworthy is her wonted course to keep,
And for such an envious offence a thousand woes to reap.
But if I were the brook, sir knight, and that it lay in me [misery,
To aid you from your cruel foes, and, from this
I would. Wherefore, accept, sir knight, my good will, if you please.
[*No*]*mides.* Fair lady, in none but you it lieth my sorrows for to ease.
'Tis you yourself, O noble dame! whom you accused thus; [to discuss.
Who never knew my grief before, the truth for
You are the streams, for whose sweet sake I have desired so,
After my grievous wound once given, to 'scape to, from my foe.
Accept my suit, O peerless dame, deny not my good will; [desired still;
But yield to me my wished prey, which I
And let me not, for your sweet sake, O lady! die for love.
[*Met*]*rea.* Sir knight, there stay; demand the thing no more that will not prove.

I am ready linked in love with one, who faithful is;
For whose sweet sake I'll never love, if of his love I miss.
[*Nom*]*ides*. Why, lady, then you kill my heart for aye!
[*Met*]*rea*. What, nay! take a man to play such a part, and the night shall be day.
Come, Lomie, let us hence straight wend!
[*No*]*mides*. Why, lady? Then my life shall end! [fear.
[*Metr*]*ea*. No, no, sir knight, you need not
[*Nom*]*ides*. Well, lady, for your sweet sake the griefs I bear. [hence away.
[*Met*]*rea*. Come, rise, Lomia! and let us *Exit.*
[*Lom*]*ia*. Yes, forsooth, my lady; shall we go play?
Gaffer, I thank you for my penny, to buy my baby some clouts.
O God! hangman you! I forgot to tell that you did flouts. *Exit.*
[*Nom*]*ides*. O God's! how like is this the suit of lady Sabia, she,
Who seeks each way, both night and day, to gain the love of me!
Now may I say that heavenly powers doth justly me reward, [light regard.
For that to Sabia's proffered love I took so
Yet shall not this dismay me ought, yet once more will I prove,
Experience shows faint-hearted knights wins never fair ladies' love!
And women are of nature such they always do require
That men should seek, and also creep, to gain that they desire. [*Exit.*

Here entereth Lamphedon.

Lamph[edon.] O God's! what wight is pinched with pain, as is Lamphedon, he?
What heart hath had so sudden joy, and straight such misery?
Clarisia! for thy sake I forced nought, to try Cardolus' strength;
In hope for to have found thee there, to breed my joy at length. [doth tell
But, alas! hope fails me now; experience plain
That cruel pirates drowned my love in foaming waves that swell. [dolus, he.
In vain I did the combat fight with stout Car-
Would God's! it had now been his chance, in fight to have slain me!
Not Tantalus in hell doth feel the torments which I taste;
Nor Sisiphus who rolls the stone, and it rebounds in haste; [Limbo lake
Not all the Furies in like case, nor imps of
Scarce feels the torments I sustain for my dear lady's sake!
Well, Lamphedon! sith lady thine is dead and drowned long time since, [from hence.
Prepare to end thy vital days, or thou depart
Draw forth thy blade! seek to invade the breath that lies in breast!
Regard not life, since care and strife will never let thee rest. [wonted joy,
But first, ye Muses nine! refrain from notes of
And from your instruments so sweet to wail my great annoy.
Now cease thy plaints, Lamphedon, wretch! and end thy cares and woe;
And rid thy life with goring knife, or thou from Isle dost go.

And powers do grant for to receive my soul to heavens high,
And that it there may take rest, where my sweet lady doth lie.

Here entereth Conditions.

Condi[tions.] Stay thy hand, Cardolus! for I come not for to fight;
As I am an honest gentleman and a right courteous knight.

Lamp[hedon.] Ha, God's! good news I hope, for this the captain, sure, should be
With whom, they say, they sent my love to sell to Cardolus, he.
Come forth, thou wretch, and straight confess where my dear lady is, [not miss!
Or else to work thy final end, be sure, I shall

Cond[itions.] Ha, Cardolus! I mind not fight to gain five hundred pound.

Lamp[hedon.] Then wherefore didst thou venture to tread on his ground?

Cond[itions.] Ha, to bring such news as is for your ease!

Lamp[hedon.] What is that? express it quickly, and seem not to lease!

Cond[itions.] If you take me with a lie, hang me like a counterfeit knave.

[Lam]phedon. Come forth! if it be for my behoof, due pardon thou shalt have.

[Con]ditions. Ha! was there ever villain in such kind of taking as I?
I am so beset that 'tis unpossible to devise a lie.
And shall please you, Cardolus! there is a certain knight
Coming to win away one of your ladies fair, by fight.

Now I, for good will I bear you, came to tell you the same,
Lest in sudden, at unwares, your woes he should chance to frame.
For he is the veriest sot that ever looked champion on the face;
I dare swear, if you give him a blow, he would run hence apace.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* If all this be true, I thank thee for thy good will;
But I pray thee, express his name that mindeth me such ill.
[*Con*]*ditions.* Ah! now am I ready to bewray myself for fear;
For I am in doubt that Lamphedon already hath been here.
Well, whether he hath or not, the truth needs I must say,
Lest I, being proved contrary, should work mine own decay.
Ha! and it shall please you, Lamphedon is his name,
The Duke's son of Phrygia, that pretended the same.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* Ha, wretch! where is my lady thou brought'st to sell to Cardolus, he?
Confess the truth, or be thou sure thy days soon ended shall be!
[*Con*]*ditions.* Ha, Cardolus, stay thy hand! I'll fight for no lady, I.
[*Lam*]*phedon.* No, wretch! my name is Lamphedon, and that thou soon shalt try.
[*Con*]*ditions.* Jesus! know you not me? I am Conditions, your man,
And for naught else, to seek you only, I hither ran.

[*Lam*]*phedon.* Conditions, stand up! I have subdued Cardolus, and am never the near;
And have set all his captives free, but Clarisia is not there:
Which breedeth my care, and impaireth my wealth.
[*Con*]*ditions.* Be of good cheer, noble Lamphedon! your lady is in health;
But is in Phrygia as a servant, with Leostines, he,
And liveth in great grief and misery:
For why? she thinks you not alive, but drowned: this is plain.
[*Lamp*]*hedon.* Ha, God's! is this true, Conditions, and dost thou not feign?
[*Cond*]*itions.* Jesus! why, when did you take me with a lie?
Be bold! that which I once say, I will not deny.
[*Lamph*]*edon.* How came my lady to be a servant? I pray thee, express!
[*Cond*]*itions.* As we trace on our way, the whole to you I shall confess.
But where is Cardolus, noble knight, that he is not in place?
[*Lamp*]*hedon.* I have pardoned him, Conditions, and granted him grace
Upon condition he shall never offend lady again,
And eke to yield me tribute, whilst life he doth retain.
Condit[*ions.*] Well, then, let us be jogging towards your lady apace.
Lamph[*edon.*] That is the place to which I most desire to trace:
Wherefore, with speed, Conditions, come let us away! *Exit.*

Conditi[ons.] Proceed on! for, by your leave, I mind not here to stay;
I would it had been my chance to try with Cardolus, he!
Ha! 'tis a wonder that such strength in a little man's arm should be.
But, by your leave, 'tis good to be merry and wise, the truth to say;
'Tis not for the weak heart with the lion for to play.
Well, there is no remedy, I must after my master Lamphedon, he,
For I dare swear he thinks it long till with his lady he be! [*Exit.*

Here entereth Leostines with Metrea.

Leostin[es.] Lady Metrea, and servant eke, attentive be with speed!
For, why? to rest thy faithful friend, behold! I have decreed;
Sith that the powers have lent to me none heir for to enjoy
My lordship great, when sisters three shall breed my last annoy;
And sith in such strange kind of sort thou happenedst to me,
Thou shalt from this time forth, dear dame! no more a servant be; [daughter dear,
But I will take thee as my own and only
For that I see virginity in thee doth still appear.
And when that death shall end my days, and I to ground am thrown,
For virtues, that in you we see, receive even as thine own
My lands and lordships every deal; but if the powers grant life,

We will do, what there lieth in us, to spouse thee as a wife
Unto some knight of famous stock, and so prefer thy state
In matching thee with such a one as shall thee not forsake.
Lo, here, dear dame! accept me still, even as thy only sire;
And when thou wants, ask what thou wilt, thou shalt have thy desire.
Metrea. Right loving lord Leostines, and only master eke,
Whose heart is set and also bent, my only joys to seek,
Do grant your simple servant here to utter forth her mind;
And then accept her, as she is, and as you do her find!
Leosti[nes.] Why, Metrea, ask what thou wilt, I am contented, I.
Metrea. Then aid Apollo, pleasant Muse, me rightly to reply! [like case,
Right reverend lord Leostines, and master in
I yield your highness entire thanks, and, if the gods grant grace, [fully remain;
I shall your simple fondling here still duti-
Else thy heavens me consume with speed, and end my days with pain.
I am your simple servant here, and still would gladly rest,
But that your highness hath devise what for my state is best.
Yet have I one thing to demand, O worthy lord! of thee,
Which if I may obtain, I doubt in happy state to be.

[*Leo*]*stines*. Why, what is that, my Metrea? do straight express the same.

[*Met*]*rea*. 'Tis all my whole desire, dear lord! to gain a virgin's name.

[*Leo*]*stines*. Why, Metrea, what should you so desire to live in such a solemn sort,
And through your single life in time to gain some mis-report?
Why should you eke disdain the state of wedlock in this case?
Or seem for to abuse the law of Juno's noble grace?
No, do not so, my Metrea dear! sith that dame Nature, she,
Hath framed with skilful workmanship such comeliness in thee.
Thou mayest in time obtain some one unto thy loving pheer,
As will thee count his chiefest joy and only darling dear.
Wherefore, be ruled, persuade thy mind, incline to my request,
And I will seek, if God permit, what for thy state is best; [agree.
Which shall be also to thy mind, if so thou will

[*Metr*]*ea*. Ye heavens! still do strengthen me! [unable is,
Dear lord Leostines, more to say my tongue
To render you the entire thanks that you deserve I-wis; [you find,
Yet, hope I that your honour will consider, as
Sith that my tongue unable is to utter as I mind; [Dian's chase,
So grant your simple servant here to live in
For so she sets her whole delight, each folly to displace.

She forceth nought of Juno's games, she counts
them but abuse; [refuse.
To rest in true virginity, such games she will
Lo, here, dear lord! do grant to her in virgin's
state to rest;
For why? I think and deem, in mind, that for
my state is best.
And not for that I think my wit should pass
your noble skill;
But from my infancy till now have I request it
still.
Lo, hear, dear lord! on knees I crave the
sum of my desire!
[*Leost*]*ines*. Stand up, Metrea! sith thou
wilt, needs thou shalt the same aspire.
I am content that thou shalt live in virgin's
sacred law;
So that without my full consent from thence
thou never draw.
No! this is all I bind thee to; answer me, I
crave.

[*The remainder is lost.*]

The Enterlude of a Contract of Marriage between Wit and Wisdom

The Contract of a Marriage between Wit and Wisdom very fruitful and mixed full of pleasant mirth as well for the beholders as the readers or hearers: never before imprinted

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The division of the parts for six to play this interlude:

The Prologue Idleness Epilogue	For one.	Wantonness Fancy Doll	For one.
Severity Irksomeness Snatch Honest recreat:	For one.	Wit Search Inquisition	For one.
Indulgence Wisdom Mother Bee	For one	Good Nurture Catch Lob	For one.

THE MARRIAGE OF WIT AND WISDOM

The Prologue.

Who marks the common course of youthful wandering wits,
Shall see the most of them frequent where Idleness still sits; [a one,
And how the Irksomeness doth murder many
Before that they, to wisdom's-ward, the half way yet have gone.
Except good Nurture do, with some severity,
Conduct them to Parnassus mount well favor'd (?) with levity. [made
But if it hap, in fine, that Wit the mate be
Of Wisdom, such a worthy wife, to follow godly trade, [depend;
Then shall you see whereon Dame Virtue doth
Not all the world besides, forsooth! so meet a match can mend. [awry,
But else, if Wit should wag, and hap to wave
Without, then, any rightful rule, and reasons good supply, [aboard;
Then Fancy frames effects to bring his brain
And shelve his ship in haven's mouth, ere it the seas have scoured.
Whereby you may perceive that Wisdom [is the wight]

That must conform a youthful Wit and bring
it in good plight. [my charge,
The proof, the sequel shows, for I have done
And to the actors must give place to set it
forth at large. *Exit.*

[The First Act.]

The First Scene.

Enter Severity and his wife, Indulgence, and their son, Wit.

Severity. My son, draw near, give ear to
me, and mark the cause aright
For which I call thee to this place; let all thy
whole delight [virtue's trace;
Be still in serving God aright; and trading
And labour learning for to get whilst thou hast
time and space.
I now have brought thee on the way the thing
for to attain;
Which, son, if thou might'st hap to hit, will
turn unto thy gain.
Thou knowest how chargeable a thing thy
learning is to me;
Thou knowest also the care I take for to provide for thee;
And now, since that thine age draw on to
nature's riper state,
My purpose is and full intent to find for thee a
mate
With whom thou mayest dispend the rest of
this thy life to come; [mother, done.
And joy as I, thy father, have with this, thy

Indulgence. Indeed, good husband, that were good—we have no more but he;
My heart, methinks, would be at rest him matched for to see.
But yet, my dear Severity, be heedful, for your life,
That she be able for to live that he shall take to wife.
Severity. Well, as for that I shall foresee; for why, I know right well [doth excel;
That she whom I do mean is rich, and highly
Wherefore, son Wit, mark well my tale! Dame Wisdom is the wight
Whom you shall labour to espouse with all your main and might.
And if that she will be your wife, look what I leave behind:
You shall possess it full and whole, according unto kind;
But if you find some worser haunt, and hap to run by rote,
I promise thee, before these folk, thoust never cost me groat.
Wit. Dear father, for your grave advice right humble thanks I give, [shall live;
Intending to obey your charge so long as I
Now if that Wit with Wisdom may be linked fast in love,
Then Wit shall think himself right blest of God that sits above!
Indulgence. Well said, good Wit, and hold thee there, I tell thee this before:
Indulgence, when thou married art, hath butter-pence in store.
Severity. Such pamp'ring mothers do more harm than e'er they can do good.

Indulgence. If you had felt the pain we feel, you then would change your mood.

Severity. You show that you the mother are of this the outward man,

And not of mine; for, if you were, you would be careful then [aspire

To give him counsel; how to use himself for to

To Wisdom's friendships and her love, the which we do desire.

Indulgence. Alas! good sir; why hearken, Wit, what counsel I can give;

Whenas thou com'st to Wisdom's house, then may'st thou it appreve:

Take heed that thou art neat and fine, and go straight bolt upright, [first sight.

And cast a cheerful look on her, smiling at the

And when thou com'st to talk with her, forget not for to praise

Her house, herself, and all her things, and still be glad to please; [sight,

Be diligent to do for her, be pleasant in her

Say as she saith, although that she do say the crow is white; [red gold,

And if she have mind to ought, although it cost

Provide it for her, and thou may'st be more welcome and more bold!

Severity. See! see! what counsel you can give; you show your nature plain;

This counsel liketh Wit right well, and mak'th him all-too fain.

But, sirrah! if thou list to thrive, mark well what I shall say, [ready way:

That Wisdom may become your wife this is the

Apply your book and still beware of Idleness, I say, [day.

For he a enemy hath been to Virtue many a

Beware of Irksomeness, I say, which is a monster fell,
And near to lady Wisdom's house doth always use to dwell; [Idleness;
For he will have a fling at you, and so will
Therefore, beware of these two folks, and God will sure you bless.

Wit. As duty doth require in me, I thank you humbly [earnestly
For these your fatherly precepts, and purpose
For to observe that you command, and these my foes to watch,
Lest they, perhaps, ere I beware, me in their snares should catch.

Indulgence. Well, yet before thee goest, hold! hear my blessing in a clout,
Well fare the mother at a need, stand to thy tackling stout!

Wit. Mother, I thank you heartily, and you, father, likewise; [my enterprise.
And both your blessings here I crave in this

Both. God bless thee, Wit, our son, and send thee good success.

Wit. I thank you both, and pray to God to send to you no less!

Exeunt Severity and Indulgence.

Wit. God grant this my purpose may come unto good effect;
Well, now I must about this gear, I must it not forget. *Exit.*

[The First Act.]

The Second Scene.

Enter Idleness, the vice.

[*Idleness.*] Ah! sirrah! my masters! how fare you at this blessed day?
What, I ween all this company are come to see a play!
What lackest thee, good fellow? didst thee ne'er see man before?
Here is a gazing! I am the best man in the company when there is no more.
As for my properties I am sure you know them of old:
I can eat till I sweat, and work till I am a-cold.
I am always troubled with the litherlurden, I love so to li[n]ger;
I am so lazy the moss groweth an inch thick on the top of my finger!
But if you list to know my name, I wis I am too well known to some men: [pan!
My name is Idleness, the flower of the frying-
My mother had two whelps at one litter, both born in Lent;
So we were both put into a mussel-boat,
And came sailing in a sow's ear over sea into Kent.
My brother, Irksomeness, and I catch the dog.
Being disposed to make merry,
We got us both down to Harlowe-bery.
But what is that to the purpose—perhaps you would know?
Give me leave but a little, and I will you show.
My name is Idleness, as I told you before,
And my mother, Ignorance, sent me hither;

I pray thee, sirrah! what more?
Marry, my masters! she sent me the counterfeit crank for to play; [way;
And to lead Wit, Severity's son, out of the
He should mock a marriage with Wisdom, in all haste, as they talk; [malt—
But stay there awhile!—soft fire makes sweet
I must be firm to bring him out of his brown study, on this fashion:
I will turn my name from Idleness to Honest Recreation; [tonness's man;
And then I will bring him to be Mistress Wan-
And afaith! then he is in for a beard, get out how he can!
But soft yet, my masters! who is within?
Open the door and pull out the pin!
Wantonness entereth, and sayeth:
What, Doll, I say, open the door! Who is in the street? [feet,
What, Mr. Idleness! lay a straw under your
I pray you, and me may ask you what wind brought you hither?
Idleness. A little wind; I warrant you
I am as light as any feather!
But, hark thee! [*Whispers.*
Wantonness. What, it is not so? will he come indeed?
Idleness. Nay, if I say the word thou mayest believe, as thy creed;
But when he comes, you must be courteous, I tell you,
And you shall find him as gentle as a falcon,
Every fool's fellow.
What, methinks you are with child!
Wantonness. Nay, my belly doth swell with eating of eggs.

Idleness. Nay, by St. Anne, I am afraid it is a timpany with two legs!
Away, get thee in! *Exit.*

Enter Wit.

[*Wit.*] My father, he hath charged me the thing to take in hand,
Which seems to me to be so hard, it cannot well be scanned;
For I have toiled in my book where Wisdom much is praised, [eased;
But she is so hard to find that I am nothing
I would I had been set to blow, or to some other trade, [shift have made.
And then I might some leisure find, and better
But now I swink and sweat in vain; my labour hath no end;
And, moping in my study still, my youthful years I spend.
Would God that I might hap to hit upon some good resort,
Some pleasant pastime for to find, and use some better sport.

Idleness. Marry! no better; I am even as fit for that purpose as a rope for a thief;
And you will be lusty, cry Hay! amongst knaves I am the chief.

Wit. What, good fellow, art thou? what is [thy name?

Idleness. In faith I am Ipse, he, even the very same!
A man of great estimation in mine own [country;
I was never stained but once, falling out of my mother's plum tree.

Wit. Thou art a merry fellow and wise and if thou keep thyself warm.

Idleness. In faith, I have a mother-wit, but I think no harm.

Wit. I pray thee, what is thy name? to me it declare.

Idleness. Nay, I am no niggard of my name, for that I will not spare. [now,

Ha! by the mass! I could have told you, even

What a short-brained villain am I: I am as wise as my mother's sow! [tell?

I pray you, sir, what is my name? cannot you

Is there any here that knows where my god-father doth dwell?

Gentlemen, if you will tarry while I go look,

I am sure my name is in the church book.

Wit. I prithee, come off! and tell me thy name with readiness. [name is Idleness.

Idleness. Faith, if you will needs know, my

Wit. Marry! fie on thee, knave! I mean not thy company.

Idleness. What, because I spoke in jest, will you take it so angrily?

For my name is Honest Recreation, I let you well to wit,

There is not in all the world a companion for you more fit. [tion

Wit. And if thy name be Honest Recrea-

Thou art as welcome as any in this land.

Idleness. Yea, marry is it!

Wit. Why, then, give me thy hand.

Idleness. In faith, I thank you. You are come of a gentle birth;

And, therefore, I will bring you acquainted with a gentlewoman called Modest Mirth.

Wit. Yea, marry! with all my heart, and God have mercy! [us go.

Idleness. Why then, come away, come! let

[*Exit Wit. Enter Wantonness.*

Ho, God be here!

Wantonness. What, Master Honest Recreation, I pray you draw near.

Idleness. Nay, I pray you come hither; come, I pray ye.

Wantonness. I come.

Idleness. Nay, but in any wise hide your belly.

Wantonness. It is a child of your getting.

Idleness. I, it hath fathers at large;
But here comes in Wit that is like to bear all the charge. [*Wit returns.*
Gentleman, here is the gentlewoman!
Kiss her, I say, I am a whoreson else!
If I had know[n] you would not have kissed her
I would have kissed her myself.

Wit. Gentlewoman, this shall be to desire you of more acquaintance.

Wantonness. Sir, a ought I may pleasure you I will give attendance;
To have many suitors my lot doth befall,
But yet methink I like you best of all.

Idleness. Yea, she might have had many men of knavery and of stealth.

Wantonness. What sayest thou?

Idleness. Marry! you might have had many men of bravery and wealth;
But yet methinks there cannot be a match more fit
Than between Mistress Modest Mirth and you, Master Wit.

Wantonness. That is well said.

Idleness. Yea, and that will be a ready carriage to the rope.

Wantonness. What sayest thou?

Idleness. That will be a speedy marriage, I hope.

Wantonness. By my troth! I am so weary,
I must needs sit down;
My legs will not hold me. [be so bold.
Wit. Then will I sit down by you, if I may
Idleness. Here is love, sir reverence! this
gear is even fit; [of wit!
Oh! here is a head hath a counting-house full
Wit. I am sure you are cunning in music,
And therefore, if you please, sing us a song.
Wantonness. That will I, if it were for your ease.

Here shall Wantonness sing this song to the tune of "Attend thee, go play thee"; and having sung him asleep upon her lap, let him snort; then let her set a fool's bauble on his head, and colling his face: and Idleness shall steal away his purse from him, and go his ways.

THE SONG.

Lie still, and here nest thee;
Good Wit, lie and rest thee,
And in my lap take thou thy sleep;
Since Idleness brought thee,
And now I have caught thee,
I charge thee let care away creep.
So now that he sleeps full soundly,
Now purpose I roundly,
Trick this pretty doddy,
And make him a noddy,
And make him a noddy!

Since he was unstable,
He now wears a bable,
Since Idleness led him away;
And now of a scholar

I will make him a collier,
Since Wantonness beareth the sway:
Well, now I have him changed,
I needs must be ranging;
I now must go pack me,
For my gossips will lack me,
For my, &c.

Enter Good Nurture, speaking this:

I marvel where my schollard, Wit, is now of late become? [run;
I fear lest with ill company he happen for to
For I, Good Nurture, commonly among all men am counted,
But Wit, by this his straying so, I fear hath me renounced.
Severity, his father, sure is grave and wise withal,
But yet his mother's pamp'ring will bring his son to thrall.

Here he stayeth, stumbling at Wit as he lieth asleep.

Why, how now! ho! what wight is this on whom we now have hit?
Soft! let me see; this same is he; yea, truly, this is Wit! *Here he awaketh him.*
What, Wit, I say, arise for shame! O God! where hast thou been? [wast in.
The company made thee a fool that thou of late

Here he riseth, rubbing his eyes, and saying:

O, arrant strumpet that she was that ran me in this case!

Good Nurture. Nay, rather thou art much to blame to be with such in place.

Here he [i.e., *Wit*] *washeth his face and taketh off the bauble.*

Come on, I say, amend this gear, beware of
all temptation; [Recreation.
Your weariness for to refresh, take Honest
He delivereth him Honest Recreation.
Wit. I thank you, Mr. Nurture, much for
this your gentleness, [with willingness.
And will do your commandments henceforth
Good Nurture. God grant you may; and,
sirrah! you await upon him still. *Exit.*
Wit. I thank you, sir, with all my heart,
for this your great good will;
One journey more I mean to make, I think I
was accurst!
God grant the second time may be more happy
than the first! *They both go out.*

[The First Act.]

Third Scene.

Enter Idleness.

[*Idleness.*] Ah! sirrah! it is an old proverb
and a true, I swear by the rood!
It is an ill wind that blows no man to good.
When I had brought Wit into Wantonness'
hampering, [pering.
Then thought I it was time for me to be tem-
The cook is not so soon gone as the dog's head
is in the porridge-pot;
Wit was not so soon asleep but my hand was
in his hose. [old rig;
Wantonness is a drab! for the nonce she is an
But as for me, my fingers are as good as a lime
twig.

Now am I new arrayed like a physician; now do I not pass, [I was;
I am as ready to cog with Mr. Wit as ever
I am as very a turncoat as the weathercock of Poles;
For now I will call my name Due Disport, fit for all souls—
Yea, so, so findly I can turn the cat in the pan.
Now shall you hear how findly Master Doctor can play the outlandish man.
Ah! by Got, me be the Doctor; me am the fine knave, I tell ye,
And have the good medicine for the maiden's belly:
Me have the excellent medicine for the blains and blister. [the glister!
Ah! me am the knave to give the fair maid
How like you this, my masters?
The bee have no so many herbs whereout to suck honey,
As I can find shifts whereby to get money.

Enter Snatch and Catch.

Idleness. But, soft! awhile, my masters! who have we here?
These be crafty knaves; and, therefore, lie thou there!

Lay down the purse in a corner.
The song that Snatch and Catch singeth together.

I hath been told, been told, in proverbs old,
That soldiers suffer both hunger and cold,
That soldiers suffer both hunger and cold;
And this sing we, and this sing we,
We live by spoil, by spoil, we moil and toil;
Thus Snatch and Catch doth keep a coil!
And thus live we, and thus live we,

By snatching a[nd] catching, thus live we.
We come from sea, from sea, from many a fray,
To pilling and polling every day,
To pilling and polling every day:
And thus skip we, and thus skip we,
And over the hatches thus skip we!

Catch. Hey, lively! by the guts of a crab-louse, Snatch,
This is an excellent sport! [port,
Now we are come from Flushing to the English
There shall not a fat pouch
Come nodding by the way
But Snatch and Catch will desire him to stay.
Snatch. Yea, by the hogshead, Catch! now we will lick the spickets;
But, by the mass! my hose be full of Spanish crickets!
Sirrah, dost thou not know Idleness, that counterfeit knave?
Catch. Yea! by St. Jane! I know him well for a knave. [him get.
He hath his purse full of money if we could
Snatch. Where had he it?
Catch. I tell thee, Snatch, he stole it from Wit. [readiness.
Snatch. Who told thee so? declare it with
Catch. By the brains of a black pudding!
'Tis such a knave thou hast not heard:
It was told me of Wantonness.
Here they espy him.
Idleness. Ah, that drab! she can cackle like a caddow;
I pray you behold, my masters!
A man may shape none by their shadow.

Snatch. O, wonderful! I would he were burst.

Catch. Nay, I pray thee let me speak first. Master Idleness, I am glad to see you merry, heartily.

Idleness. In faith, I thank you.

But I had rather have your room as your company.

Snatch. Master Idleness, how have you done in a long time?

Idleness. Come, come, an hand of you to pick a purse of mine.

Catch. Nay, sir, I hope you trust us better; I must needs borrow your ring to seal a letter.

Idleness. By my leave, in spite of my teeth; God a mercy horse!

This is that must needs be, quoth the good man,
When he made his wife pin the basket. Patience, perforce!
Well, my masters, if you will go with me,
I will carry you to an old wife that [there!
Makes puddings of her arse: hold your nose
And if you will, you may have legs of mutton stuffed with hair.

Catch. This is a crafty fox, but, by a herring toke!

I have a good nose to be a poor man's sow:
I can smell an apple seven mile in a hay mow.
Ubi animus, ibi oculus; where he loves there he looks.
Hey, lively! these will help to bring me out of John Tapster's books.

Now he shall find the purse. Here after they have sc[r]ambled for the money, they shall spit in the purse and give it him again.

Snatch. Hold, here! thou shalt not lose all;
Thy purse shall not come home weeping for loss;
And as for thee, thou shalt be commist to Dawe's cross.
Idleness. Evil gotten worse spent, by theft this money came;
I got it with the devil, and now it is gone with his name!
Catch. But, sirrah! if we let him escape, perhaps we may have a check;
If we should chance to look through an hemp window, and our arse break our neck.
Snatch. Why, we will pull him up by a rope to the top of the house,
And then let him fall.
Catch. Nay, then, I know a better way;
We will run his arse against the wall!
Snatch. Nay, by the mass! I have a devise much more meet;
Where I lay last night, I stole away a sheet;
We will take this and tie it to his head,
And so we will blind him;
And, sirrah! I charge you, when you hear anybody coming,
If they ask you any question, say you go a-mumming.

Here they turn him about, and bind his hands behind him, and tie the sheet about his face.

Idleness. A-mumming, quoth you? why, there can be nothing worse
Than for a man to go a-mumming when he hath no money in his purse.
Catch. Well, yet we charge you to do on this fashion.

Snatch. Farewell, Mr. Idleness, and remember your lesson.

Here they run one to one corner of the stage, and the other to the other, and speak like countrymen, to beguile him.

Idleness. Ah, sirrah! in faith this gear cottons: I go still a-mumming;
Even poor I, all alone, without either pipe or drumming.

Snatch. Good day, neighbour, good day!
'Tis a fair grey morning, God be blessed!

Catch. I, by Gis! 'twould be trim weather and if it were not for this mist.
What, those fellows be all day at breakfast; I ween they make feasts.
What, Jack, I say, I must hang you before you will serve the beasts! [we here?
How now? God's daggers! death! who have

Idleness. Oh, for the passion of God, loose me! [I got this year.
False knaves have robbed me of all the money

Here they beat him.

Snatch. Yea, ye rascal, is the matter so plain? [again.
Come, come, we must teach him his lesson

Catch. Sirrah! now you have learnt a trick for your coming:
When anybody cometh, say you go a-mumming.

Exit Snatch [*and*] *Cat*[*ch*].

Idleness. A-mumming, quoth you? why, this gear will not settle;
Either I rose on my left side to-day, or I pissed on a nettle.
Here is news, [quoth] the fox, when he let a fart in the morning;

If Wantonness knew this, she will never lin
scorning;
This same is kind cuckold's luck:
These fellows have given me a dry pluck;
Now I have never a cross to bless me.
Now I go a-mumming,
Like a poor penniless spirit,
Without pipe or drumming!

Enter Wit, and Honest Recreation awaiting on him.

Wit. Fie, fie! what kind of life is this to
labour all in vain?
To toil to get the thing the which my wit
cannot attain.
The journey seemeth wondrous long the which
I have to make, [Wisdom's sake!
To tear myself and beat my brains, and all for
And yet, God knows what may befall, and
what luck God will send, [journey's end.
If she will love me when I come at this my
This Honest Recreation delights me not at all;
For, when I spend the time with him I bring
myself in thrall!

Here he steppeth back, having espied Idleness.

But soft! what have we here? some ghost or
deadly spirit, [to affright.
That comes our journey for to stay, and us for
Idleness. Yea, by the mass! what, are ye
coming?
In faith, I am a penniless spirit; I go still
a-mumming.
Wit. I conjure thee to tell me what art
thou,
A man, a monster, a spirit, or what would'st
thou have?

Idleness. I am neither man, monster, nor spirit, but a poor, penniless knave!

Wit. Wherefore is thy coming?

Idleness. Marry, to go a-mumming.

Wit. Yea, but what art thou? May not that be known?

Idleness. Why, what am I but a knave when all my money is gone?

Wit. Come, tell me thy name: I pray thee have done.

Idleness. A good honest knave's: have ye forgot so soon?

Wit. Why, but will ye not tell me how thou camest thus dressed!

Idleness. In faith, gentle thieves! you yourselves know best.

Wit. Do I? why, thou dost not know me; the whoreson patch!

Idleness. Yes, I know it is either Snatch or Catch.

But in faith, gentle thieves! I go still a-mumming,
Although it be either without pipe or drum-[ming.

Here shall Wit pull off the sheet, saying,

Wit. How sayest thou now? canst thou not see?

I pray thee tell me, dost thou know me?

Idleness. Oh, the body of a gorge, I would I had them here;

In faith! I would chop them—they were not so hack this seven year!

Why, I am so cold that my teeth chatter in my head!

I have stood here three days and three nights without either meat or bread.

Wit. I pray thee, what is thy name, and whither dost thou resort?

Idleness. Forsooth! for fault of a better is Due Disport.

Wit. Didst not thee call thyself Honest Recreation, which deceived me once?

Idleness. Why, I am a physician. If it were I—a knave shake my bones!
I am a great traveller; I 'light on the dung-hill like a puttock!
Nay, take me with a lie, and cut out the brain of my buttock.

Wit. If thy name be Due Disport, I would be acquainted with thee;
For in sport I delight.

Idleness. Not under a couple of capons, and they must be white.
But if you will be acquainted with me, as you say,
Then must you send this companion away;
For you and I must walk alone.

Wit. Why, then, sirrah! away, get you gone! *Exit Honest Recreation.*

Idleness. So now, come on with me to a friend's house of mine,
That there we may to some sport.

Wit. Come on, then!

Here Idleness having brought him to the den of Irksomeness, shall leap away, and Irksomeness enter like a monster, and shall beat down Wit with his club, saying,

Irksomeness. What wight is that which comes so near his pain?

Here they fight. Wit falls down.

Wit. Alas, alas, now am I stunned!

Irksomeness. Nay, nay, no force! thou mightest a-further stood;
If thou hadst 'scape safe by any den,
Thy luck were too-too goo[d]. *Exit.*
Irksomeness leaveth him dead on the stage. Enter Wisdom and sayeth,
[*Wisdom.*] Of late abroad I heard report that Wit makes many vows,
The lady Wisdom if he may to wife for to espouse;
But it I fear both Idleness and Irksomeness will sonder.
Soft! this same is Wit, that lieth bleeding yonder.
Here she helpeth him up.
What, Wit! be of good cheer and now I will sustain thee.
Wit. O, Lady Wisdom! so I would but Irksomeness hath slain me. [tell,
Wisdom. Well, yet arise, and do as I shall
And then, I warrant thee! thou shalt do well.
Wit. I thank you much: and though that I am very much aggrieved,
Yet, since your coming, sure methinks I am right well relieved: [partly guess
You show your courtesy herein, wherein I
That you do know the cause right well of this my deep distress. [obtain;
My father bade me labour still your favour to
But it before I could you see, full great hath been my pain.
First Idleness he brought me woe; then Wantonness stepped in; [doth begin.
And, last of all, foul Irksomeness his part he
Wisdom. I think right well; for many a one hath come to sore decay

When as it happed that Irksomeness hath met
them in the way.
For I, poor Wisdom, here am placed among
these craggy clifts,
And he that seeks to win my love must venture
many shifts;
But it I bear thee great good will, and here I
promise thee,
If thou canst Irksomeness destroy, thy lady
I will be;
And to the end that may be done, which I
might well afford,
Hold here, Perseverance, I say, a good and
lucky sword;
And call for Irksomeness, and let him feel thy
force: [remorse!
Be stout! for if he overcome he will have no
Wit. My madam dear, behold the wight
which fears not, for thy love,
To fight with men and monsters both, as
straight I shall it prove.
Wisdom. Well, do so then;
The whiles I will depart.
Wit. I thank you, lady Wisdom, much;
farewell, with all my heart.
*Exit Wisdom. Wit calleth forth Irk-
someness.*
Well, once more have at Irksomeness! come
forth, thou monster fell!
I hope yet now the second time thy pride and
force to quell.
Enter Irksomeness, saying,
[*Irksomeness.*] What! who is that that
calls me forth? What, art thou yet alive?
If that I catch thee once again, thou shalt no
more revive!

Wit. Leave off thy brags, and do thy worst;
Thy words may not prevail at first.

Here they fight awhile, and Irksomeness must run in a-doors, and Wit shall follow, taking his visor off his head, and shall bring it in upon his sword, saying,

The Lord be thanked for his grace, this monster is subdued;
And I, which erst was worn with woe, am now with joy renewed!
Well, now before that I unto Dame Wisdom's house repair,
I will unto my father go, these news for to declare. *Exit.*

[The Second Act.]

The First Scene.

Enter Idleness, halting with a stilt, and shall carry a cloth upon a staff, like a rat-catcher, and say,

[*Idleness.*] Have you any rats or mice, polecats or weasels?
Or is there any old sows sick of the measles?
I can destroy fulmers and catch moles;
I have ratsbane, maidens,
To spoil all the vermin that run in your holes.
A rat-catcher, quoth you, this is a strange occupation;
But everywhere for Idleness they make proclamation;
They say he shall be hanged for cozening of Wit:

But there is a town called Hopshort; they have me not yet! [known,
I can go hard by their noses and never be
Like a rat-catcher, till Search be gone.

Here he espieth Search coming in, and goeth up and down, saying, "Have you any rats and mice?" as in the first five lines.

Search. Here is a moiling: they would have a man do more than he is able:
One were better to be hanged than to be a constable!
I have searched for a knave called Idleness,
But I cannot find him for all my business:
The knave they say has cozened Wit and shored him on the shelf.

Idleness. Yea, if you take not heed he will go nigh to cozen yourself.

Search. What! dost thee know him, good fellow? I pray thee now tell.

Idleness. Do I know? why, I tell thee I have ratsbane to sell.

Search. Ratsbane! tut a point! Dost thou know Idleness? tell me!

Idleness. Why, I tell thee I know him as well as he knows me:
I ween he be a tall man, and I trow he struts.
And he be not a knave, I would he had a pound of ratsbane in his guts.

Search. Yea, but where is he? canst thou tell?

Idleness. No, faith! not well.

Search. Yea, but methinks thou art lame.

Idleness. Yea, you may see such luck have they which use game. [twice kill'd;
I have been at St. Quintin's where I was

I have been at Musselborough at the Scottish field; [many-a-where,
I have been in the land of green ginger and
Where I have been shot through both the buttocks by an harquebusier: [defend,
But now I am old, and have nought myself to
And am fain to be a rat-catcher to mine end!

Here shall Search take out a piece of paper and look on it.

Search. What shall I give thee to cry a proclamation?

Idleness. For half a score pots of beer I will cry it after the best fashion.

Here shall Search reach a chair, and Idleness shall go up and make the proclamation.

Search. Come! get up here; you must say as I say.

Idleness. Ho! and you say I am a knave then must I needs say Nay.

Search. First, cry "Oyez" a good while.

Idleness. Very well. *He cries too long.*

Search. Enough! enough! what, hast thou never done?

Idleness. What, didst not thee bid me cry long? I have not scarce begun!

Search. Go too; cry shorter, with a vengeance!

Idleness. "Oyez! oyez! oyez! oyez!"
Very often.

Search. What, I think thou art mad!

Idleness. Why, would you not have me do as you bad?

Search. Why, canst thou keep no mean?

Idleness. "Oyez!"
Here he shall cry well.

Search. That is very well said.
Idleness. That is very well said!
Search. What, I ween thou be'st drunk to-day!
Idleness. Why, did you not bid me say as you did say?
Search. Come! say, "One, the King's Most Royal Majesty."
Idleness. John King gave a royal to lie with Marjorie.
Search. Why, what said I?
Idleness. Why, so!
Search. I say, "The King's Most Royal Majesty."
Idleness. The King's Most Royal Majesty!
Search. "Doth charge you, all his true people."
Idleness. What, it is not so.
Search. What?
Idleness. Why, you say there was a barge flew over a steeple! [people."
Search. I say, "Doth charge all his true
Idleness. Oh, Doth charge all his true people; that is another matter.
Search. "That they watch elsewhere, and see in the town."
Idleness. That every patch that a man wears on his knee shall cost a crown.
Search. Why, what means that?
I spake no such word:
That they watch elsewhere,
And see in each town."
Idleness. That they watch, &c.
Search. "If that Idleness by any means they can find."
Idleness. No, marry, you say not true.

Search. What is that?

Idleness. It is not for Idleness that men sow beans in the wind.

Search. "If that Idleness by any means they can find." *Pull him down.*

Idleness. If that Idleness, &c.

Search. Come down, with a pestilence! A murrain ride thee!

Idleness. Here is good thanks, my masters. Come, give me my fee!

Search. Come! give me sixpence, and I will give thee eightpence.

Now shall Search run away with his money, and he shall cast away his stilt, and run after him.

[The Second Act.]

The Second Scene.

Enter Fancy.

[*Fancy.*] Like as the rolling stone, we see, doth never gather moss,
And gold, with other metals mixed, must needs be full of dross;
So likewise I, which commonly Dame Fancy have to name,
Amongst the wise am hated much, and suffer mickle blame,
Because that, waving here and there, I never steadfast stand,
Whereby the depth of learning's lore I cannot understand;
But Wit, perhaps, will me embrace, as I will use the matter;

For why? I mean to counterfeit, and smoothly
for to flatter,
And say I am a messenger from Lady Wisdom
sent,
To see if that will be a mean to bring him to
my bent—
But see where he doth come.

Enter Wit.

Wit. Like as the silly mariner, amidst the
waving sea,
Doth climb the top of mighty mast full oft both
night and day;
But yet, at last, when happily he come from
ship to shore, [before;
He seeks to sail again as fresh as erst he did
So likewise I, which have escaped the brunts
which I have done, [first begun;
Am even as fresh to venture now as when I
A new adventure this I seek, not having run
my race— [place?
But who is this whom I behold for to appear in

Fancy. God save you, gentle Mr. Wit, and
send you good success!

Wit. Fair Dame! I thank you heartily, and
wish in you no less.
What, may one be bold to ask your name
without offence?

Fancy. Yea, sir! with good will, that you
may, and eke my whole pretence:
My name is Fancy, and the cause of this my
coming now [you.
From lady Wisdom is to show a message unto

Wit. Then are ye welcome unto me for
Lady Wisdom's sake.

Fancy. Here is the letter which she bade
me unto you to take.

Here he receiveth the letter, and readeth it to himself.

Wit. My lady's will herein is this: that you should go with me
Unto a place, with her to meet, as here she doth decree.

Fancy. Even so, good sir! even when you will I do the same allow;
Go you before in at the door, and I will follow you.

Here Wit going in, one shall pull him by the arm, whereupon he shall cry on this manner.

Wit. Alas, I am betrayed! this sight makes me aghast!

Fancy. Nay, nay, no force, sir! I charge you [hold] him fast: [with me,
Now, Wit, if that thou list to match thyself
Thou shalt be free as e'er thou wast, and now released be.

Wit. Alas! I am not so; Dame Wisdom hath my heart.

Fancy. Then shalt thou lie there still, Iwis, until thou feel'st the smart.

Exeunt.

[The Second Act.]

The Third Scene.

Enter Idleness.

This is a world to see how fortune changeth,
This shall be his luck which like me rangeth and rangeth;
For the honour of Artrebradle,

This age would make me swear madly!
Give me one penny or a halfpenny,
For a poor man that hath had great loss by sea,
And is in great misery.
God save my good master, and my good dame,
And all the householder!
I pray you bestow your alms of a poor man
Nigh starved with cold.
Now I am a bold beggar—I tell you, the stoutest of all my kin,
For if nobody will come out, I will be so bold to go in!
By'r lady! here is nobody within but the cat, by the fireside:
I must needs go in; whatsoever come of it, I cannot abide.

He goeth on, and bringeth out the porridge pot about his neck.

Ah! sirrah! my masters! how sayest thou, Hodge? [podge?
What, art thou hungry? wilt thou eat my
Now I provide for a dear year—this will be good in Lent;
Well fare a good mess of pottage when the herrings be spent.
A beggar, quoth you? this gear begins to fadge.
If ever I be a gentleman the pottage pot shall be my badge!
Now I am in that taking, I dare not show my head;
And all by cozening of Wit I am fain to beg my bread!
Well, my masters, fare you well! I may perhaps have a check,

If the good wife come forth and take the pottage-pot about my neck.

[The Second Act.]

The Fourth Scene.

Enter Doll and Lob.

Doll. Oh, the passion of God! so I shall be swinged; so, my bones shall be banged!
The porridge-pot is stolen: what, Lob, I say, come away, and be hanged!
What, Lob, I say, come away with a foul evil!

Lob. What a lobbing makest thou, with a twenty devil!

Doll. Thou hast kept a goodly coil, thou whoreson, hobbling John!
Thou keepest a tumbling of me in the barn, till the porridge-pot is gone.

Lob. Nay, thou tumblest down thyself, and was almost bare;
Nay, I will tell my dame how thou would'st needs feel my ware.

Doll. Thou liest, whoreson! thou wilt be cudgelled, so thou wilt!

Lob. Nay, good Doll, say thee, the porridge were all spilt.

Here entereth Mother Bee, with a stick in her hand.

Mother Bee. What, where be these whore-cops?
I promise you, you keep a goodly coil;
I serve the hogs, I seek hen's nest,
I moil and toil!
Thanks be to God, gentlewoman, betwixt Jack and Joan,

When I come into brea
gone! kfast all the pottage is
I pray ye, mistress, wh
is that hid away? ere is the pottage-pot?
Doll. Whilst Lob
barn a knave stole as kissing me in the
Mother Bee. Yea, it away.
scarce go to pissin God's bones! one can
But my man and my
kissing. naid do straight fall to
Here she beateth
stage. *them up and down the*
Are ye billing? what,
a jolly ruffler! ny man Lob is become
You are billing, you!
snuffler. I must be fain to be a
Lob. O, dame, dam [no more,
I will tell you a tale; e, if you will beat me
When I was at the tow
Mother Bee. Ah, wh one called you whore.
whore by craft; oreson! thou callest me
Thou art a Kentish man
Lob. Why, Doll will , I trow.
how would you have not mend my breech;
Doll. He lies, Dame, me go?
neither with ploughin he lies! he tears it
For it is not so soon m g nor carting;
out with farting. nded but he tears it
Enter Inquisition,
with the pottage- *bringing in Idleness,*
Mother Bee. Soft! wh *pot about his neck.*
I am glad as one would g have we here?
What have I spied? by'r l ive me a crown.
My porridge-pot is come t dy!
Inquisition. What, is thi town.
Do you know it, if you see s your pottage-pot?
it?

Mother Bee. Whether it be mine or no he had it from my fire side,
He cannot deny it. *Exit Mother Bee.*
Lob. O, dame, dame, so I will jerk him, if I had my whip.
Sirrah! Doll, we will accuse him of fellowship.
Idleness. Let me alone, and I will tell you who stole your egg;
And, likewise, who stole your cock with the yellow legs.
Inquisition. Well, we will have him to a justice: dispatch! away!
Lob. Yea, and let him be whipped up and down the town next market day.
Go out all.

[SECOND ACT.]

[THE SECOND SCENE.

THE FIFTH *Enter Good Nurture.*

To them whose shoulders do support the charge of tender youth,
One grief falls on another's neck, and youth will have his ruth;
Since first I 'gan to nurture Wit full many cares hath passed,
But when he had slain Irksomeness, I thought me safe at last;
But now I see the very end of that my late distress,
Is a beginning unto grief which will be nothing less:
For when I thought that Wit of late to Wisdom's house had gone,

He came not there, but God knows where this retchless Wit is run.
Ne know I where to seek him now, whereby I learn with pain
There is no grief, so far gone past, but may return again.

Here Wit crieth out in prison, and sayeth this,

The silly bird, once caught in net, if she escape alive,
Will come no more so nigh the snare, her freedom to deprive;
But rather she will leave her haunt, the which she used before;
But I, alas! when steed is stolen, do shut the stable door.
For being often caught before, yet could I not refrain; [hand again.
More foolish than the witless bird I came to
Alas! the chains oppress me sore wherewith I now am lad,
But yet the pain doth pinch me more wherein my heart is clad!
O, mighty Jove! now grant that some good man may pass this place,
By whose good help I might be brought out of this woeful case!

Good Nurture. What noise is this? what pitious plaints are sounding in my ear?
My heart doth give me it is Wit the which I now do hear.
I will draw near and see what wight art thou

He cometh near the prison.

Which dost lament and thus dost pine in pain.

Wit. My name is Wit; my grief is great—how should I then refrain?

Good Nurture. What, Wit, how camest thou here? O God, what chance is this?

Wit. Dame Fancy brought me in this case; I know I did amiss.

Good Nurture. What, Fancy? Where is she? O, that I once might catch her.

Wit. Would God you could, or else someone that able were to match her;

But she no sooner heard your voice, there standing at the door,

Than she with all her folks hath fled, and will be seen no more:

But I, poor soul, lie here in chains.

Here entereth and releaseth him Good Nurture.

Once more I have released thee of thy pains.

Wit. Your most unworthy schollard gives to you immortal thanks.

Good Nurture. I pray you now take better heed you play no more such pranks;

Pluck up your spirits, your marriage day is come even at hand.

To-morrow Wisdom shall you wed, I let you understand.

Wit. Right so; as you think good I shall contented be.

Good Nurture. Then let us go for to prepare; come on, I say, with me!

Exeunt.

Enter Idleness like a priest.

Ah, sirrah! my masters! there is much ado when fortune is lowering; [ing.

O the passion of God! I have escaped a scour-

Here hath been heave and shove, this gear is not fit; [Wit:

In faith, I have lie in the lurch for cozening of

Now shall he be married in all the haste;
When Wit and Wisdom is joined together, then I am rejected.
Well it I can shift elsewhere so long as I am not detected.
Detected I cannot well be; I am of that condition
That I can turn into all colours like the chameleon:
Although some do refuse me, and some leaden-heeled lubber will not refrain me;
And when men hath done with me women will retain me!
Idleness, the[y] say, is the mother of vice;
Through Idleness fell the Trojans, and the Greeks won the prize. [ill deeds:
Idleness breedeth evil thoughts whereof come
Idleness is a cockadill, and great mischief breeds.
I give myself a good report—my masters! you may think the best; [rest.
He that loveth me shall have small joy of his
King Amasis made a law and bound his subjects to it fast,
To give an account whereupon they lived the year last past;
And if any lived idly, without any regard,
The punishment was grievous they did him award:
But now I can escape from all such peril,
And play the purveyor here in earth for the devil.
Well, my masters! I must be gone this marriage to see;
Thev that list not to work let them follow me.
Exit.

[The Second Act.]

The Sixth Scene.

Enter Severity and Wit.

Severity. Well now, son Wit! the proof is plain—the clouds were ne'er so black
But the brightness of the sun, at last, might put them back.
The wind did never blow so much, wherewith the bark was tore,
But that the weather was so calm to bring the ship to shore.
The danger now is past; address thyself with speed
To meet with Wisdom, thy dear wife, as we before decreed.

Wit. It shall be done as duty binds, and as I bounden stand;
But see, good father, now behold! Dame Wisdom is at hand.

Enter Good Nurture and Wisdom, and Wisdom and Wit singeth this song.

Wisdom. My joy hath overgrown my grief,
My cure is past,
For Fortune hath been my relief
Now at last!
Tantara tara tantara,
My husband is at hand!
His comely grace appears in place,
As I do understand.

Wit. My lady, thrice welcome to me,
Mine only joy!
The gentleness, God give it thee

Without annoy.
Tantara tara tantara,
Welcome, my worthy wife!
Thou art my part, thine is my heart,
My blessed limb of life!
Wisdom. As duty doth bind according to kind,
I thank ye much;
Thy wife forth will spend her life,
She will not grutch.
Tantara tara tantara,
The sum of all my bliss;
The welcomest wight, my chief delight,
That shall be and that is.
Wit. Let me thy comely corps embrace,
Dear Wisdom, now.
Wisdom. Good Wit, I always loved the place
To be with you;
Tantara tara tantara,
Thou hast my heart in hold.
Wit. Ne do I fain, but tell thee plain,
I am thy own, behold!
Here endeth the song.

Good Nurture. Well, now I am right glad to see you both well met.

Severity. And so am I, with all my heart, that they so sure are set.

Both. We thank ye both right humbly.

Wit. And wish to marry speedily.

Wisdom. For why, although the turtle long were parted from her mate.

Wit. Now God be thanked, they are met in good and happy state;
The Lord be thanked for his grace which gave thee unto me:

Then welcome! nothing in heaven or earth
more welcomer can be.
Wisdom. And you to me, dear Wit.
Severity. Come, now the time requires that
we depart away [ding-day!
To celebrate the nuptials with joy, this wed-
Wit. Go you before, my father dear, and
you, good master! straight,
And then both I and Wisdom too upon you
will await. *Go forth all.*
Enter Epilogus.
Thus have you seen, good audience! and heard
the course of youth; [a truth.
And whoso list to try the same shall find it for
And if this simple show hath happened for to
halt, [default:
Your pardon and your patience we crave in our
For though the style be rough, and phrases
found unfit, [is hit!
Yet may you say, upon the head the very nail
Wherefore, the moral mark! for Finis let it
pass, [a glass,
And Wit may well and worthy then use it for
Whereby for to essue his foes, that always do
await him,
And never hang upon the hook, wherewith
they seek to bait him.
Thus if you follow fast, [you] will be quit
from thrall,
[And] eke in joy an[d] heavenly bliss—the
which God grant us all!

Amen, quoth FRA: MERBURY.

FINIS.

A NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

INCLUDING

CONTEMPORARY REFERENCES, BIBLIOGRAPHY, VARIORUM READINGS, NOTES, &c., together with a GLOSSARY OF WORDS AND PHRASES now Archaic or Obsolete; the whole arranged in ONE ALPHABET IN DICTIONARY FORM

A FORE-WORD TO NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

Reference from text to Note-Book is copious, and as complete as may be; so also, conversely, from Note-Book to text. The following pages may, with almost absolute certainty, be consulted on any point that may occur in the course of reading; but more especially as regards

Biographical and other Notes,
Contemporary References to Author and Plays,
Bibliography,
Variorum Readings,
Words and Phrases now Obsolete or Archaic.

The scheme of reference from Note-Book to text assumes the division, in the mind's eye, of each page into four horizontal sections; which, beginning at the top, are indicated in the Note-Book by the letters a, b, c, d following the page figure. In practice this will be found easy, and an enormous help to the eye over the usual reference to page alone in "fixing" the "catchword." Thus 126a=the first quarter of page 126; 40c=the third quarter of page 40; and so forth.

Abbreviations.

A.V. Appius and Virginia.
W.S. The Marriage of Wit and Science.
G. Grim the Collier of Croydon.
C.C. Common Conditions.
W.W. The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom.

[NOTE.—*It has not been thought necessary to repeat, save in exceptional cases, information which appears in the Note-Books attached to other volumes of this series. Especially may those of Heywood, Udall, Anon. Plays, and Lost Tudor Plays be consulted.*]

NOTE-BOOK AND WORD-LIST

Appius and Virginia—The Marriage of Wit and Science—Grim the Collier of Croydon—Common Conditions—The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom

A, "Sir, *a* ought I may pleasure you" (W.W. 268*b*), if: Halliwell says, "perhaps *in ought*," but *a*=if is common enough in old writers: see other volumes of this series.

AMASIS, KING (295*c*), an ancient autocratic King of Egypt of the XXVI. Dynasty: one of his immediate predecesors was the Uahlra or Hophra of Jeremiah xliv. 30, who went to help Zedekiah. Hophra was succeeded by Apries, whom Amasis strangled and reigned (591–572) long and prosperously. Amasis (says Dyce) made a law that every one should yearly give account to the government how he lived, and in default, to be put to death.

AMERICA, "the plains of new *America*" (G. 118*a*), see GRIM THE COLLIER.

APPIUS AND VIRGINIA. The text of this play will be found on pages 3-46. The present modernised version has been thrice collated with the copy dated 1575, now in the British Museum (C. 34, b. 2). The text of the original is obviously very corrupt, and previous reprints have added to the number of inaccuracies. I have, for example, corrected many slips passed by Hazlitt, but I fear it will be possible to credit fresh ones to my own score. Why and wherefore is a story that may one day be told—if time and inclination serve. All I need say here is that, as far as my own work and that of my helper goes, I believe every

endeavour has been made to ensure accuracy. We have collated and collated, and collated again, only to find "howlers" in the printed sheet; errors, too, *which were not in the proofs as passed for press.* I fear the "dry rot" that characterises this transitional period of the world's history affects all the potencies and agencies of life to a greater or lesser degree, and that we are (or *must be*) content with cheap meretricious though "smart" work, work done without any "heart" in the doing, employer frequently as well as employed looking at the clock while doing. And the mischief is, it is no consolation that other careful and would-be scientific workers are in the same boat. That is all, at present: those who can read between the lines will find plenty of food for explanation in what is subsequently written hereunder. Until "the Irish find" of 1906, when another copy came into the market, the only example—it was part of the Garrick collection—known to be extant was that in the British Museum, upon which the ravages of time have long been manifest. Another copy turned up in the Mostyn sale (June 1st, 1907, Sothebys). It was first reprinted by Collier in 1825-7, in a kind of Appendix-volume of that edition of Dodsley: it appeared subsequently in the Hazlitt *Dodsley*, in which the editor complains that "the old copy was edited and printed with the grossest carelessness, and that nearly all the corruptions were allowed to remain. A few still stand which baffle our ingenuity." Obviously much remains to be done; in view of the near approach of the issue of a facsimile reprint of both copies, nothing beyond the absolutely essential need now be said. It was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company, 1567-8, by Rycherde Jonnes. Probably it was written in 1563: observe the reference to the *sweat* or plague (11c). Halliwell states that as late as 1639 it was considered of sufficient importance for its copyright to be claimed against piracy by the company acting at the Cock-pit in Drury Lane. Of the author, "R. B.," nothing is known. The initials apply to several writers. It is commonly attributed to Richard Bower, of whom the D.N.B. has no mention. The story was treated by Chaucer in "The Doctor of Physic's Tale," and also by Webster in one of his dramas. *Notes, Corrigenda, Variorum Readings, &c.*—"To be *deflowered*"

(2*a*), Hazlitt has *dishonoured*—"*Qui cupis . . . morte mutat*" (3*a* and *b*), Hazlitt remarks, "full of false grammar, sense and quantities, of which some are beyond conjecture": I suggest the following as an approximate approach to the author's meaning:—

Those who desirest to climb to the highest etherial abodes,
Cast from thyself, belovèd, force and equally fraud;
Here no pretence assists, nor will mighty deeds be availing,
One thing only may help thee, only the pure faith in God.
You whom it pleases to live in the world like the undefiled Minerva,
Strive, O virgin, to follow [the example of] Virginia;
And those whom grief afflicts, thou shalt taste exceeding joy
Whenever the fates approach to sever the threads of life.
Come hither to the sepulchre, O virgin equally mortal!
Thus she speaks, and her face changes with the pallor of Death!

"You that *linked* are" (A.V. 4*a*), the syllable is accented, *linkéd*: there are many such instances in this play. I do not indicate them, as the proper scansion is easily distinguished. "I wish her [*for to*] read" (A.V. 3*d*), not in original—"observe the *life*" (4*b*), *like* in original—"*wont*" (4*b*), should be *want*—"maids of courtesy" (A. 4*b*), this may indicate either a representation before royalty or be an allusion to the tenure known as the "courtesy of England," applicable to inheritrices—"till *Œtas* . . . do him beguile" (5*b*), should be *Ætas*; *i.e.*, "till age takes him unawares"—"annexed *to* my days" (5*d*), should be *with*—"so much *infected* . . . should be *detected*" (6*a*), so in original: Hazlitt reads *infested* . . . *detested*—"*My sovereign lord and friendly pheer*" (6*b*), original has *Thy sufferent lord and friendly feare*—"*Virginia. Refell* your mind" (6*b*), original has *Virginius*—"The *globe*" (6*c*) original has *glope*—"*like joyful sight to me*" (7*d*), so in original: Hazlitt thought, however, they should go to Virginius—"Such *gem* and such *jewel*" (8*a*), Hazlitt reads [*a*] *gem*, [*a*] *jewel*—"You husband, you *heart*" (8*d*), Hazlitt reads [*sweet*]*heart*—"*her* only treasure" (8*d*), original has *ber*—"*I babe, and I bliss, your health one again*" (8*d*), Hazlitt again, quite unnecessarily, I think, for the peculiar construction occurs again and again throughout the play, inserts the pronoun "*your*" before "*babe*" and "*bliss*"—"The trustiest treasure in *earth*" (9*a*), in original *earth* is repeated—"*do not fear*," (9*b*), the

comma should be a full point—"*What* time King Nisus" (9*c*), *When* in original—"Correcting hand to *virtue*" (9*c*), in original *nurtue*—"[*Exeunt*" (10*c*), in original *Exit*, but all three go out—"hey-trick, *hotroll*" (11*c*), Hazlitt has *how troll*—"*in* a vengeance" (11*c*), so in original: Hazlitt reads *with*—"Of *barberry* incense" (11*d*), in original *bayberry*, which of course is correct—"that *mange-pudding* Madge" (12*a*), in original *mampodding*: at first I agreed with previous editors and adopted *mam* as a corruption of O.E. mange = to eat; *i.e.*, chew- or gobble-pudding Madge. On reflection, however, it occurs to me that *mam* is connected with "*mammer*" = to stand muttering and in doubt, in which case "*madge*" is probably not a proper name, but a contraction of "*madge-howlet*"—"sure *they* belied thee" (16*c*), *he* in original, which, of course, is correct, as also is the "*a-begging*" in place of "*begging*" (16*d*, last line but one)—"maidens *coy strange*" (17*a*), Hazlitt has "*go*," but the original is "*coy*": see COY—"*we hap may have larks*" (17*b*), so in original: Hazlitt reads, "*we may hap to have larks*"—"once *ye* did to Salmacis" (18*b*), in original *he*—"*Why, cease, sir knight?*" (19*b*), delete the comma between "Why" and "cease"—"no more *ways*" (20*a*), *wages* in original—"Then *thus*, and in this sort" (A.V. 20*b*), *this* in original—"*Come out* [after *him*]" (20*d*), *of him* in original—"my *cured* friend" (21*d*), this is nonsense: the original is *sured* (= assured), and so it was passed for press by me, as the proof-sheets show, and is an unwarrantable interference with an editor's prerogative—"[*Exeunt*," &c. (22*b*), *Exit, Go out here*, in original: a reference to the stage direction at foot of page 20 shows, however, that Conscience is on the stage already—"a *guerdon* to the poor" (22*c*), *gwerdon* in original: Hazlitt has "guardian"—"gain is no *gain, sir*" (23*a*), *gransier* in original: I can make nothing quite satisfactory of it. Undoubtedly the original was badly printed. I endeavoured, though fruitlessly, to get a sight of the "Irish" copy before it went to America, and it is to be hoped that someone will undertake the work of collation. I shall be pleased to supply a facsimile of the British Museum copy of the play for the purpose. To supply another hazardous suggestion in support of

the reading of the present text *gran* may = grand or great, taking an ordinary meaning, and *sier* (or *sire*) = sort, something distinguished; so that the passage may, after all, simply mean the equivalent of the modern colloquialism, "no great shakes"—"*As if to her it were to me*" (24*a*), *Oh, as if to her*, &c., in original: Hazlitt reads, "*O, if to her 'twere as to me*"—"Slumb'ry Kingdoms *granted hath With dews and beauteous*" (24*a*), in original *graunted . . . With dewes and bewteous*": the sense though not the wording seems clear. *Dew* was used by Shakspeare (Richard III., iv. 1) in the sense of something falling lightly so as to refresh, "the golden *dew* of sleep." Hazlitt's reading, "planted hath With dews unbeauteous," seems quite beside the mark, as also does his suggestion that *beauteous* may = "beauty's use." Still, the text is undoubtedly either corrupt or elliptical: I incline to the latter—"Virginia may *embrace*" (24*b*), *imbace* in original—"[*Claudius.*] No let, no stay" (25*b*), not in original, but obviously this speech is to Claudius—"*Bold* blind bayard!" (26*d*; 27*a*, *b*, *c*), Hazlitt reads "*bold* [*as*] blind bayard": in one case he changes (27*b*) the original "*venterous*" into "*venture*": the original is, I think, preferable—"Then *outsteps Francis* Fabulator" (28*c*), a mistake: the original has "*outsteps one Francis* Fabulator"—"And mannerly *made*" (29*b*), *maude* in original: an old form—"*lie geason*" (30*a*), a mistake: the original is *be*—"*Alt speaketh*" (30*a*), original "*All speak*"—"*taken* many a one" (30*c*), *takens* in original: correct as a matter of course—"My willing *wits*" (30*d*), in original *wights*—"*hast* oft assailéd" (31*b*), original *was*: I am even yet not so sure that this, with different "pointing," is not correct—"*Cedrice's* land" (31*b*), so in original: Hazlitt reads *Lady Circe's*—"*Pasiphœ's* child *the*" (31*b*), *Laceface . . . that* in original—"to serve thy *liege*" (31*b*), *leach* in original—"*thus* standeth now the case" (A.V. 32*b*), *this* in original—"O most uncertain *rate*" (33*b*), Hazlitt reads *fate*—"*bid* Claudius *lay*" (33*d*), *did* in original: Hazlitt reads *stay*—"*Thus* is my duty done" (A.V. 34*b*), *This* in original: also at "*thus* I run" (34*b*); is *thus* thy treason (34*c*)—"the graved *years*" (34*c*), Hazlitt reads *these . . . hairs*, but

nothing is gained by the change save nonsense: *graved* = vexed or troubled—"*me guilty* in cause" (35*d*), should be, as in original, "*me as guilty*"—"*of flesh be beguiled*" (35*d*), Hazlitt reads *of* [*my*] *flesh*—The speech beginning *Virginia* (36*c*) is by Hazlitt given to *Virginius* as far as "O father mine": I think Virginia is here apostrophising herself—"From *guiltless* sheath" (36*c*), in original *giltes*: Hazlitt reads *gilded*—"if case *thy joy By meanes* of . . . *be*" (37*a*), in original, "*thou joy My meanes . . . he*": re-reading this passage, obviously corrupt, may not it be equivalent to, "How can I, thy father, kill thee? Rather than such a deed, Death to my own arm! But since, because of the everlasting shame, if thou wouldst be glad because of wicked Judge Appius, I will do the deed."—"*Now stretch thy hand, Virginius*" (37*c*), there is no indication in the 1575 edition, but obviously these cannot be Virginia's lines. Virginius apostrophises himself: a similar instance occurs at 36*c*, where Virginia's speech (as in original) commences at "Then, tender arms," instead of two lines lower down, "O father mine," as Hazlitt has it—"cruel hands *or* bloody knife" (37*c*), so in original: Hazlitt reads, "O cruel hands, *O* bloody knife"—"Come, *aid!*" (37*c*), original has *end*—"And all his whole *concent*" (38*a*), *consent* in original: *concent* should be read to = those in accord or of one mind, following, guidance—"that *signifieth hangman*" (39*a*), a blunder: it should be, as in original, *signifieth a hangman*—"*In end*" (39*d*), so in original: Hazlitt has *And in* (!)—"thine own *limb*" (40*a*), in original *lym*: why altered in Hazlitt's *Dodsley* to *loin* is not clear (see *O.E.D.*)—"The *flashy* fiends" (40*b*), original has *flasky*: *flashy* as a term of contempt was used by Bacon: *flasky* is, I believe, unknown save in twentieth-century slang: Hazlitt suggests *dusky* (!)—"hap and be *haply*" (42*b*), *happely* in original: Hazlitt prints *happy*—"O noble justice" (43*c*), this speech is obviously to Virginius, though unmarked in original and passed over by Hazlitt—"*take him by the hand*" (43*d*), so in original as part of the text—"Here entereth Fame," &c. (A.V. 44*d*), in original. The stage direction is only "Here entereth Fame." Then, *two lines further on*, "Doctrina and Memory

and Virginius bring a tomb." Hazlitt says "the old copy reads as if it was Virginius who brought in the tomb; but surely it is Doctrina and Memory who do so": but should not the speech likewise be assigned to all three ladies?

ARRANT, "on my lady's *arrant* go" (C.C. 244*a*), errand: an old and obsolete form.

ATTEND, "Attend thee, go play thee" (W.W. 269*b*), this song occurs in "A Handefull of Pleasant Delites," printed in 1584.

BANDS, "nor oath, nor *bands*" (W.S. 76*c*), bonds: *cf. bounds*.

BARLAKING (C.C. 242*d*), *i.e.*, By our ladykin!

BEARD, "*in for a beard*" (W.W. 265*b*), *to make one's beard* = to dress up one's beard: hence to play a trick upon, deceive, cheat. For Idleness to say that Wit was "in for a beard" meant, apparently, that he was to have a trick played upon him, as indeed seems to have happened.

BLINCE, "will not *blince*" (A.V. 39*b*), ? a form of *blench* = to deceive, cheat: it is not catalogued by Murray, and was probably adopted for the sake of the rhyme with *prince*. Here, no doubt, the meaning is "Perhaps ye may have that the which will not cheat (*i.e.*, disappoint) you."

BOUND, "craveth this *bound*" (A.V. 35*a*), boon.

BRAIN, "bear a *brain*" (G. 167*c*), give attention, be on the alert or watchful. "I must *bear a brain* for all." —Marston, *Dutch Courtezan*. "Nay, I do bear a *brain*."—Shakspeare, *Rom. and Juliet* (1608), 87.

BROWN STUDY (W.W. 265*b*), an early example of this still serviceable colloquialism. "Faith, this *brown study* suits not with your black, Your habit and your thoughts are of two colours."—Jonson, *Case is Altered*, iv. 1.

CADOW, "cackle like a *cadow*" (W.W. 273*d*), a jackdaw: still dialectical. "*Nodulus* is also for a *cuddow*, or dawe."—Withal, *Dictionaire* (1608), 87.

CHAR, "this *char* is *charr'd* well now" (W.D. 86*d*), *char* = business affair, task. There are several variants of the phrase: *cf.* dialectical, "that job is jobb'd."

CHURCH-BOOK, "I am sure my name is in the *church-book*" (W.W. 267*b*), an allusion to the system of parish registers, which were commenced in 1538.

CHOULD, "*chould* rejounce my heart to chance coots with him" (W.S. 86*d*), there is but little "dialect" in this play, but such as occurs is the conventional rustic speech of the old dramatists: see other volumes of this series.

COALS, "*Carry coals* at a collier's hands" (G. 129*a*), to submit to insult or degradation: see Nares.

COCK, "The *cock* is launched" (C.C. 222*a*), *i.e.*, *cock-boat*, a small boat used in rivers or near the shore; a yawl. "Yon tall, anchoring bark Diminished to her *cock*; her *cock* a buoy Almost too small for sight."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1608), iv. 6.

COIL, "keep a *coil*" (W.W. 272*d*), noise, tumult. "Here's a *coil* with a lord and his sister."—Field, *Amends for Ladies* (1618), p. 37.

COLLING, (*a*) "kissing and *colling*" (G. 106*d*), embracing, specifically round the neck: see Nares.
(*b*) "*colling* his face" (W.W. 269*b*), blacking: whence *collier* (270*a*, line 1): Shakspeare also has "collied night" (M.N.D., i. 1).

COME STA (G. 138*a*), *i.e.*, How do you do? Ital.

COMMIST, "*commist* to Dawe's cross" (W.W. 275*a*), committed.

COMMON CONDITIONS. The text of this play will be found on pp. 183-256. Until Lord Mostyn's copy came into the market at Sotheby's on June 1, 1907, the only example then known was the very imperfect copy in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, which lacks the title-page, which also is considerably frayed and torn in places, and which furthermore has a portion missing at the end. For the present modernised version I have had to depend on Prof. Brandl's text in *Quellen*, &c. I tried unsuccessfully to get a new and first-hand transcript of the Devonshire copy. There was no difficulty about per-

mission, but the absence of the librarian from England, the presence of the family at Chatsworth, and similar hindrances led me finally to delay no longer. Then came the discovery of the Mostyn copy, but by then my own text had been printed. As this article was still unfinished, I welcomed the "find" and immediately put myself into communication with Mr. Quaritch, who had purchased it. He at once readily promised I should have an opportunity of collation when the volume came back from the binders. I thereupon decided to retard the publication still further of this already long-delayed volume of *Anonymous Plays*, Series IV. When, however, six months later, I once more approached Mr. Quaritch, I found that all that could be allowed was a "booksellers'" and not an "editorial" collation. The reasons given were of the soundest and most undeniable. Had it rested with Mr. Quaritch alone there would have been no hitch, and I can only regret what is purely a piece of "bad luck." Still, the desired collation with the now only known *complete* copy may later on be possible, as Mr. Quaritch has very kindly promised to do all he can to induce the prospective purchaser to consent to such a full collation as is clearly desirable. There it rests at present, but it would serve no purpose to further delay the completion of our first series of twelve volumes. One reflection forces itself to mind. It is a thousand pities—nationally disastrous, I would say—that such a copy should not have been secured for the nation, especially when it is borne in mind that the British Museum does not possess a copy of this play in any condition, perfect or imperfect. I write without knowledge of the facts, but one can only suppose that the niggardly way in which our legislators, of all shades of political opinion, treat the trustees of the British Museum in respect to money for the purchase of such items is responsible for such a desirable addition to the treasures of the Imperial—nay, cosmopolitan—storehouse being allowed to go to America. Yet in truth, in the absence of sufficiently public-spirited British citizens putting it within the power of the authorities in Great Russell Street to secure "the absolutely unique" *at all costs*, one cannot blame our Transatlantic kinsmen for knowing a good thing as well

as their own mind and interest, and then going straight as a die and by a bee-line to achieve their purpose. Would that some Passmore Edwards, Andrew Carnegie, or Cecil Rhodes would give a blank cheque to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson to enable him at any time, without hitch or delay, to secure for the nation such literary treasures as in the opinion of the trustees are unique—that is, such as are necessary to complete or round off the literary heritage of the national collection. I have frequently heard rumours that a secret fund for such a purpose does exist, but, if so, it can scarcely be adequate. What is wanted is "a blank cheque," as the implication is that the recent expense of securing three "lost" plays and four hitherto "unknown editions" has depleted the purchase-chest of the British Museum; otherwise one can scarcely credit that such a rarity as *Common Conditions* should not now be secured to the *public* use of the world for ever. Let us get to critical business! As I have intimated, the present text is based on that of Dr. Brandl, who had a transcript made from the original which was supplemented by reference to the copy made by Malone about 100 years ago, and which usefully served to restore some gaps in torn pages, the original manuscript having further suffered in the course of time. *Common Conditions* was entered on the Stationers' Register on 26 July, 1576, and has apparently never been reprinted until Dr. Brandl did so. I append the transcript of the title-page of the Mostyn copy as given in Sotheby's sale-catalogue for June 1, 1907, Lot 437:—

> COMMON CONDITIONS. AN EXCELLENT AND PLEASANT COME-/DIE, TERMED AFTER THE NAME OF THE VICE, / COMMON CONDITIONS, drawne out of the most / famous historie of Galiarbus Duke of Arabia, and of / the good and eevill successe of him and his two / children, Sedmond his sun (*sic*) and Clarisia his / daughter; set foorth, with delectable / mirth, and pleasant shewes. / ¶ The Players Names / [20]. Six may Play this Comedie. / blark letter (28 *ll.*) *title within ornamental woodcut border; some marginal notes cut into, and a few head-lines shaved, otherwise perfect, unbound sm. 4to. imprinted . . by*

William How for John Hunter . . on London Bridge . . at the Blacke Lion, n. d. (*c.* 1576)

For this example Mr. Quaritch paid £255. A critical examination of the play is exhaustively given by Dr. Brandl, and in view of the probability of a better text being shortly available I shall now mainly content myself by simply referring the student to *Quellen*, &c., pp. cxi–cxx. *Corrigenda, Suggestions, &c.* [B. = Brandl.] "We never *[l]in*" (183*b*), original *in*: B. suggests *bin* or *blin*—"doth bear his *[bag on his back]* (183*d*), B. suggests doth bear his *[sack]*—"*[Thrift, Hold]* my masters" (185*b*): possibly the attribution is to *Drift*: the supply of *Hold* is mine—"*[Shift.* Goo]d Unthrift" (185*b*), *Good* restored from Malone's copy: the punctuation in the imperfect lines hence to the bottom of the page is of course tentative—"*[Thrift. Stay]* your brawling" (185*b*), *Stay* is my own suggestion—". . . *d* I spare" (185*c*), *and* in Malone—". . . us but try" (185*d*), Malone's suggestion is *[Thrift . . . let]* us but try—"traveller that *is* attacked" (186*d*), original *vs*—"what he was that *owed*" (198*a*), *? owned*—"We*[l]*come" (200*d*), *Wecome* in original: B. also would read as here—"*[Aside]* If he knew" (201*b*), my own insertion—"Causeth you *thus* ruthfully" (201*d*), B. has *this*—"*my* linked spouse to be" (204*b*), original reads thus: B. suggests *his*—"my *sure name* is" (207*d*), so in B., but should it not be here modernised to *surname*?—"this *gear cottons*" (217*b*), in original *greare coctes*—"And now [*at*] the sea-coast" (217*d*), *at* not in original: supplied by B. in a footnote with a reference to "At the sea-coast already" (221*b*)—"Ah, *God's!*" (220*c*; 228*a*; 231*a* bis; 231*b*; 239*c*; 241*c* bis; 241*d*; 248*c*; 249*a*; 249*b*; 250*b*; 252*b*, &c.). I take this to be elliptical and to stand for *God's arms, wounds*, anything in the way of that form of oath—"To *Thracia*, quod you?" (221*d*), *Tharcie* in original—"straight and *quick*" (225*c*), *queek* in original, a fantastic spelling, obviously to rhyme with, and also to appear to the eye like *seek*: John Heywood was much given to the same trick. The whole passage, and others, is likewise full of jargon, which I have thought well to give exactly as in original—"*[Lamphedon]*, Ha, Gods" (231*b*), Brandl makes this suggestion in a queried

footnote—"a plague *of* all such villains" (235*c*), B. suggests reading *on*—"Heigh! dill-a-ding, dill-a-ding" (242*c*), in original, "*Heie, delading, delayding.*"

COTTONS, "this gear *cottons*" (W.W. 276*a*), prospers, goes on "swimmingly"; also indicative of close intimacy, agreement, or coincidence.

COUNTERFEIT-CRANK (W.W. 265*a*). "These that do counterfet the cranke be yong knaves and yonge harlots that deeply dissemble the falling sickness."—Harman, *Caveat* (1567).

COY, "Lest wives wear the codpiece, and maidens *coy strange*" (A.V. 17*a*), having in view the context—the wearing of the breeches by wives—the meaning is fairly clear: the puzzle is (1) whether *coy* is used adjectively or verbally; or whether *strange* is a verb or a complementary adjective to *coy*. Hazlitt altered *coy* to *go*, but I prefer to retain the original *coy*, and to regard it as a verb in the sense of blandish, coax, gain over by caresses (Chaucer, Lydgate, Shakspeare, &c.). There is no exact parallel to what would otherwise appear to be the sense of *strange* if that is taken as the verb=to wanton. Gower's "as his jargoun *strangeth*" is not quite analogous, but it is an intransitive use.

CREVIS, "a crab or a *crevis*" (A.V. 11*b*) crayfish: Fr. *écrevisse*.

CROSS, "never a *cross* to bless me" (W.W. 277*a*), generic for money: formerly the reverse of a coin was stamped with a cross. ". . . he had not a *cross* to pay them salary."—Howel, *Vocal Forest*.

DAIN, "in *dain*" (C.C. 208*d*), disdain. "Dennes of *daine*."—*Queen Cordelia*, p. 34.

DARBY'S BANDS (W.S. 77*b*). Father Derby (or Darby) is supposed to have been a noted usurer, but nothing is definitely known of him. "To binde such babes in father *Derbie's bands*."—Gascoigne, *Steel Glas* (1576), 1. 787.

DEFENDING, "*defending the same*" (A.V. 35*b*), forbidding, prohibiting. "Shal I than only be *defended* to use my right?"—Chaucer, *Boethius*, p. 34. "God

defend his grace should say us nay!"—Shakespeare, *Richard III.* (1597), iii. 7.

DENE, "by any *dene*" (W.W. 280*a*), valley.

DENTING, "*denting* death" (A.V. 45*d*), from "dent," to make a *dent* by striking a blow: Murray, quoting this passage (the only instance he gives), states the meaning of "*denting* death" to be "death that *dents*," *i.e.*, that strikes a blow.

DETECTED, see Infected.

DEVIL, "so is the *devil*" (G. 137*d*), proverbial: "The devil is good when he is pleased."

DISH, "*lay in my dish*" (W.S. 84*b*), lay to one's charge. "The manifold examples that commonly are alledged, to deterre men from finishing such works as have bene left unperfect by notable artificers in all sciences, could not make me afraide; howbeit perchance they may *be laid in my dish*."—Phaer., *Virgil* (1600).

DOVERCOURT, "the rood of *Dovercourt*" (G. 110*c*). In the county of Essex, the mother-church of Harwich. "In the same yeare of our Lord 1532 there was an Idoll named *The Roode of Dovercourt*, whereunto was much and great resort of people. For at that time there was a great rumour blown abroad amongst the ignorant sort, that the power of *The Idoll of Dovercourt* was so great that no man had power to shut the church doore where he stood, and therefore they let the church dore, both night and day, continually stand open, for the more credit unto the blinde rumour."—Fox, *Martyrs*, ii. 302. Fox adds that four men, determining to destroy it, travelled ten miles from Denham, where they resided, took away the Rood and burnt it, for which act three of them afterwards suffered death.

DRAKE-NOSED (A.V. 41*d*), turned-up nosed: *drake* = a curl turned up at the ends, but *cf.* "to shoot a *drake*" = to fillip the nose.

DRONEL (A.V. 41*d*), a generic reproach: a derivative of *drone* = lazy idler, sluggard. Murray only gives two instances of its use: one the passage now in question; the other from Stubbes' *Anatomy of Abuse*—"Like unto *dronels* devouring the sweet honey of the poor labouring bees."

DRUMBLE, "A dreamer, a *drumble*" (A.V. 11*a*), a dull lout, sluggard.

DRUMSLER, "[th]ough I were a *drumsler*" (C.C. 185*d*), drummer: also *drumslager*. "The drum-player, or *drumsler*."—*Nomenclatur.*

FACT, "this famous *fact*" (W.S. 99*b*), feat, task: specifically a thing done. "The bloody *fact* Will be avenged."—Milton, *Paradise Lost* (1667), xi. 457.

FADGE, "this gear begins to *fadge*" (W.W. 289*c*), suit, agree. "That with no drink, could *fadge*, But where the fat they knew."—*Friar Bakon's Prophesie* (1604).

FEMINITIVE, "I am somewhat *feminitive*" (C.C. 190*a*), feminine, womanish.

FILE, "should my virgin's name be *filed*" (A.V. 7*a*), smirched, defiled.

FOIN, "keep at the *foin*" (W.S. 97*a*)—"a *foin* . . . for a mad dog" (W.S. 98*c*), thrust, blow: as in fencing. "Come, no matter vor your *foynes*."—Shakspeare, *Lear* (1605), iv. 6.

FRISCOLS, "these *friscols*" (W.S. 80*b*)—"let me see what *friscols* you can fet" (W.S. 92*b*), capers, gambols.

FRY, "Phœbus sore his wings did *fry*" (A.V. 10*a*), to burn, to suffer from the action of heat, to melt with heat. "Spices and gums about them melting *fry*, And phœnix-like, in that rich nest they die."—Waller, *Of a War with Spain*, 83. "My blandishments were fewel to that fire Wherein he *fry'd*."—Drayton, *Legend of Pierce Gaveston.*

FULMERS, "I can destroy *fulmers*" (W.W. 282*d*), polecats. "I might here intreat largelie of other vermine, as the polcat, the miniuer, the weasell, stote, *fulmart*, squirrill, fitchew, and such like."—Harrison, *Description of England*, p. 225. The term is still in use in the North of England.

GEASON, "at no time . . . be *geason*" (A.V. 30*a*), scarce: see other volumes of this series. *Lie* in text is a blunder for *be*: see *Appius and Virginia.*

GENTLE, "*gentle* as a falcon" (W.W. 265*d*), a play on words: *gentle* = trained hawk. Compare Shakspeare

—" Hist! Romeo, hist! O, for a falconer's voice To lure this tercel-*gentle* back again!"

GIS, "*by Gis*" (W.W. 276*b*), a veiled oath. "*By Gis*, and by Saint Charity, Alack, and fie for shame! Young men will do't, if they come to't; by cock, they are to blame."—Shakspeare, *Hamlet* (1596), iv. 5.

GIVE, "my heart doth *give* me" (W.W. 293*d*), tell.

GOD A MERCY, see Horse.

GOD'S ARMS (C.C. 219*b*), *ames* in original.

GOLDEN LEGEND (G. 104*d*), the *Legenda Aurea*, a translation from the French, printed by Caxton, 1483, fol.

GRIM THE COLLIER OF CROYDON. The text of this play will be found on pages 101-180. There is great uncertainty as to whether *Grim the Collier* is rightly given so early a place in English dramatic literature. On the authority of the sub-title, *The Devil and His Dame*, and an entry in *Henslowe's Diary*, it is attributed to William Haughton, also as having been printed in 1600. All trace of the play as then issued has been lost, and the earliest succeeding edition (assuming the two plays to be identical) occurs in a collection with the following title:—

> Gratiæ Theatrales, or A choice Ternary of English plays, Composed upon especial occasions by several ingenious persons; . . . . . Grim the Collier of Croydon, or The Devil and his Dame; with the Devil and St. Dunstan: a Comedy, by I.T. Never before published: but now printed at the request of sundry ingenious friends. R.D. 1662. 12mo.

The "I. T." of this entry was, I strongly suspect, John Tatham (*q.v.*), who was largely concerned in stagecraft, and in revising and preparing plays and pageants. The play is doubtless very old, but the seventeenth-century adapter adapted "without restrictions." His language and presentation of ideas is very "Restorationic." Even a cursory study of the play reveals a more modern model than that in vogue amongst sixteenth-century playwrights. To repeat, its tone, expressions, and construction are distinctly that of the Restoration dramatist. In other words, it is probably a Restoration play founded on an older one which is only recognisable by traces here and there; *e.g.*, "the plains of new America" (118*a*), and such-like allusions, which, though quite correct in the last

quarter of the sixteenth century, were out of place when Charles II. was king. As regards authorship, Collier (*Hist. of English Dramatic Poetry*, Vol. II., p. 391), attributing "Damon and Pythias" to Edwards, apparently regards Edwards as the possible author also of *Grim the Collier*, for he says, criticising *Damon and Pythias*, "All kinds of dramatic propriety are disregarded, and among other absurdities the author has carried *Grim, the Collier of Croydon*, to the Court of Dionysius, where he has sundry coarse colloquies with a couple of lackeys, named Jack and Will." Dr. Ward refers to *Grim the Collier* in a footnote to page 263 of his first volume of "English Dramatic Literature." He says:—"The extant play of *Grim the Collier of Croydon* is stated to have been printed under the name of *The Devil and his Dame* in 1600, and is assigned by Fleay (*English Dramas*, I., 273), to William Haughton. It was probably written at an earlier date." Ward refers to the same report at p. 606 of his second volume. He goes on to say:—"This play re-introduced to the English stage a personage of very ancient notoriety on its boards. But the collier and his doings have only a secondary share in the action of this extraordinary drama, which (like one of Dekker's, and in a less degree one of Jonson's comedies) turns on the idea of an emissary being sent by the 'consistory' of the infernal regions to ascertain the true state of things as to married life in the upper world." The story of the play is taken from Machiavel's *Belphegor*, "but in many parts the original has been abandoned, and the catastrophe, if not entirely different, has been brought about by different means" (Collier). *Variorum Readings, Corrigenda, Notes, &c.* Copies are in B.M. and Bodley—*Dramatis Personæ:* the names, descriptions, and style of list are distinctly seventeenth century; note "The Stage is England," Prologue (103), this is missing in the B.M. copy—"*Edwin*" (104*c*), Hazlitt has *Edwy*—"joined woe unto my name" (106*a*), the wheeze, still serviceable, of woe-to-man=woman—"but to *reap* an endless catalogue" (106*c*), Hazlitt has *leap*—"*Belphegor*" (*passim*), the accent, contrary to authority is placed throughout on second syllable—thus: *Bel-phē-gor*—"his privy dealing with the *nun*" (110*d*), see *St.*

Dunstan: anachronisms in this play are many—"lovely London" (111*c*), alliterative and a forecast of (say) the second quarter of the twentieth century, when, perchance, the preference will be between residence within five hundred yards or fifty miles of the British Museum, when half the London of the "four mile radius" will be laid out in open spaces—the beginning of "The City Beautiful"—"no *may* shall bind me but herself" (111*d*) = maid (see O.H.D.): *way* in original—"must tickle *Musgrave*" (112*b*), no entry and not mentioned before—"when I *wake*" (120*b*), *work* in original—"A lard" (121*a*), *lar'd* in 1662 ed.—"(here's nobody else hears me)" (121*b*), Hazlitt has "[since] here's nobody else hears me"—"I *woole*, sir" (122*b*), *woofe* or *woose* in 1662,—"*shalt* secretly be lodged" (125*d*), in 1662 *shall*—"*or that you are*" (126*b*), omitted by Hazlitt; 1662 reads, "*that if you are*"—"*All's gone* if she go" (127*b*), Hazlitt has "*All is*"—"*if* I do, let my mill," &c. (129*a*), *And* in original, and should have been so given here. From 136 *a*, *b*, it would seem that the original was in rhyme—Shorthouse's speech on the exit of Clack (129*c*) seems to be an "aside": also "Well, if my fortune" (130*d* and 131*a*)—"My love! whom have we here?" (131*b*), in 1662 ed. this is a continuation of Castiliano's speech; Honorea's begins with "Sweet Musgrave!": compare p. 126, line 6—Robin's speech, "This kindness," &c. (138*a*) should, I think, be an "aside"—"And *make* the blood" (140*c*), a mistake: it should be, as in original, *made*—"Why *call'st* thou out" (146*a*), *can'st* in 1662 ed.—"*Castiliano conceals himself*" (146*d*), as this is not in 1662 ed. I should have put it between brackets—"for long time ago The devil call'd the Collier *like to like*" (155*a*), an echo, apparently, of Fulwell's play of "*Like to Like*"—the "direction" in brackets, "*Ne accesseris ad concilio*," &c. (155*c*), the full sentence is "*Ne accesseris ad* (or *in*) *concilio antequam voceris.*" "Don't come into the council (or court) before you are called": but "*concilio*" should be "*concilium*"—"what *Pueriles* saith" (G. 155*c*), Collier says, "till now printed *Puzzles* as if because it had puzzled Dodsley and Reed to make out the true word. In the old copy it stands *Pueriles*; and although it may seem a little out of character for

Grim to quote Latin, yet he does so in common with the farmer in Peele's *Edward I.*, and from the very same great authority. 'Tis an old saying, I remember I read it in Cato's "*Pueriles*" that *Cantabit vacuus coram latrone viator*,' &c." Hazlitt adds "the work referred to in the text was called *Pueriles Confabulatiunculæ; or, Children's Talke*, of which no early edition is at present known. But it is mentioned in *Pappe with an Hatchet*" (1589), and in the inventory of the stock of John Foster, the York bookseller (1616).—"They fight," &c. (157*a*), Robin would appear to be invisible during this scene to those on the stage: also later in Act. v., Sc. 1 (168*d*, &c.), becoming visible when he "*falleth to eat*" (169*d*)—your *parishioners*" (169*a*), *patitioners* in original: it should also have remained unaltered here as the word is clearly meant to be one of Grim's blunders—"born for a *scourge*" (179*b*), *song* in 1662 ed.

HAUSTER, "crack in thy throat and *hauster* too" (G. 135*b*), to cough: *haust*=a short, dry cough.

HOLYROOD DAY (G. 130*b*), September 14th, a festival in commemoration of the exaltation of the Saviour's Cross: also Holycross day.

HORN, "wind the *horn*" (G. 103*d*), an allusion to cuckoldry: see *Slang and its Analogues*, s.v. Horn.

HORSE, "*God a mercy, horse*" (W.W. 274*b*), see Heywood, *Works*, II. (E.E.D.S.), 391*m*.

IMBECILITY, see SIMPRIETY.

INFECTED, "so much *infected* . . . should be *detected*" (A.V. 6*a*), so in original, but Hazlitt changes to *infested* . . . *detested*.

INTEND, "which you *intend*" (W.S. 75*d*), assert, maintain, pretend. "For then is Tarquine brought vnto his bed, *Intending* wearinesse with heauie sprite."—Shakspeare, *Lucrece* (1593), 121.

JAPE, "an actor's wife . . . coming in's way did chance to get a *jape*" (G. 103*b*), here used in the obscene sense of carnal knowledge: also as verb. "He *japed* my wife and made me cuckold."—*Hickscorner, Anon. Plays*, Ser. I. (E.E.D.S.), 143*c*.

JAVEL, "made a *javel*" (A.V. 41*b*), fool, rascal: a generic reproach.

JOHN TAPSTER (W.W. 274*d*), generic for an inn-keeper.

JUG (G. *passim*), a pet name: specifically for Joan and Joanna.

LAD, "I now am *lad*" (C.C. 293*c*), laden.

LARD, "a *lard*" (G. 121*a*), Lord! a form common in fourteenth century, and again in the sixteenth to eighteenth centuries.

LEASE, (*a*) "at Benol's *lease*" (A.V. 28*c*), pasture, meadow-land, common. "We been his peple and scheepe of his *leese*."—*Prymer* (*c.* 1400), 17 (1891). (*b*) "seem not to *lease*" (C.C. 250*c*), lie, tell untruths. "Let Honestie receiue such punishment As he deserues that *leases* to the King."—*Knack to Know Knave* (1594), A 4 (E.E.D.S., *Anon. Plays*, Series VI.).

LEWDNESS, "lack of *lewdness*" (A.V. 14*a*), ignorance; want of skill, knowledge, or good breeding, foolishness: the meaning, however, is not quite clear.

LIN, "we never *lin* trudging" (C.C. 183*b*)—"she will never *lin*" (W.W. 277*a*), cease, desist. "Which thyng also I neuer *lynne* to beate into the eares."—Cranmer, *Preface to Bible* (1539).

LOBBING, "what a *lobbing* makest thou" (W.W. 290*b*), tumult, uproar: Doll is persistent in calling Lob by name.

LONG SPOON (G. 170*d*), see other volumes of this series. Also Hazlitt, *Proverbs*, p. 176; *Tempest*, ii. 2; *Comedy of Errors*, iv. 3; Chaucer, *Squire's Tale*, v. 10916, &c.

LORDSHIPS, "my lands and *lordships*" (C.C. 253*c* and *d*), the land belonging to a lord, a domain, estate, or manor.

LOUME, "a goodly *loume* of beef" (A.V. 28*c*), loin.

MALBECCO (G. *passim*), see Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, III. cix., &c.

MALES, "fill our *males*" (C.C. 184*d*), *male* = bag, pack, or wallet: Fr. *malle*.

MANGE-PUDDING, "that *mange-pudding* Madge" (A.V. 12*a*), *i.e.*, eat-pudding Madge: *cf.* Fr. *manger*, and see O.E.D., s.v. *Mange*, subs. and verb. [But see *Appius and Virginius*, s.v. 304*a*.]

MANKIND, "she's *mankind* grown" (G. 151*c*), fierce, furious: see *Roister Doister* (E.E.D.S.), Note-Book, s.v. Mankind.

MARRIAGE OF WIT AND SCIENCE (THE). The text is given on pages 47-100. It forms one of a triad of "Wit" plays, the other two being *The Play of Wit and Science*, by John Redford (see E.E.D.S., *Lost Tudor Plays*, pp. 135–175), and *A Contract of Marriage between Wit and Wisdom* (included in the present volume: see pp. 257-298). The unique original copy of this play, now in the Bodleian (Mal. 231), bears no name or date; but, as it was licensed to Thomas Marsh in 1569-70, it probably appeared in 1570. The author, who is unknown, borrowed somewhat from Redford's play. I had hoped to have had ready some interesting notes concerning these Wit plays, but at present they are too scrappy and incomplete to allow of any presentation worthy the name. Those interested have now the trio in the present series, whilst facsimiles are included in "The Tudor Facsimile Texts," which I am now issuing. It has been several times reprinted. *Corrigenda, Notes, &c.* "What is that *lady, son*," (51*a*), original has *ladyes sonne*—"in her *flower*" (51*b*), original *flowers*—"bring thee *higher*" (52*d*), original *hiere*—"with *travel* and with time" (54*c* and repeated), a mistake for *travail*, which is the correcter modern equivalent of the original *travell* = work, labour—"my *gain* is marr'd" (56*c*), original *game*, probably a printer's error—"fall in *lapse*" (61*c*), original *lappes* (= error)—"Both *kin* to her" (W.S. 63*c*), in original *kind*—Act III., Scæna *2* (67*c*), erroneously *1* in original—"*Wit* Yet would not I" (69*a*), this in original is wrongly attributed to *Reason*—"Take me *this woman*" (69*d*), the context would suggest *these women*—"the *well* of my welfare" (74*c*), *wil* in original, but see "*well* of health" (last line of page)—"the *seal* of everlasting joy" (75*a*), original has *steale*—"*fancy's* force"

(76*b*), *famies* in original—"To fend and keep him off" (78*b*), in original *send*, but I think "fend" is meant—"that *breedeth* your unrest" (78*c*), *bredes* in original—"[? IDLENESS]" (W.S. 81*a*), though unmarked in original, it would seem that Idleness is present, or standing aside, in this scene: see 81*b* (the song is marked for two voices), 84*a*, 84*d*, 85*a* ("right worthy damsels both")—"*Wit.* What noise," &c. (82*b*), in original this is given to *Will*—"[A line (or lines) may, &c.] (84*d*), there is, however, no sign of dropping out in the original—"Chould *rejouce* my *heart to Chance*" (86*d*), in original *rejounce* . . . *harte* . . . *chaunce*: probably I ought to have retained *rejounce*—"*thy* doublet and *thy* hose" (87*b*), Hazlitt alters to *his*, but the meaning is quite clear. Idleness is speaking to Ignorance after he has changed (or is changing) clothes with Wit—"Some one thing or *other in my 'tire*" (88*b*), original *othes in my tryer*—"*They* are but fancies" (88*b*), *That* in original—"God's *fish-hooks!*" (89*a*), in original *fish hostes*—"*This makes* me muse" (90*c*), original *These markes*—"*will'd* me best" (91*a*), original *wil*—"*you* furies all" (91*a*), original *your*—"great *lubbers*" (95*b*), *labores* in original—"*lo*, here" (99*a*), *fo* in original—"*bliss* of God" (99*a*), *blest* in original.

MARRIAGE OF WIT AND WISDOM. The text of this play will be found on pages 257–298. It exists in MS. only the history of which will be found in the Shakespeare Society's version of the text, and concerning which this indication must suffice. Since then the MS. has become national property (Add. MS. 26,782). For the rest the original has been facsimiled (with the other Wit plays) in "The Tudor Facsimile Texts." The probable date of the play is *c.* 1579. In the anonymous play of Sir Thomas More, written probably about the year 1590, "My Lord Cardinal's players" are introduced, exhibiting a play within the play itself, a practice not uncommon formerly, and sanctioned by Shakspeare. When asked what plays were ready for representation, the player replies—

> Divers, my lord; *The Cradle of Security*,
> *Hit nail o' th' head, Impatient Poverty*,
> *The Play of Four P's, Dives and Lazarus*,
> *Lusty Juventus*, and *The Marriage of Wit and Wisdom*.

The last is selected—

> The *Marriage of Wit and Wisdom!* That, my lads!
> I'll none but that. The theme is very good,
> And may maintain a libefal argument.

The trumpet sounds, and the prologue enters—

> We therefore intend, good gentle audience,
> A pretty short interlude to play at this present,
> Desiring your leave and quiet silence
> To show the same, as it is meet and expedient.
> *It is called the Marriage of Wit and Wisdom,*
> A matter right pithy and pleasant to hear,
> Whereof in brief we will show the whole sum;
> But I must be gone, for Wit doth appear.

But the play acted, instead of being part of the interlude now in question, is nothing more than an alteration of *Lusty Juventus*, ingeniously adapted so as to suit the other title. The MS. is a small quarto volume, containing thirty-two leaves, measuring 7⅞ by 6 inches, and is in very bad condition. *Corrigenda, Notes, &c.* "The Contract of a Marriage" (258*a*), "Contract" (?) is nearly obliterated in MS. supplied by Mr. Laking to Halliwell, who was "doubtful" as to its accuracy—"The Prologue" (259*b*), Halliwell in his reprint for the Shakespeare Society says that "this prologue is written as prose in the original MS.": this remark is absurd—"how *the* Irksomeness" (259*b*), so in original: Halliwell suggested reading *that*—"well *fraught with levity*" (259*c*), the reading of the MS. is uncertain. As Halliwell says, it looks like *fauurt with leuite*. Mr. Collier, without seeing the original, suggested *fraught with lenity*. *Fraught* or *favor'd* may be the word most in dispute, but I think *levity* is undoubtedly right—it is a figurative use of the word=(in pre-scientific physics) a positive tendency to rise, the reverse of gravity: see O.E.D., s.v. Levity vi. 230, 2, 1*b* for numerous examples—"Wisdom [is the wight]" (259*d*), the manuscript is defaced here: the restoration is Halliwell's, who supports it by a reference to the same expression at 261*b*—"[*The First Act*]" (260*b*), as indicated by the brackets, this is not in the original: the "Second Act" is, however, regularly "scenified," so it is proper to restore the unity in this place—"*he* shall take to wife" (261*a*), *ye* in MS.—"*thou* married art" (261*d*), *thay* in MS.: ? an error for *thou*—"Well now I must about this gear" (263*d*), these words in the MS. are crossed through—"I love so to *li*[*n*]*ger*" (264*b*), I

have followed Halliwell here: but surely it is a variant of *lig*=to lie, or laze, as a reference to my own *Slang and its Analogues* should have informed me! —"He should *mock* a marriage" (265*a*), that is *make*, an old tense form—"I must be *firm*" (265*a*), Halliwell would read *fain*—"Attend thee, go play thee" (269*b*), the song is mentioned under the heading of "Light o' Love." It is said, in a footnote, to have been a song in "A Handefull of Pleasant Delites," printed in 1584. But nothing of the melody is given—"as good as a *lime-twig*" (271*d*), Halliwell prints *live-twig*: I think my own rendering is what the author meant, is what the author (or scribe) intended to write, and is certainly better sense. The word occurs close to the edge of the page in the MS. There it reads "live," as Halliwell has it. But the "i" is not dotted, and an additional turn of the pen would have made it "lime."—"*Yea*, so, so *finally*" (272*b*), in MS. *Yea* comes at the end of the previous line: *finally* here and in the next line is *findly*—"*by St. Jane*" (273*c*), there are, according to the Bollandists, nearly thirty "St. Jeannes," but I can find no trace of a "Jane." But probably the reference was to one of the "St. Jeannes"—"glad to see you merry, *heartily*" (274*a*), this word stands clear in the MS., but it is erased after, "I thank you" in the next line—"Ubi animus, ibi *oculus*" (274*d*), in MS. *ovulus*: "where there is a mind, there is an eye"—"And yet, *God knows*" (277*b*), in MS. *Gods* erroneously: in original *yet* is *it*—"gentle *thieves*" (278*b*), *theaes* in MS.—"*is* Due Disport" (279*a*), Halliwell suggests perhaps *it is*—"too-too *good*" (280*a*), *goo* in original—"I fear *both*" (280*b*), *doth* in original—"Irksomeness [*d*]*estroy*" (281*a*), *estroy* in MS.—"The Second Act. The First Scene" (282*c*), in the MS. this is noted as "*The iiii scene*": and so on regularly with each succeeding scene until the "x" or last. As the beginning of the second Act is properly noted I thought it best to begin the numeration of the scenes afresh—"*by* an harque-busier" (284*a*), in original *and*—"A murrain *ride* thee" (286*a*), in original *rid*—"Amongst the wise am *hated* much" (286*c*), in original *huted*—"the silly *mariner*" (287*b*), in original *marner*—"amidst the *waving* sea" (287*b*), in original *waing*—"this *gear* begins to fadge" (289*c*), in original *year*.

MASSY, "the *massy* gold" (W.S. 53*a*), ? in the sense of in the rough, as unrefined quartz, &c.

MOIST, "*moist* from air to *bow*" (A.V.5*a*), dew, rain, moisture. *Bow*=descend, fall.

MOUTH, "the King's majesty's own *mouth*" (G. 156*b*), entrance: *cf.* *Bouge* of Court. "Take in coals for the King's *mouth*."—Edwards, *Damon and Pithias* (E.E.D.S.), 53*d*.

NEW AMERICA, see Grim the Collier.

OR, "may *or* pleasure you or profit her" (G. 122*d*), either.

OSTEND, "*ostend* thy grace" (C.C. 240*b*), show, reveal, manifest: Lat. *ostendĕre*.

OUTLANDISH, "*outlandish* man" (W.W. 272*b*), foreign, not native. Dyce remarks that "foreign physicians were much esteemed in England in Queen Elizabeth's time." A character in *The Return from Parnassus* (1606) says, "We'll gull the world that hath in estimation forraine phisitians."

PAINTED CLOTH (G. 159*c*), see Nares.

PARBREAK, "*parbreak* my mind and my whole stomach too" (G. 172*a*), vomit, spew, pour forth recklessly. "That semeth the beter than with sotil sillogismes to *parbrake* thi witt."—*Pol. Poems* (1401), ii. 63 (Rolls).

PATTETH, "my answer he *patteth*" (A.V. 12*d*), *i.e.*, brings out *pat*: nonce-word, from *pat*, ado=readily, promptly, aptly (O.E.D.).

PLOTFORM, "a sudden *plotform*" (G. 135*d*), plot, device, contrivance. "There is the *plat-form*, and their hands, my lord, Each severally subscribed to the same."—*Sir John Oldcastle* (1600).

PLUM-TREE, "falling out of my mother's *plum-tree*" (W.W. 266*d*), the female *pudendum*. Whence "Have at the *plum-tree*," a proverbial phrase or the burden of a song. See also 2 *Henry VI.*, ii. 1, and Cotgrave, s.v. *Hoche-prunier*.

PODGE, "eat my *podge*" (W.W. 289*c*), porridge, hodge-podge.

POOR, "to my *poor*" (C.C. 189*d*), power.

PORTASS, "armed with my *portass*" (G. 105*b*), a breviary: in original *tortass*; see other volumes of this series.

PRANK-PARNEL (A.V. 13*c*), *parnel* is commonly used in the sense of a wanton; and *prank* = to adorn, to tittivate. See *Piers Plowman's Vision*, 2313; Pilkington, *Works*, p. 56; and Halliwell, s.v. *Prank*.

PREVENTED, "*prevented* of their wished love" (G. 117*b*), forestalled, anticipated, thwarted. "She hath *prevented* me."—Shakspeare, *Taming of Shrew* (1593), v. 2.

PREY, "achieve my most desired *prey*" (W.S. 50*c*)—"the dearest *prey*" (W.S. 64*b*), anything taken more or less by violence or strong desire; booty, prize, victim.

PURCHASE, "so devise that you shall *purchase* her" (G. 113*d*), obtain, acquire. "Sicker I hold him for a greater fou, That loves the thing he cannot *purchase*."—Spenser, *Shepheards Calender*, April (1579).

PUTTOCK, "like a *puttock*" (W.W. 279*b*), a kite. "O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle, And did avoid a *puttock*."—Shakspeare, *Cymbeline* (1605), i. 2.

QUITE, "first I must *quite* this brain" (W.S. 80*b*), so in original: ? = quiet.

REAP, "*reap* an endless catalogue" (G. 106*b*), so in original, which Collier changes to *heap*, remarking that *reap* "is hardly sense." Is it not? Shakspeare uses the word in the sense of "to get"; and the cognate senses of "gather," "collect," and "acquire" material objects, though rare, are occasionally met with. See O.E.D., s.v. *Reap*, 3*b*, and *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1, 144.

REFELL, "*Refell* your mind" (A.V. 6*b*), *i.e.*, clear the mind.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW (G. *passim*), *i.e.*, Akercock, as he is also called in other scenes. Sometimes called *Puck* or *Hobgoblin*: see Nares.

ROSALGAR, "*rosalgar* or bane" (C.C. 209*b*), realgar, disulphide of arsenic.

RUDDOCK, "run for a *ruddock*" (A.V. 26*b*), *riddock* in

original; a slang term for a gold coin. "So he have golden *ruddocks* in his bags."—Lyly, *Midas*, ii. 1.

ST. DUNSTAN (*G. passim*), son of Heorstan, a West Saxon noble; born 924. He was sent as a child to the abbey at Glastonbury for education. Subsequently he was for some time at the Court of Æthelstan. He seems to have been a delicate lad, of highly-strung nerves and morbid constitution. He was much given to dreams, and was a somnambulist. Expelled from Court on the ground that he studied heathen arts, he stayed for a time with his kinsman the Bishop of Winchester. Returning to Glastonbury, he assumed the life of an anchorite, living in a cell built by himself. He became very skilful as a worker in metals. Edmund, who succeeded Æthelstan, called Dunstan to Court, and gave him a place among his chief lords and councillors. Later, he was made Abbot of Glastonbury by Edmund, in 945, when he was only twenty-one years of age. Edred, who succeeded Edmund, made him his treasurer. Under Edred's successor, however, Dunstan's position became insecure, a powerful party being formed against him. In 956 he was outlawed, and obliged to flee the country. In the following year, on the commencement of a new reign, he was recalled from exile, and shortly after was elected Archbishop of Canterbury. He maintained his position as a centre of peace and culture to the day of his death, which occurred in 988, in his sixty-fifth year. There are, however, a few anachronisms in the record as given in the play. For example, the only Elfledo, or Ethelbleda (104*b*), in English history, was the daughter of King Alfred, known as the "Lady of the Mercians." She married, *circa* 880, Ethelred, Œldarmace of the Mercians, and is believed to have died in 918. Then, again (110*d*), the story of Edwy and Elgiva hardly accords with known facts. Elgiva was certainly not a nun. The expression is probably an echo of the old scandal laid upon her for her opposition to Dunstan's policy. There seem to be doubts whether Æthelgifu was the mother or foster-mother of Ælfgifu (Elgiva). Dunstan's interference between Eadwig (Edwy) and Elgiva was by reason of the fact that the marriage was uncanonical, being within the prohibited degrees. The story of

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